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LONDON

W. DICKES, CHROMO.

ADAMS PEAK, from RICHMOND HILL near GALLE, CEYLON :

From a sketch on the spot by Dr Jobson.

THE
CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,
AND
FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1874.

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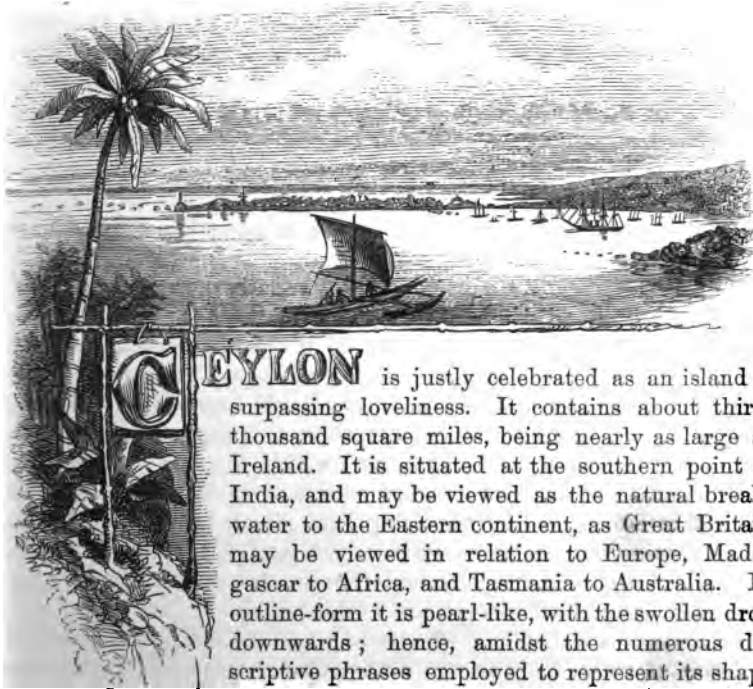
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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



CEYLON is justly celebrated as an island of surpassing loveliness. It contains about thirty thousand square miles, being nearly as large as Ireland. It is situated at the southern point of India, and may be viewed as the natural break-water to the Eastern continent, as Great Britain may be viewed in relation to Europe, Madagascar to Africa, and Tasmania to Australia. In outline-form it is pearl-like, with the swollen drop downwards; hence, amidst the numerous descriptive phrases employed to represent its shape and beauty, it has been apostrophized as "The Pearl on the brow of India." SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, in his exhaustive account of the island, (to which all subsequent writers upon Ceylon cannot fail to be more or less indebted,) claims it as the *Turkish* of the time of Solomon, from which his ships came, bearing "gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." This claim may not be admitted as positive; but it is historically certain that Ceylon, under one name or another, was known to ancient nations, both for the wealth of its produce, and for the richness of its verdure. Mohammedans hold that it is the veritable ground occupied by our first parents on their expulsion from Eden, which, it is said, has been preserved downwards to the present with much of its pristine

beauty; and similar traditions are afloat among the several communities who, with their various creeds, now occupy it. In receiving florid descriptions given of it, doubtless some consideration ought to be had for the circumstances of approach to it by travellers, who, having passed over the vast Indian Ocean, from the cinder-burnt shores of Aden, and the arid deserts of Egypt, find in it the full effect of contrast to the sterile scenes they have previously beheld; but in itself, and apart from any comparison or contrast, the island is graceful in form, and rich in clothing, almost beyond descriptive exaggeration. It is girt with snow-white coral shores, which are laved by waters clear as sapphire, and which are fringed and over-shadowed by palm-trees gracefully bending down their feathered crowns towards the sea. The land gradually rises in undulating forms from the water's edge to central mountainous regions six or eight thousand feet high; and, both near and far, appears pencilled over with softened beauty. This, when viewed in its own atmosphere of translucent clearness, or of heated, trembling, golden haziness, affords a picture of entrancing loveliness, which, when once seen, is "a joy for ever."

The voyager usually approaches it at the southern extremity, called POINT DE GALLE, which is a rocky ridge jutting far out into the Indian Ocean, and constitutes the shield of the large bay that forms the harbour where vessels enter under pilotage. On this rests an iron lighthouse, and beyond it appears the old Dutch Fort. On the right is Buona Vista hill, with its luxuriant foliage, through which villa-like bungalows peep forth; and within the harbour itself, a mile or more in circumference, are seen natives in their canoe-like boats, that are balanced by outlying logs, plying between the ships, and conveying passengers to and from the land. The harbour, with its fortified rocks, lighthouse, and the commencement of its rising hills, is indicated in the head-piece to this article.

Ashore, and within the low, narrow streets of Galle, are seen mixed varieties of races, in their different costumes, especially numerous during the influx of passengers voyaging to or from India, China, and Australia; but amidst all these, Singhalese natives have the chief claim on observation. They, for the most part, are slim and upright in figure, of rich, dark bronze colour, having little or no beard, or whiskers, and with black shining hair turned up before and behind, and fixed in a coil behind the crown of the head, with an overarching tortoiseshell comb. They are clad, from the waist downwards to their bare feet, in white or coloured cotton, so that to a visitor, at first sight, they all seem to be females. Further observation, however, enables him to discriminate between the sexes, by perceiving, that while the men are naked from the waist upwards, the women have light short jackets, and are more or less adorned with jewellery.

On leaving Galle for the interior there is much to interest the traveller. The river scenery is delightfully pleasant and refreshing. The roads, for many miles together, pass under palm and cocoa-nut trees, which meet in their outspreading branches in the upper part, and form avenues that seem ever to be receding further and further still from the eye in the constantly-diminishing lines of their perspective. The natives, clad in their different coloured dresses of red, pink, yellow, and white, are seen in the way walking leisurely on side paths, or riding in small bullock-waggons covered with cocoa-nut leaves, and drawn by small dun-coloured oxen yoked together. The picturesque huts of the natives at the sides, with nude children sporting full of quirk and fun;—the luxuriant flowers and verdure trailing over the ground and wrapping themselves around the bolls of trees;—the rich, glancing hues of birds and insects flitting to and fro in gleams of sunshine;—the whole atmosphere buzzing with life above and around; while reptiles run swiftly hither and thither, and now and then appears the antediluvian-like iguana, crawling slowly across the road, four feet long and more:—these mingled varieties, with the knowledge that deadly serpents, scorpions, centipedes, leopards, elephants, and other dreaded creatures inhabit the island, make travel upon it by Europeans profoundly interesting.

The Coloured Frontispiece represents the general scenery of the island as viewed from the elevated ground of the Wesleyan Mission Establishment, near Galle, named "Richmond Hill" by the Rev. JOSEPH RIPPON, who obtained it, and who had been a student at the Southern



Branch of our Theological Institution in England. This establishment has a wide-spread Bungalow, or Mission-house, with out-buildings and school-houses for boys and girls near to it, as represented in the vignette Engraving above. The view from it on every side is

striking. That which we have given as fully as printed block colours can aid the outline, is beheld when looking inwards towards the central mountains. In front, below the hill, rich tropical foliage of various kinds is intermingled. Beyond, are ranges of swelling hills purpled over with plants and flowers. On the left is the well-known "Haycock Mountain;" and afar off, in the centre, rises "Adam's Peak," with its conical point piercing the sky, and buttressed on all sides by surrounding eminences of various mould and hue.



At the time when our sketches of Ceylon were taken, the REV. G. E. GOONEWARDANE was, as he is now, the principal native minister connected with our Mission establishments at Richmond-Hill and Galle, and was in feature, person, dress, and appearance as represented in the side Illustration of this page. He is of princely native descent, and is characterized by quick intelligence, careful cultivation, deep piety, and persevering devotion in his sacred calling. He has done much, under the able superintendence of the Rev. JOHN SCOTT and others, to spread Christian truth among the Singhalese in the southern part of the island, and is justly respected by all who know him. Other native ministers have been alike devoted and successful in their work. Among them can never be forgotten the late PETER DE ZYLVA, the veteran native minister recently deceased, the

Pereiras, and others, who, with Mr. Goonewardane, had been early trained by our excellent and learned European Superintendent ministers, Messrs. GOGERLY and R. SPENCE HARDY. There are at present more than twenty native ministers in South Ceylon alone who are devoted to and prosperous in their work. At Morotto, in Colombo, and now at Kandy, as also in intervening places, the Wesleyan-Methodists have large, good chapels, of native workmanship, occupied by native preachers and pastors, and mostly well filled at public services by native worshippers.

HEATHEN TEMPLES, however, still are seen in many parts of the island. The one represented in engraved Illustration at the end of this article, is at Belligam, in which village there is also a Methodist chapel with its schools. The temple stands on a spacious elevated courtyard, which is surrounded by an embattled wall skirted by cocoa-nut trees. The entrance is by broad steps between square gate-pillars.

A large out-spreading Bo, or sacred tree, stands on the left, which by extending its thick foliage overshadows the seat surrounding its aged trunk, resting upon the serpent-like roots which obtrude above ground thickly interlacing one another. A huge bell-like dome encloses some professed sacred relics of Buddhu, and is named the DOGEBA. Within the temple itself, which externally is a plain square Italian-tiled structure, are "chambers of imagery," gaudily coloured over with yellow figures illustrative of the life and exploits of the false deity, and with rude purgatorial exhibitions of punishments awaiting the unfaithful. Within the inner recesses reclines at full length the yellow-coloured figure of Buddhu, some twenty-seven feet long, in rough wooden workmanship. At the sides are vermilion and gold-coloured figures of Buddhu and Vishnu, of human size. Before these are tables, or altars, at which devotees present their offerings of fruits and flowers; while within and without are saffron-robed priests, with shaven crowns, who have their monastic dwelling near, and who, in professed mode of living, are ascetics. To see immortal beings, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, thus deluded and degraded, fills the Christian spectator with shuddering horror, and cannot fail to quicken his Missionary zeal, and to enforce from him the prayer that soon the idols of the earth may be utterly abolished.

F. J. J.



A NOBLE PROTEST.

"In which part of S— do you live? How near to the church?" recently inquired a metropolitan young woman, who is a Roman Catholic, of another young woman, a friend of hers, who, when formerly living in London, was wont to attend the same place of worship, and had embraced the same faith.

"O!" was the reply, "I live in the very next house to it."

"How delightful! No doubt you spend a great deal of your time in church—you will almost live in it."

"No; you are mistaken. I *never* attend, not even on Sundays."

"Why not? At what hour is the mass?"

"Just at the hour that is the most inconvenient for me; indeed, when it is impossible for me to attend,—at eleven o'clock."

"But why can't you attend then?"

"Well, to be candid, because I go to *another* church."

"Another church! You don't mean to say that you, who used to be so very devout and exemplary, have left *the* Church. If you have, the curse of God and man will rest upon you; and when you come to die, the Church will not take you in. How dreadful!"

"Never mind: I feel quite as well now as ever I did, the curse of the Church not having yet done me any injury."

A short account of the circumstances which tended to effect the remarkable conversion from Popery to Protestantism, which the above dialogue refers to, may be of interest to our readers, and it shall be given as nearly as possible in the same

form as the writer received it in from the convert herself:—

My father is a Protestant, but my mother, who is dead, was a Roman Catholic. In infancy I was baptized into the Protestant Church; but at seven years of age, through my mother's importunity, I was baptized into the Roman-Catholic Church. To my mother also was committed the training of my brother, my sister, and myself; and of course she sent us to a Day and Sunday school belonging to her own denomination. So, in early life, I was thoroughly grounded and disciplined in Roman-Catholic teachings, which in after life I embraced from conviction and choice, becoming so zealous in them as to go to confession once a week, whereas to do so once a month is all that is required even of "a *good* Catholic." Indeed, I should probably have remained in my delusion to this day, but for the circumstances which I will at once relate.

On a certain occasion, being very anxious to attend the General Holy Communion with the Confraternity of the Holy Family, about to be held in the church at which I regularly worshipped, I sought, as a preparation for it, absolution from the priest. But because in my confession I ventured to question the truthfulness of the dogma of the Pope's Infallibility, which had about that time been declared by the Œcumenical Council, he would not grant me absolution. Vain was it that I pleadingly asked if, as I was baptized into the Church before this dogma was propounded, and my vows had no reference to it, I was bound to accept it.

The priest was unmovable, telling me that it was evident that I had been conversing with heretics, and that I had committed a sin against Holy Church. He was a very austere man, being wont to demand from those who came to confession "a blind obedience," without which he would not absolve them. So, as I had not been blindly obedient, but had sinned against Holy Church and the Holy Father, I was sent away with the injunction to come to confession again on the next Sunday *after* the General Communion.

But being angry and disappointed, I kept away from the priest a week longer than the time fixed; and then I so greatly incensed him by saying that I had some further questions to ask, that he would not hear my confession at all. Under these circumstances, and in great distress of mind, I repaired to another priest; but he refused to hear me without consent from my own priest, from whom very soon afterwards I received a visit, and a pressing invitation to come to confession. But feeling very resolute, I replied that it was impossible for me to do so, if required to accept the dogma of Infallibility. And when at length I produced a Protestant Bible, my possession of which indeed had never been concealed, his wrath burst forth in terrible looks and words. He not only said that I had no right to possess the Bible, but he bade me burn it at once, adding that my sin was unutterably great, not at all one of ordinary degree. Had I been gradually and blindly led into my grievous heresy, there would not have been so much sin on my soul, but as to that heresy there was added wilfulness, immeasurable guilt was mine. Stamping in rage, he threatened to curse me; to which I answered, that as he had

never blessed me, his curse could make no difference.

Failing to intimidate, he changed his tactics, saying that the Church had been a good mother to me, (as indeed she had in many respects;) and that my present conduct was not only ungrateful, but deplorably contrary to what might be expected from a child of Mary, which I had been made when at school. This appeal, though it touched my heart, did not elicit any promise from me; and so the priest went away much dissatisfied.

After this, holding the views that I did concerning the awful power of both priest and Church, and not knowing where to go for comfort and direction, my misery was indescribable. But somehow I was drawn to church more frequently than ever, indeed, most of my time was spent therein. By often attending mass, and, that over, remaining in church until noon; by coming in the afternoon for prayer, and again in the evening for benediction, not leaving until the doors were closed at half-past nine; by spending a whole night in church during the "Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament;" and by other acts of external devotion, I endeavoured to obtain joy for my desolate and oppressed spirit. But *all* failed to afford comfort.

Thus, with my wretchedness unrelieved, I had to leave London for residence at S—, where I found my way to the little Wesleyan preaching-room, not with the expectation of obtaining any ease to my soul, but rather for pastime. Though amused at the singing, determined if possible not to hear the preaching, and ridiculing the whole service, I continued to attend, my prejudices the while gradually but surely breaking down before the power of truth.

But being again called to live in London, (not in the same district as before,) and serving as a lady's-maid in a house where a Roman Catholic lived, I was once more brought under the notice of a priest, and before long under his frown also. For because, though it was impossible for me to attend mass while retaining my situation, I would not promise to leave it as soon as possible, he refused me absolution! though knowing that it was considered to be a mortal sin to neglect mass on the holy days of obligation and on Sundays, unless it were absolutely impossible to observe it. I could not understand how the priest, for the sake of making such observance possible, had a right to *compel* me to leave a good situation; and my whole spirit rebelled against and resented the harsh interference in a matter so purely personal. At length, completely tired out with the tyranny of a system which required me to believe what in my conscience appeared to be a lie, and to blindly submit all my affairs, public and private, to its dictatorship, leaving me less freedom than a child possesses, I made up my mind to have done with both it and its priests.

Accordingly, when, in November, 1872, the providence of God brought me again to S—, I at once made my way to the New Wesleyan Chapel which had been built there during my absence, to become a regular worshipper in it. Being exceedingly anxious about my soul, and yearning for identification with the Church of God, I availed myself of the invitation to remain after the service, given to all who desired further instruction, by yourself, at one of the special addresses delivered early in this year in the chapel; and the rest of my history you know.

Yes! I do know it; and am thankful to be able to state that this young woman is not only a member of our Society, but is also a meek, humble, and consistent disciple of Christ, Whom she has learned to behold and trust in as the "One Mediator between God and men."

W. H. B.

PRAYER AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

THE relation of prayer to the laws which operate in the visible creation has been of late the subject of frequent and searching criticism, and the unscientific objections of scientific men have been answered again and again on scientific grounds. The title of this paper introduces us to a different field of thought and inquiry, one into which none need fear to enter. The relation between prayer and the spiritual life is real and vital. They constantly act and react upon each other. To separate them would be to destroy one or both.

Prayer is a test of spiritual life.—It is, as Dr. Winslow observes, "the spiritual pulse of the renewed soul; its beat indicates the healthy or unhealthy state of the believer. Just as the physician would decide upon the health of the body from the action of the pulse, so would we decide upon the spiritual health of the soul before God, by the estimation in which prayer is held by the believer." It is matter of experience that grace begets intense longing for communion with God, just as it diminishes the desire for intercourse with the world. It creates new sympathies, and arouses dormant susceptibilities. It quickens the appetite for that spiritual food which God alone supplies. Under such con-

ditions, prayer becomes the natural and inevitable language of the soul ; it naturally ascends to God. Hence the propriety of the Apostle's exhortation to "pray without ceasing," and the possibility of compliance with it. He was anxious that his readers should cultivate that state of mind and heart in which the soul would naturally and unceasingly flow out in prayer. In this state prayer is the joy and delight of the soul, and communion with God the highest enjoyment. Thus it becomes a test of spiritual life. Neglect of prayer is a sign of spiritual destitution ; the love of it is a sign of spiritual strength. By this test we may also gauge the intensity of this life. As the strength of the one increases, delight in the other becomes greater and greater. When the soul palpitates with the Divine energy within, it finds its highest joy in communion with God, and the constancy of that communion begets a holy freedom at the throne of grace. Under such circumstances, it is not irksome to pray ; the duty becomes the delight. When the spiritual life is low, it is otherwise. Seasons of prayer are less frequent, and the prayer itself is less fervent and powerful. Hence it is that the prayer-meeting becomes a test and gauge of the life of a Church. When that life is very low, the prayer-meeting is neglected ; but when it is high, it is sought after and enjoyed. Almost invariably, great revivals of religion begin in revival prayer-meetings. When the Church begins to cry, Heaven attends, the attention of the world is arrested, souls are quickened, sinners are converted, and God's cause is strengthened and established.

Thus prayer is also a stimulant to the spiritual life.—In many ways it

promotes the life and power of the soul and the Church. *It brings us into contact with the Source of life and power*, being the means by which we find access to God. In order to quicken and strengthen us, He invites us to Himself, and we are encouraged to "come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Experience teaches us that it is only in contact with Him that we have strength, and that such strength increases or decreases in proportion to the frequency and intimacy of such contact. This is according to the law which operates in all associations. The more intimate and frequent our intercourse with others, the more surely and fully do we imbibe their spirit and manners, so that we get good or harm according to their characters. So in close communion with God we imbibe His Spirit, which is our life ; we drink at the very Fountain of life, and receive it in its purity and strength.

(To be concluded.)

WALKING AND TALKING.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

AMONG the traditions which linger around the site of the old Methodist Chapel on Peasholme-Green, in the City of York, is a saying of Mr. Wesley's, at a meeting of the Society held in that chapel. Expounding and applying a portion of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, our revered Founder inquired of those present, "What do ye more than others? Ye Methodists, what do ye more than others? Ye Methodists of York, more favoured in some respects than many, what do ye more than others?" Having in a very searching manner suggested several forms

of excellence in which it was their privilege and duty to abound, Mr. Wesley said, with quiet emphasis, "There is one thing you do more than others: you certainly *talk* more than others."

Now we are quite sure that the Founder of "The United Societies" did not mean to discourage suitable talking about good things. He had, doubtless, done more to foster this than any other living man, both by precept and example. Had he not sanctioned preaching in all sorts of places, consecrated or unconsecrated, but also by men who had not been episcopally ordained? Had he not formed classes and band-meetings, and appointed love-feasts, and urged those in "the Societies" to speak of Jesus in their families and among their neighbours, and to sick folks and within gaols, and anywhere they could? He was the great organizer of devout talking. So we cannot suspect him of wishing to restrain the Methodists of York in the judicious and zealous use of their tongues. Yet Mr. Wesley did suggest an important lesson to those good people whom he greatly loved.

"By walking, more than by talking, we must manifest our discipleship." The followers of the Lord Jesus do not, generally, talk too much concerning the goodness of their Master or the blessedness of His service. Most Christian disciples talk on these matters too little, and some of them shamefully little, to their own loss and that of others. But, certainly, a consistent life, though with little talking about religion, is incomparably better than much talking on this all-important subject with marked inconsistency. A holy life will effect more in the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, than fluency of speech. We can further

our Lord's gracious purposes more by walking than even by talking. Confess your Lord with loyalty and courage, but be sure you honour your Master by suitable conduct.

Inconsistency is sometimes absurdly glaring.—A man's profession and his behaviour are so opposed to each other, that onlookers are tempted, at one and the same time, to rage and laugh at the gross incongruity. Yet in many instances the offender is not, in the ordinary sense, a hypocrite. He is an awful self-deceiver, and is thus doing great mischief to himself and others. A man who has family prayer daily, and goes to church or chapel every Sunday, with the deliberate intention of making people believe him to be religious, so that he can more readily defraud them as he stands behind his counter, is a despicable hypocrite. But in most cases the offender has succeeded in deceiving his own heart. By some sophistry he has so imposed on himself as to believe that he is really pious, though he certainly does the best he can for himself when buying and selling. We have need to guard against self-deception.

In the market-place at Naples stood an image of the Virgin Mary, before which candles were kept burning, and those Romanists who regarded themselves as devout, repeated prayers, more or fewer, whenever they passed the place. One morning a man was passing, driving an ass laden with a variety of articles. Just opposite the image the donkey happened to stumble and fall, so that the burden was scattered in all directions. The man was greatly exasperated, and began to utter awful imprecations against the ass, and to beat the poor animal most unmercifully. While engaged

in cursing and flogging, he caught sight of the Madonna. He at once commenced bowing to the image, interrupting, however, as little as possible his previous engagement. So he proceeded, bowing and praying, cursing and flogging, as well as he could, until he had discharged what he seemed to regard as his duty at once to the holy Virgin and the unlucky ass. To a Protestant gentleman visiting Naples at the time, this bowing and beating, cursing and praying, appeared incongruous. It is marvellous, however, that even in a land of Bibles, men can greatly impose on themselves in a not very unsimilar way.

Inconsistency is often manifested in trifles.—Christian disciples have ever had reason to be on their guard against excess in finery. They ought to be models of simplicity in dress. It is an indication that there is something defective in head or heart or both, when this is not the case. There is certainly no Divine authority for any form of attire; but we are not left without guidance. The general principles laid down are clear, although minute details have been wisely withheld. We have no injunction forbidding a collar to the coat, or the two buttons holding a kind of sinecure behind it. No colours or textures for ladies' dresses are prescribed in the Bible. But we are directed to resist pride in our hearts as a deadly foe; to be modest in all our deportment; to be rich in good works; which we cannot afford to be if we suppress not the passion for costly attire; and we are enjoined, "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." (Rom. xii. 2.)

"Look at those rings!" So said a man to his friend, whose attention he thus directed to a third person whose fingers were ornamented with several rings of various designs. There was a large display of wealth, and the wearer of the rings no doubt imagined that he thus favourably impressed the minds of those among whom he moved. Probably the feeling he wished to elicit was something like this: Mr. Z— is evidently a rich man and of considerable importance. We must pay him marked respect, and, if opportunity serve, we must gratify his wishes. What splendid rings these are! How expensive they must have been! I wish I had such valuable ornaments." Every onlooker was not, however, impressed in precisely that manner. The man spoken to was a cooper by trade, and the illustration used by him in his reply was suggested by his employment. With a significant shake of the head, he answered, "I see, I see. A sure sign of weakness somewhere, when so many hoops are used." Now it so happens that unsuitable finery, worn by chapel-goers and by Sunday-school teachers, does not always produce the expected impression. What people say about the costly array is not invariably what they were expected to say. Wise men think that extravagance in dress is a sure sign of weakness somewhere. Anyhow, such extravagance is inconsistent with Christian discipleship. We must have consistent walking, as well as devout and clever talking.

Let us earnestly and prayerfully endeavour to maintain true consistency of deportment; adorning "the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." The incongruities just specified may possibly not be any

special peril or weakness of ours, yet may they serve to suggest what needs our daily vigilance.

OPPORTUNITIES.

THERE are persons who meet us with expressions of regret that they seldom, if ever, find opportunities for promoting the interests of Christ's Church, or of blessing and aiding their fellow-men. Is it that the sins and sorrows of the world are so far to seek, or ministering hands so many, that there is no need of further help? Have they ceased to be true, those solemn words of Christ, "The harvest truly is plentiful, but the labourers are few?" Nay, the answer lies in the neglected injunction, "Lift up your eyes." So long as we study self-ease, our sympathies will be crippled and our spiritual vision obscured, and so shall we fail to realize the vast needs of immortal souls, and the necessity for individual exertion.

Further, to hold aloof from Christian activities by deluding ourselves with the idea that in Christ's great vineyard there is neither place nor work for us, or nothing adapted to our peculiar gifts and exceptional circumstances, is an insult to the God Who made us. Nowhere among the countless creations which so brightly exhibit Divine skill and beneficence in the material world, can we find a single instance which has not closely connected with it a sphere in which to unfold the object of its existence. Fish taken in Mammoth Cave are said to have no eyes. Had there been a function for it, this organ would not have remained undeveloped; the absence of the one explains the absence of the other. How, then, can any imagine that

the vast capabilities of a human soul and mind were bestowed, without a corresponding and adequate provision for their exercise, and without reference to that glorious toil which the Saviour commends to us as the doing of His Father's will?

Our opportunities may not be very signal. They may not offer any possibility of giving public manifestation to our faith and courage, or permit us to execute any masterpieces of achievement. It is in the quiet corner, in the lone valley, that the majority of us must win the "Well done!" with its endowments of glory and honour, and its inclusion of life and unending rest. The promise is "to him that overcometh," no matter whether he conquer in view of a nation or a world, or whether his triumph be hidden from all but the eye of Omniscience. And let us remember that it is in the retirement of home, and in the secrecy of our private life, that the greatest spiritual conflicts are often forced upon us, and there that our most memorable victories are gained. It is in dealing with the daily annoyances of our lot, and the daily waywardness of those about us, that the finest lessons of patience are learned. It is by the graceful, meek bending to the small capacities of the ignorant and unthankful; by receiving silently the "continual dropping" of censorious and envious words, and by intense efforts for self-control and self-conquest which God only understands and knows of, that we attain to the gentleness, charity, and strength which glisten in the eyes of heaven, and add so largely to our joy and usefulness.

We are told that among the high Alps at certain seasons the traveller is entreated to proceed very quietly, for on the steep slopes overhead the

snow hangs so evenly balanced that the sound of a voice may destroy the equilibrium, and bring down a huge avalanche that in its descent will overwhelm everything in ruin. A word dropped from our lips may decide the future course of some soul beside us, passing through the crisis of its spiritual history. How needful that the watch upon our words and actions be strict and constant, that none may become shipwrecked through any laxity or heedlessness of ours, but that opportunities to encourage and aid be carefully sought and faithfully improved.

The ancients painted Opportunity as an old man with a bald head, but having a lock of hair in front, implying that we ought to seize the present, and diligently profit by it. To do this, to fling into the fleeting moments some act or influence which shall point and draw to what is holy and good, we must seek to understand the pre-eminent value of to-day, to realize the vast importance of the *now* upon which our future destinies are hung.

Nor, having learned rightly to estimate the present, must we expect only to undertake such work as is congenial to our tastes. We may have to fill offices and perform tasks more or less irksome to our natural inclination, but if conscience dictate them, it will be our highest wisdom to discipline ourselves to a cheerful acquiescence, and to teach our tastes to cling gracefully around that duty to which else they must be helplessly fastened. If we have faculties which seem not to have found their proper field, let us accept the counsel given by a rarely-qualified teacher to the pupils under his care, and believe that God has for certain wise reasons judged it

best for us that they should not be exercised, and contentedly render Him the service of others.

The little Edelweiss finds material for a beautiful life beneath the mountain snows, and the May-flower blushes fragrantly on the borders of the bitterest winter; so doubtless the surroundings of each of us are better calculated to work out those purposes for which we were created, than any others that we might choose. Our circumstances are at once our inspiration and our opportunity, they bid us be up to the occasion. And whilst the opportunity and inspiration may be meagre and the occasion small, since the stream may not rise above its source, yet they are the result of the things that teach us, that encompass us, just as certain plants are the product of certain soils, and could adapt themselves to no other condition without variation. Every nature, if subjected to careful and prayerful culture, and guided by a tender conscience and the trusted Spirit of God, will be of great and peculiar value in the sphere in which it is providentially placed. For God does not dispose of our destinies without a purpose; though the brightest and eagerest minds are often imprisoned among phlegmatic natures, who consider it their duty to tyrannize over and subdue them. Though the pure, panting spirit be deprived for years of religious instruction and communion, while it struggles with terrible doubts and unutterable temptations, yet God regardeth these things, ordereth or permitteth them, and to Him belongeth mercy, for He will "render to every man according to his works."

There is an old Greek legend of a royal sculptor, Pygmalion, who

spent many long years in vain efforts to express in marble his highest conceptions of beauty. The works of his chisel were the wonder of all beholders, but to him they were only sad failures, as none of them succeeded in realizing his high ideal. At last he achieved a complete representation of his dream of beauty. Enamoured of the work of his own genius, he begged the gods to give it life; and in answer to his prayer, his beautiful statue stood before him alive. Are we less favoured than the ancient artist? We may gain the gift, though in another way, for which Pygmalion so earnestly petitioned. We may be ourselves the statue animate. We may come out by the slow cultivation of years the embodiment of our own highest ideal of moral excellence, and illustrate in our outer lives our purest conceptions of spiritual loveliness, so that all the actions of our earthly existence shall bear eloquent testimony for the Master.

Uttozeter.

S. J. H.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

Jesus, full of love divine,
I am Thine, and Thou art mine!
Let me live and die to prove
Thine unutterable love.
More and more of love I claim,
Glowing still with quenchless flame;
All my heart to Thee aspires,
Yearns with infinite desires.

Every thought, design, and word,
Burns with love to Thee, my Lord!
Body, soul, and spirit join'd,
All in love to Thee combined.
Ever since I saw Thy face,
Proved Thy plenitude of grace,
Chose Thee as the better part,
Love has fill'd and fired my heart.

Jesus came from heaven to seek
Me, a sinner blind and weak;

In Gethsemane He strove
In an agony of love;
Suffer'd to redeem my loss,
Died for me upon the cross;
And His love, divinely free,
Reaches all mankind, and me.

Jesus, Saviour, Thou art mine!
Jesus, all I have is Thine!
Never shall the altar-fire,
Kindled on my heart, expire.
Love my darkness shall illumine;
Love shall all my sins consume:
Then, I sweetly die to prove
My eternity of love.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

PERSEVERE.

WHEN sorrow darkens all the sky,
And clouds and tempests hover near,
Let me be calm, and boldly cry,
"Be still, my soul, and persevere!"

And though I hunger, thirst, and pine,
Or wander in a desert drear,
The sun and moon, and stars that shine,
All seem to bid me "persevere."

And as I wander by the brook,
Its rippling waters bright and clear,
It seems to bid me upward look,
Go on my way, and "persevere."

And many a loved one gone before,
Whom once I held in friendship dear,
Now waits for me on Canaan's shore,
And bids me bravely "persevere."

Airedale.

R. SMITH.

DR. JEREMY TAYLOR,

BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR.

BISHOP TAYLOR was born at Cambridge, and brought up at the Free School there. He was ripe for the University before custom would allow of his admission; but when he was thirteen years of age, he entered at Caius College, and as soon as he had taken his degree, was chosen Fellow. He was a man in understanding long before he was one in years; and when he was Master of



Arts, removed from the University to London, and became public lecturer at St. Paul's, where he preached to the admiration and astonishment of his hearers. The fame of this new star which outshone all the rest, soon came to the notice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who would have him to preach before him, which Mr. Taylor did, to the Archbishop's wonder and satisfaction. That great patron of learning thought it for the advantage of the world that such singular gifts should be afforded better opportunities of study and improvement than a constant course of preaching would admit of, and for that purpose placed him in his own College of All Souls', in Oxford,

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where love and admiration still waited upon him; and afterwards gave him the living of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire, and made him Chaplain to King Charles the First.

No sooner had he launched into the world than the civil war brought all things into confusion. This storm cast him ashore in a corner of the world; but a tender Providence shrouded him. The prophet was fed in the wilderness, and his great worthiness procured him friends who supplied him with necessities. In this solitude he began to write those discourses which will be famous to all generations for their many excellencies and their general usefulness.

B

Here it pleased God to visit his family with sickness, and to take to Himself three of his sons within three months. Though he had learned quiet submission to the will of God, yet the affliction so affected him that he was willing to leave the country, and Lord Conway took him into Ireland, and settled him at Portmore, a place well adapted for study and contemplation, which, therefore, he greatly loved.

Soon after King Charles the Second was restored, he fixed Dr. Taylor in the bishopric of Down and Connor. With great care and faithfulness he discharged the duties of this important office, gave most excellent rules and directions to his clergy, and taught them by his own example. Upon his coming to the bishopric, he was made a Privy Councillor; and the University of Dublin recommended him for their Vice-Chancellor, which honourable office he kept to his dying day.

God had befriended him much in his constitution; he was of a most obliging disposition, of great candour, of singular intelligence, and of such a sweetness of address in familiar discourse, as made his conversation both pleasing and profitable. His soul was made up of harmony. He never spoke but he charmed his hearer, not only with the clearness of his reasoning, but with his expressions; his very tone and the cadences of his voice being peculiarly musical. He weighed men's reasons and not their names, and was not frightened from receiving truth by the ugly visors which men usually put upon the opinions they dislike. He considered that it is not likely that any one party should wholly engross truth to themselves, but that obedience is the only way to true knowledge, (John vii. 17;) that God always, and only, teaches humble, ingenuous minds that are willing to hear and ready to obey according to their light; that it is impossible that a pure, lowly, resigned soul should be kept out of heaven, though there might be some mistakes in his judgment; that God's design is, not merely to fill men's

heads, nor to feed their curiosity, but to improve their lives. Such considerations as these made him impartial, so that he gave due allowance to his opponents, and contended for truth, not for victory. To these advantages of nature and excellencies of spirit he added an indefatigable industry, to which God gave a plentiful benediction; for there were very few kinds of learning of which he was not master. He was wonderfully versed in all polite literature; he had thoroughly digested all the ancient moralists, Greek and Roman; the poets and orators; and was acquainted with the refined wits of the later ages, both French and Italian. His skill was great both in the Civil and Canon Law and Casuistical Divinity. He was a most excellent conductor of souls, and knew how to give counsel, to solve difficulties, to determine cases of conscience, and quiet the minds of men.

Taylor was a poet, as well as an orator and theologian. His verses are quaint but musical: e.g.,—

“Where Thou prepar’st a glorious place,
Within the brightness of Thy face,
For every spirit To inherit,
That builds his hope upon Thy merit. . .
And our soul In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enroll. . .
The paths made straight,
With longing expectation wait,
The consecration of the beauteous feet. . .
The parchèd crust of leprosy
Returns unto its infancy.”

On Taylor's writings, Willmott justly remarks:—“If we open a volume of old Theology immediately after closing a modern one, the sensation is most pleasurable. We escape from the gaudy flower-plots and shrubberies, into the stately and embowered walks, statued terraces, fruitful walls, and marble fountains of a more picturesque and meditative nature. Whatever be the eccentricities of construction or embellishment, we feel that they involved an immense outlay of study and wealth. In his day the French school of pulpit oratory was only rising. Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and La Rue belong to a subsequent period. Coleridge complains

of his occasional and imperfect references to the scheme of Redemption.

In literature as in art there is no perfect and independent originality; every *Æneid* is the expansion or modification of an *Iliad*. The most successful have always been the most imitative. Rubens surrounded himself with medals and drawings. Gray never attempted to compose until he had read a canto of Spenser. Taylor borrowed from Sir John Hayward." — *Vide M'Turk's "Reading-Room of British Museum."*

PRAYER ANSWERED.

In the village of. —, in one of the Northern Counties, there lived some years ago a dispensary surgeon, who was of a naturally amiable disposition, beloved by his family, and respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

Dr. — was the son of God-fearing parents, but the society of medical students of that day was not by any means calculated to fix his mind on true religion. Convivial parties were then the rage, and it would have taken a very strong Christian indeed to escape a part in them. Dr. — was, what all men should be, a social being, and was idolized by his fellow-students as a sincere friend and an agreeable companion. Perhaps there is no more trying time to the young medical man than when, having passed his examinations and turned his back on all the friends and the scenes of his student-life, he settles down to his duty in some, it may be, obscure village, where there is nothing to disturb or amuse the monotony of every-day life, unless it be to dine occasionally with some of those kind and agreeable country gentlemen who are to be found in almost every district.

There is, however, one consolation to the upright medical man,—that he is often able to relieve the distressed, and to ease, if not remove, the pain of disease by his noble art. Dr. — did his duty faithfully for years, but gradually the seed sown in convivial parties began to

bear fruit; the love of strong drink grew on him, until it became a fixed habit. He did not, indeed, yield to it without efforts to resist; but these efforts failed. The advice of dear friends was taken thankfully, and a pledge signed only to be broken. Time passed on, and the habit became more deeply rooted than ever. But as the darkest hour is said to be that before the dawn, so his darkest hour came before his release from the worse than slavish bondage of the drunkard. One day the impression was made on his mind that "some one was praying for" him;—these are his own words; and from that very moment the love of strong drink was completely taken away. When offered wine, he would never even taste it to the end of life.

And not only was he reformed, but he repented of all his sins, believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and used every means of growing in grace, and showing gratitude to God for so wonderfully delivering him. When called to die, his last words were, "I am the Resurrection, and the Life." (John xi. 25, 26.) He then asked a kind friend to finish the remainder of the text for him.

That this great change was in answer to prayer, may be inferred from the fact of his dear friends having prayed for him for several years; from the fact of his having often tried to give up drink and being unable; and from the impression made on his own mind.

J. A.

CONJECTURAL DETAILS OF SCRIPTURE OUTLINES.

BY POMPILIUS APEX.

IV. — SIMON PETER.

"And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."—LUKE xxii. 31, 32.

MANY readers of these words find no difficulty in concluding that Peter underwent the sifting process in the house of the High-Priest, denying his Master during the course of its opera-

tion; and was renewed "again unto repentance" under the Saviour's eye in the Judgment-hall, in answer to the prayer, "that" his "faith fail not." From this interpretation of the passage we may draw many a valuable lesson. But it is very possible that we may find, upon closer examination, that the circumstances to which we have just alluded, instead of being the full extent of the disciple's trial, were only to him "the beginning of sorrows;" and that there are within the compass of this admonitory sentence and its important issues, other measures of counsel, encouragement, and comfort which may be ours, if we "search for them as for hid treasures." Then let our mining operations be prosecuted with vigorous energy, and our climbing expeditions carried out with resolute zeal, so that we may—

"Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow."

In the grey dawn of that memorable morning, "Judas, one of the twelve, . . . drew near unto Jesus to kiss Him." Handed over to the "captains of the temple," He was led a captive to the judgment-seat; "and Peter followed afar off," eventually finding his way to the fireside of the common room in the High-Priest's official residence. Then came the thrice-repeated accusation against the disciple, rebutted by his unreserved disavowal of any connection with "the Galilæan." "And immediately, while he yet spake, the cock crew." The shrill and piercing note of chanticleer carried to his guilty soul all the terrors which could be inspired by the sound of the great Archangel's clarion, on the day when "the sea" shall "give up her dead." Conscience-stricken, he staggered to the Judgment-hall, where he cast a furtive glance around; and regardless of restraint, his eye wandered toward the unoffending Subject of his recent sin. "And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter."

That action of the Saviour has been commonly designated "an upbraiding

look;" and because it cannot be controverted that Peter richly deserved "upbraiding," there are many Scripture-readers who are quite contented with such a construction, and care not to inquire whether there might not be other principles and emotions struggling together and working in the bosom of the Lord. That look *was* "an upbraiding look;" but it was also something more. Its silent eloquence thrilled the erring disciple's inmost nature, and startled into unwonted activity and power many an utterance of the Master which had long slumbered in the recesses of his memory. To the opening eye of his awakened conscience, that look spoke in tones of warning and of sympathy,—
"Simon, Simon, the sifting-time is at hand. The sifter has even now set his foot upon the threshold. The hour of thy greatest peril and thy deepest need steals noiselessly upon thee. 'But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.'

'Touch'd with a sympathy within,
I know thy feeble frame;
I know what sore temptations mean,
For I have felt the same.'

The momentous events of the day hasten to their consummation. From the Judgment-hall to the place of execution the Prisoner is dragged by His persecutors, and followed by excited crowds, who are speedily filled with astonishment and fear by the mysterious accompaniments of His dissolution. Then there is a solemn pause, and men and angels wait with deep solicitude until the Conqueror of death has burst the barriers of the tomb.

It is to the interval between the crucifixion and the resurrection of our Lord that we must turn our attention, if we would see a new and deeper meaning in the words, "that he may sift you as wheat," and become more fully acquainted with the ordeal through which Peter was called upon to pass. In our consideration of the subject, it may be instructive for us to notice the analogy between Simon's trial, and Christ's great struggle with the same

adversary. In the light of this view of the case, how forcible are the Apostle's words, "In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted!" How strange, yet how full of harmony with the benevolent purposes of the Deity, that the first human affliction with which the Saviour should be brought into sympathetic contact after His decease, bore so close a resemblance to His own early experience, and His first recorded exposure to the tempter's wiles!

Whilst the Holy City was for three hours on that great day of Atonement enshrouded in preternatural darkness, there settled as dense a gloom upon Peter's soul. Sick of heart, he turns away from the scene of his recent sin, and seeking for a solitude where his tears may freely flow, he bends his steps toward some unfrequented spot outside the city walls,—perchance the self-same "wilderness" in which the newly-baptized Messiah met man's common foe. And now the tempter comes with all the appliances of his hateful calling.

The first question raised in Peter's mind was doubtless touching his present relationship to Christ; as Christ in the beginning was tempted to question His relationship to God. He had been a disciple, but he had denied all such connection with the Nazarene; and with his usual readiness, the sifter quoted to him words uttered not long before:—"Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father." If He *should* rise again, there is no hope for thee: His resurrection will but bring thee new sorrows, confirm thy doom, and aggravate thy woe." But Peter, "against hope, believed in hope," remembering the Master's word, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."

He soon finds that solitude is not the fittest place wherein "to stand against the wiles of the devil," and hurries back to the city to mingle with its din and bustle, if haply he may shake off in society the despondency which the stillness of the

wilderness has only intensified. Entering the market-place, he sees a crowd earnestly disputing or discussing some important news. He gladly joins it, and finds the topic of conversation to be the suicide of Judas. The tempter is again at his elbow, and whispers in his ear, "The traitor has destroyed himself; go, and do thou likewise." Here, also, "the servant is as his Lord;" for the second attempt against Christ was to lead Him to self-destruction. Nevertheless, Peter resolutely set himself to wait the expiration of the appointed time, as that might bring a remedy from Him Who had said, "I have prayed for thee." And if not, then—but not till then—he could take Satan's advice, and hang himself by the betrayer's side.

Time's lumbering wheels turned slowly as the disciple waited for the third morning's dawn to break upon him. He paced the streets of the city; he wandered down the neighbouring high-ways; and with an uncontrollable restlessness of body and soul, he climbed the familiar slope of Olivet. Pausing on its summit to rest, he saw the long line of the Jordan sparkling in the sunshine like a silver thread. Northward, nestling among the blue mountains of Galilee, lay the home of his youth, and the scene of his early toil. Again the tempter confronts him, and suggests his going home, and betaking himself to his old course of life, promising him that there he will soon forget his late Master, Who, in the event of His resurrection, will not notice him now; and that with change of scene and occupation, his present grief will pass away. He will also, further, escape from all the trouble and distress which will certainly be his lot if he persist in continuing in fellowship with the disciples of the crucified Nazarene. So he, who aforesaid attempted to show the world's Redeemer an easier way of performing His life-work, and to divert Him from the great purpose of His incarnation, now tries to allure His servant from his appointed labour by the offer of a lighter burden, and a less oppressive yoke. But Peter

remembered the word of the Lord, "I have prayed for thee;" and he waited and endured, though he was sifted "as wheat."

Thus did the disciple long for the first beam of sunshine on the resurrection morning, and for the appearing of his Master "alive from the dead," to drive away all his doubts, and to dispel his fears. And in grateful remembrance of the great deliverance from the power of temptation which the newly-risen Saviour's presence gave him, he devoted his after life to preaching "Jesus, and the resurrection;" and gave with sympathetic tenderness to the oppressed and suffering Church the great lesson he had learned whilst in the sifter's hand: "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

THE ATHEIST'S PRAYER GRANTED.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE INDIAN MUTINY.

THOMAS H—, private of the —th regiment of Infantry, was a great favourite with his corps, on account of his good-natured and obliging disposition. Unfortunately he was an atheist; no doubt finding in that belief, or rather negation of all beliefs, the most satisfactory cover under which to indulge his vicious propensities. He and his fellow-soldiers, engaged as they were in the suppression of the Indian mutiny, were daily brought face to face with death; and naturally their thoughts, and sometimes their conversation, turned in the direction of that dread ordeal. Upon such occasions Thomas H— was accustomed to express a desire for sudden death, and generally wound up his part in the conversation with the expression, "Well, may I get *short* warning!"

The company to which he was attached were engaged, at the time when the following sad occurrence took place, in

the siege of Delhi, occupying a small fort not far distant from the city.

They were in the act of bombarding, and the enemy often returned their fire from the city walls with fatal success. Indeed, many of the British soldiers, after thirty-six hours of duty, would throw themselves on the bare ground just behind the ramparts, quite overcome with fatigue, and utterly careless of the fact that they were not under shelter. With some of these, of course, it was their last earthly sleep, a stray shot or shell carrying them off, all unconscious as they were, into the deeper sleep of death.

The subject of this narrative, after a short slumber snatched upon the ground just behind the guns, (which were all the while pouring out their deafening thunder close by his unconscious ear,) was one day awakened by a comrade in the canteen, who had prepared some coffee which he wished Thomas to partake of.

"O," said Thomas, waking up, "I see you have got some coffee. All right! I shall just stretch myself a bit first." Saying which, he arose from off the ground, stood upon his feet, and was in the act of throwing out his arms as a relief after the lassitude of the frame during slumber, when with awful speed an unaimed shot from the enemy struck his head, and his body fell at the feet of his brother-soldier, who was standing at the moment with the coffee prepared for the unfortunate man in his hand!

His comrade, as soon as he had recovered from the terrific shock, looked down sadly upon the bleeding trunk, and said, "Well, Tom, you have got your wish. You had '*short* warning' indeed!"

What a strong comment do incidents like these furnish upon the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God!" He says it, not in his *head*, for he does not *believe* it to be so; but in his *heart*, for he *wishes* it to be so.

HOURS IN EDINBURGH.

AUTUMN winds have stripped the trees of their many-tinted leaves, and we gather round the cheery fire, ready with book or work or social chat to while away the hours of the long winter evening. What is more pleasant than to recall on such occasions the pleasures and incidents of the past summer? Friends meet to compare notes. Some may have been ruralising far from the smoke and noise of busy towns; some have enjoyed the free, fresh sea-breezes; some have visited the picturesque Principality; some have been enchanted with the beauties of our own lake country; while others have crossed the border into "Bonnie Scotland," where every place has its interest, and every name its historical association or song.

Perhaps a short account of a visit to Edinburgh, the "Athens of the North," may be found interesting to the readers of the "Miscellany." Passing over our first impressions received when we arrived in that city in the clear twilight of a June evening, we will ask our reader to accompany us as, early the next morning, we bend our steps to the Calton Hill, thence to study the topography of Edinburgh before beginning our round of visits to the numerous places of interest in the northern capital.

The Calton Hill is an eminence situated at the south-western side of the city, and is a noteworthy object in the landscape. There Scotland has erected a noble monument to the memory of the brave who fell on the field of Waterloo. It was originally intended to be a reproduction of the Parthenon, but the ambition of its projectors exceeded the means at their disposal, and at present the work consists of twelve columns, each of which cost one thousand pounds. Even in its unfinished state the memorial is a splendid one, and certainly increases the fancied resemblance between Athens and its northern rival.

What a panorama lies before us as we gain the summit of the hill, and gaze around upon a landscape which we shall

not often see surpassed. Looking first upon the city, we observe that a narrow valley separates the new town from the old. Through this valley, once occupied by the North Loch, runs the railway. Princes-street, the principal street in the new town, runs from east to west for a mile, and forms a very attractive object in the view, as the buildings are all of noble size and handsome appearance. To the south lie the irregular and crowded buildings of the old town, stretching from Holyrood to the Castle. Looking north, beyond the regular streets of the new town the view includes the port of Leith, its long piers jutting out into the Firth of Forth; on the northern horizon is seen the coast of Fife, with the Ochil Hills. To the east are Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags; in the distance are Portobello, Musselburgh, and Prestonpans, with the Bass rock among the blue waters of the Forth.

Let us now leave the Calton Hill, and bend our steps towards Princes-street. Passing many handsome shops and public buildings, we reach the entrance to the Princes-street Gardens, where the first object that attracts our notice is the beautiful monument erected in 1844 to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. This monument, which is two hundred feet high, was designed by George Kemp, a young architect, who died before his noble work was completed. He is said to have borrowed the idea from his recollections of Melrose Abbey. Under the canopy is placed a statue of the great poet by the eminent sculptor, Steell. The principal niches are occupied by figures of some of his more notable characters. The cost of this memorial, amounting to fifteen thousand pounds, was met by public subscription.

Next we come to the Royal Institution and the National Gallery. The former building, which is of the Doric order, contains the Antiquarian Museum, the Statue Gallery, and the School of Design. The National Gallery, built in the Ionic style, is devoted to a collection of paintings.

Let us now proceed to Holyrood Palace, the famous seat of Scottish royalty. As its name indicates, it was originally a religious institution. It was founded and endowed by David I. It is not known at what period the Abbey was changed into a royal residence. Holyrood Palace has been several times demolished by fire or by human violence, and in 1650 it was burnt to the ground, with the exception of that portion containing the apartments of Queen Mary. The present palace, which was erected by Charles II., is built in the form of a square surrounding a courtyard. The front is very handsome. It is two storeys high, and the flat roof is surmounted by an imperial crown executed in stone. The angles are decorated with turrets. The other three sides are three storeys high, but are plain and without ornament. On entering the palace, the visitor is first conducted to the picture-gallery, the largest apartment in the palace, being one hundred and fifty feet long, by twenty-seven wide. The walls are hung with fancy portraits of the Scotch monarchs; the only one said to be genuine is that of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. Passing through Lord Darnley's rooms and the Tapestry Chamber, we enter Queen Mary's apartments, which remain to a great extent in the same state as when occupied by her. From the Audience Chamber we enter the royal bed-room, on one side of which is a door communicating with the secret passage by which the conspirators gained access to the apartment where Mary was seated with her favourite, Rizzio, on the fatal night of his murder. It is said that he was dragged to the door of the Audience Chamber and there despatched, and the stains of his blood are still pointed out in the corner where he fell.

Leaving this portion of the palace, so rich in historic memories, we next visit the Chapel Royal, the only remaining fragment of the Abbey built in 1128. Here lie several of Scotland's monarchs. This venerable ruin is also

the burial-place of many illustrious families.

Quitting the hallowed precincts of Holyrood, we enter the old town by the Canongate, where in former times the Scotch nobility resided. Now, however, their mansions are deserted for the handsomer and healthier squares and streets of the new town. Here stands the Tolbooth, or city prison. And now we are shown Moray House, from the balcony of which it is said the Marquis of Argyll, with Lord Lorne and his bride, the daughter of the Earl of Moray, sat to watch the Marquis of Montrose led to execution in the Grass-market. Proceeding up the High-street, into which the Canongate emerges, and passing the house of John Knox, we enter Parliament-square, where stands St. Giles' Church, the parish church of Edinburgh, dedicated to the patron saint. It is supposed to have been erected by the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Douglas, to atone for their murder of the Duke of Rothesay, the heir of Robert III. Here the Solemn League and Covenant was signed, and here Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the unfortunate Dean who was attempting by royal order to read the liturgy.

St. Giles' is an example of a curious custom which obtains in Scotland, of building two or three churches under one roof. Here three distinct congregations assemble to worship under the same roof, but in divided churches. As, however, no organs are used in Scotch churches, this arrangement is not so inconvenient as at first appears.

In Parliament-square stand the Parliament Houses, which have, since the Union in 1707, been appropriated to the use of the Law Courts.

Still proceeding up High-street, we continue to pass many quaint old houses which would delight the antiquary, but which certainly do not invite closer inspection, so squalid and wretched do they appear. Many of these dwellings contain eight or nine storeys, indeed, it is no unusual thing to see houses of ten

or eleven storeys. Of course these are divided into flats. In the old part of Edinburgh the people are crowded together in a most disgraceful manner, and in consequence, misery, disease, and immorality are rampant.

We now approach the Castle, which stands on a precipitous rock, impregnable on three sides before the introduction of gunpowder as a means of warfare. The buildings are now used as an armory and barracks, and will accommodate two thousand soldiers. Crossing the moat by the drawbridge, we pass through the portcullis-gate, above which is the State-prison. Let us first visit the Crown-room, where we see the regalia of Scotland, consisting of the crown, sceptre, sword of State, and the Lord Treasurer's rod of office. Since the accession of James VI. to the throne of England, the Scottish insignia of royalty have had an eventful history. During the troublous times of the Commonwealth, when Edinburgh Castle fell into the hands of the English, the regalia were transported to the Castle of Dunnottar, near Stonehaven, and thence to the Manse at Kinneff. At the Restoration, the secret of their sanctuary was communicated to Charles II., but the pride of the Scotch people had been so much wounded by the inferior place they had, since the Union, occupied in the thoughts of the British Kings, that it was considered best to keep the crown jewels still out of sight. Accordingly they were secured in an oaken chest, and placed in a room in Edinburgh Castle, which was jealously guarded from entrance. The keys which were used have never since been discovered, and for a century the mystery of the closed chamber remained unravelled, until, in 1817, a committee was appointed to explore the old oak chest in the strong room in the Castle. When the lid was forced open by the King's smith, the eagerly looked-for articles were found, and its regalia once more restored to Scotland.

Next we are shown the room where, we are told, James VI. was born, and where we see several exquisite portraits

of Mary, Queen of Scots. Looking at these, we wonder no longer at the fascination of her peerless beauty. Another object of interest is a small chapel built by Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, for her private use. From Edinburgh Castle we gain another fine view of the surrounding country; and here we must close our notes of a city whose historic interest and beauty of situation we shall not readily find excelled.

S. J. B.

THE SHADOW AND THE SUBSTANCE.

Men are always mortified when they have been deceived. We are filled with vexation and shame if we find we have mistaken the shadow for the substance, a dream for a reality. Here, however, we are surrounded by various forms of deception. Satan is very large in his promises, but short in his performances. He talked of raising our first parents to something more than human, while he sunk them to a level with himself. Were he not merely to show us all the kingdoms of this world, and say, "All these will I give thee," but actually to make good his engagement, we should still feel ourselves to be disappointed and deceived, and exclaim, as Solomon did, "Vanity of vanities!" "For the fashion of this world passeth away." It is a splendid procession, a magnificent and moving panorama, and while we are looking, it "passeth away," and we see it no more.

But Jesus is "*the Truth*;" His promises are "exceeding great and precious," and we may believe them all. In sickness and in health, in life and in death, we shall prove that they are not a delusion, but a blissful reality.—*From the Manuscripts of a deceased Minister.*

THE STORY OF RODGERS.

MANY persons wish to do good, but recoil from self-denial. The story of Rodgers, from the New York "Tribune"

of June 2nd, shows what can be done by patience and love:—

A few years ago, on any sunny morning, a heap of filthy rags might be seen stretched on some of the bales of a paper-warehouse in a neighbouring city, with a strong smell of stale tobacco and whisky hanging about it. Turning it over, (which you could do as though it were a log, any time after ten o'clock in the morning,) you would find the swollen, purple face of what had once been a handsome young man; but there was little hope that the bleared eyes or thick tongue would give an intelligent answer. The porters passing by would push him aside, but not roughly. The time had been when he had been a jolly, generous fellow, and a favourite in the office. "Young Rodgers"—some would give you his history in five minutes: "Taken to rum—no chance—poor fellow! Stokes [the proprietor] could not turn him out to starve, so still gave him a nominal salary, and suffered him to hang about the house, lest he should take to worse courses than drinking." There were hints, too, of a widowed mother, away off in the country, who had been dependent on him, and a sweetheart,—a pretty, clinging girl,—both of whom, long ago, he had abandoned. But there was nothing to be done. The end, through the usual horrors of delirium tremens, was apparently not far off.

One day, as Rodgers was creeping to the nearest bar for his morning bitters, a man, whom he barely knew by sight, took him by the elbow and walked with him into a quieter street. "They tell me you are Richard Rodgers' son," he said. "Dick Rodgers was the only friend I had for years, and for his sake I'd like to save his boy. Are you willing for me to try?" "O, you can try!" muttered the lad, with an imbecile laugh. This nameless friend, nothing daunted, took him to a chamber in his own house, and put him to bed. There he and his sons kept watch and guarded this poor wretch for months, like a prisoner, keeping liquor from him, and trying to

supply its place by medical treatment. A physician he employed, but he was not able to pay for a nurse. Any one who has had to deal with a victim of *mania a potu*, can guess how difficult and loathsome a task he had set himself. Ungrateful enough it was at first, for Rodgers struggled against his tormentors with the ferocity of—just what he was—a starving animal. As reason began to return and his unnatural strength to vanish, he would beg them, in his intervals of reason, not to fail him, but to work out the experiment either to success or death. "It is my last chance," he would cry; "for God's sake, be patient!" This friend, with his son, did work it out through all the foul, unmentionable details, and the end was not death, but success.

"How soon," asked a friend of Rodgers afterward, "were you trusted alone?" "Not for two years," he answered, laughing. "I was out of gaol, but in gaol bounds. Do you remember that lank, muscular young fellow that had a desk beside me in the office? He took it with the condition that he could leave it to dog me night and day—to my meals and to my bed. That was the son of the man who saved me. He was taken from a lucrative situation in order that he might become my gaoler! God bless him! How I used to curse him! 'Can't you trust my honour?' I would cry. 'I'm not convinced that your honour has not the consumption,' the Scotch-Irishman would say; 'we'll put no burdens on it until it has regained its health.'"

"Your friend was a wealthy man, no doubt, and so able to give both time and money to your case?" "On the contrary, he is but the owner of a small hat-store, and supports his family out of that. He is rich and noble only in the deed and spirit of friendship."

All this was years ago. Rodgers is now an industrious, honourable man, married to his old love, with his grey-haired mother by his hearth, bringing to it the perpetual benediction of benignant old age. His friend sells

hats—makes no speeches nor bruit of any sort in the world. Nobody has recognized in him a hero. Yet, who for the sake of a dead or living friend would go and do likewise?

TRUSTING MAN AND CHRIST.

It was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ as the sinner's only refuge by many, and by his own master among the rest; but it seemed to be without result. At last his master thought of reaching his mind and bringing him to see the sincerity of God in the Gospel, by writing a note, asking him to come to see him at six o'clock, after he left "the work."

He came promptly, with the letter in his hand. When ushered into his room, his master inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?"

James was confounded, and holding up the note requesting him to come, said,—

"The letter! *the letter!*"

"O," said his master, "I see, you believe that I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once!"

"Surely, Sir! *surely, Sir!*"

"Well, see, here is another letter sending for you by One equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it.

James took the paper, and began to read, slowly,—*"Come—unto—Me—all—ye—that—labour,"* etc. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears; and, like to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket-pocket, grasping his large red handkerchief, with which he covered his face; and there he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired,—

"Am I just to believe that, in the same way I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined the

master. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater!" This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He became a happy believer, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, to point others to Calvary, and walk in the narrow way.

Reader, if anxious about your salvation, be persuaded to believe God when He speaks to you in His Word, in the same way you would credit the word of an honourable man, and you will obtain peace through the precious blood of Christ. "He cannot deny Himself."

GRACES RATHER THAN NUMBERS.

BISHOP M'TYRE in a letter to the "Pacific Methodist," referring to the large increase in our membership in America last year, says:—

"While a true and living Church must grow, and believers will be added daily to the Lord, she should habitually look to *graces* rather than *numbers*. Sin is a subtle thing, and while it does not consist in, yet it lurks about, 'numbering the people.' The heart may be lifted up with pride contemplating a multitude, and the attention called away from the true glory and strength. Let us 'rejoice with trembling.' The final test is in character, not figures; it is in fruit, not growth. There is a power in holiness that disregards numerical proportions. For all the purposes of a Christian Church, the few may be strong and the many weak. These things may sound like platitudes, but we do well to consider them in this connection."

REAPING.

WHERE didst thou reap to-day, my soul?

My soul, where didst thou reap?

The fields are white on either hand;

The needy ones about thee stand;

The Christian may not sleep.

What hast thou reap'd to-day, my soul?
 Worthy the words, "Well done?"
 A burden sweet of garner'd sheaves,
 Or but a few dry wither'd leaves,
 Marking thy "Harvest Home?"

How hast thou reap'd to-day, my soul?
 How hast thou reap'd to-day?
 The work is great, the field is wide,
 The faithful few are by thy side;
 Press on, and do not stay.

Wouldst thou not reap, my soul, to-day?
 Wouldst thou not bring thy best?
 The day is long, the sun is high;
 Wouldst thou, then, lay thy burden by,
 And seek for ease, for rest?

Go, find thy work, my soul, to-day,
 And finding, do it well;
 Put in thy sickle, sharp and bright;
 Work on through all the morning light:
 When night comes, who can tell?

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

JAMES WARBURTON.

In memorials of those who have in early life been set apart for the work of the Christian ministry, we naturally expect to find a record of piety, excellence, and talent of a superior order. Amongst those who have given proof of the possession of these gifts, the young soldier whose early recall from the battle-field so startled and shook with grief the hearts of his many sorrowing friends, took a high stand, and it was anticipated that in future years he would be one of the strong pillars of our beloved Church.

JAMES WARBURTON was born in the village of Lynden, in the Warrington Circuit, December 8th, 1849. His pious parents trained him in the way in which he should go. His mother cherished the desire that if this her youngest son should live to be a man, the Lord would call him to the high honour of the ministry. His studious habits, his solidity of character, and, at an early age, his consecration to God, caused her to believe that her desire would be granted.

When about fourteen years of age, at a Sabbath-evening service, he was enabled fully to decide that the Lord should be the Guide of his youth. Earnestly seeking the pardon of his sins, in a few days he felt the blessed assurance that he was accepted by the Father through the atoning blood of Jesus.

But Satan took advantage of his modest and retiring disposition; suggested that he might hide this blessed

change within his heart; that there was no need for one so young to come forward as a candidate for membership in the Church of Christ: but through his after life he deeply regretted this error, and ever feared the danger for other young converts. For, lacking spiritual counsel and oversight, he soon yielded to doubts and fears, and a cloud came over his mind, darkening the bright light that had shone within.

After being in this state for some months, he was called to sustain a severe trial in the death of a beloved brother. This took place on new-year's day, 1865. In his deep heart-sorrow he felt greatly the need of the comfort and support which can be found alone in the smile of our Heavenly Father; and he resolved again to be diligent in his efforts to regain the blessing.

In the following February he was invited by a schoolfellow to accompany him to the Class of the late Rev. John Boyd. This he willingly did; but it was more than a year before he regained that comfort and joy for which his soul panted.

In the Sabbath-school he was known, without envy, as one whose character always stood high, and whose judgment and criticisms in their Bible-class were the most to be relied upon. To the last Sabbath upon which he had an opportunity of visiting the school, his interest in it never lessened; and it was always a delight to him, when absent, to hear of its prosperity.

His Class-leader, the Rev. John Boyd, was one of those fathers in Israel who watched with deep interest the opening promise of youthful piety. He was much impressed with the thoughtful and serious manner of his young friend James at all the means of grace, and always pleased with his short sentences, full of spiritual desire and feeling, expressed in the Class-meeting. Soon he encouraged him to pray in this social means of grace, and then to take part in the public prayer-meetings.

Before he attained his seventeenth year, he was again called to pass under the rod, as his beloved mother was taken from her family to her mansion above. This heavy sorrow bowed down his young and affectionate heart, and his bodily health, which was never robust, suffered greatly. From this time Mr. Boyd watched over him with the care and interest of a parent; and though taking a part, as his health would permit, in his father's business, all his leisure time was spent under the roof of Mr. Boyd, where his mind was cheered, and his studies directed.

The following spring Mr. Boyd questioned him as to whether he felt any desire respecting the work of preaching, and finding his mind had been for a long time dwelling on the subject, he appointed a time when he would hear him make a first trial. He soon began to go into different parts of the Circuit to preach, and everywhere he found favour with the people, and had evidence that his efforts were owned of God.

The following January, 1868, the Lord again gave him to see that no earthly arm is sufficient for our help: his beloved friend and pastor was suddenly snatched away to his reward, while beginning to prepare him for his first examination before the Quarterly Meeting. His own words at this time were, "I feel I am orphaned;" but the Lord was his Helper, and opened his way, step by step, as he needed to go on.

He passed the various examinations with credit to himself, and satisfaction to his examiners; until at last he stood,

in August, 1870, on the President's list, as eligible either for Circuit work, or for the College when there was an opening. He had not long to wait; for, on November 25th of the same year, he received a call from the President of the Conference, the Rev. John Farrar, to go immediately to the Pocklington Circuit, to engage in the work of the Rev. George Patterson, who was laid aside by serious illness; in about a month this faithful labourer was called to his reward, and Mr. Warburton prosecuted his share of the labours of that extensive Circuit with happiness to himself, profit to many, and satisfaction to all. It cheered and encouraged his spirit to hear the high testimonies presented to him by the members of the last Quarterly Meeting before he left; and the letters received by him from friends in the Circuit after he returned, show how highly his character and labours were appreciated.

Having finished his term of labour in Pocklington, he was called to the College at Didsbury, at which his heart rejoiced, as it had been a matter of earnest desire to him that he might enjoy the privileges and advantages of that Institution. But earnestly as he longed to possess them, he had not long to enjoy them. The following April he came home, for the purpose of preaching a funeral sermon upon the occasion of the death of a schoolfellow, but was taken ill, and prevented from carrying out his intention.

A tedious illness of seven weeks followed; but after that time he again returned to Didsbury, until the Midsummer recess. His friends had hoped that a few weeks at the sea-side, and a week spent in Yorkshire, at the home of a college friend, would fully establish his health, which was still feeble.

Returning from the latter place on Saturday, August 24th, he was not feeling well; on Sunday complained of headache, but attended the Sabbath services. The following day he was very ill, and continued so throughout the week, but not until the following Saturday was danger apprehended, when the medical attendant pronounced his com-

plaint typhoid fever. That night he appeared to be dying, and he thought so himself: he was almost too weak to speak, but gave delightful assurances of his firm confidence in the all-sufficient atonement of Christ; spoke of his resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father; though, as he said, he would have liked to have lived longer, that he might work for his Saviour. At another time he said, "I did not think to leave you so soon." A friend said, "But if you do, it is to be with Jesus;" he replied, "O, yes! I have *not a doubt* about that. I had clouds and darkness at first, but they have all passed; my faith is *firm* in Christ; I rest upon the great Rock of Ages."

The entries in his journal prove how his mind was at times painfully exercised respecting his sense of unworthiness, and unfaithfulness; but his trust and hope in the all-sufficient merits of his blessed Saviour were firm and unshaken.

He gave the few instructions he wished to leave, with his natural calmness of manner; bade farewell to each of his anxious friends separately, often saying, "All is right; all is right." To his brother he said, "O! it is happy—it is happy! What should I do without it now!" Referring to the College friend whose home he had so recently visited, he said, "Tell him to preach Christ."

On Sunday his mind began to wander; and after that there were only occasional gleams of consciousness, each of which was blessed with some happy assurance that all was well with him. At one time, when it was thought he was dying, he looked up suddenly and said, "Good-bye, Mrs. Boyd, all is bright, all is bright!" raising his hand upward as in triumph.

Frequently, amidst his wildest deliriums, he was preaching, praying, and in other ways engaging in the work so dear to his heart. When he appeared most unconscious, a passage of Scripture,

or a verse of a hymn, would generally call forth an intelligent response; and the evening before his death, while a friend repeated the last verse of "Rock of Ages," he shouted "Hallelujah! Glory be to God,—my feet are on the sure standing-ground!" after which, he sang by himself two verses of the hymn, "Guide us, Saviour." This was sung by the scholars in the chapel at his funeral service. At one time he dwelt with great energy upon the words, "more than conqueror."

About noon on Sunday it was evident that the last struggle was near; and though many of his dearest friends stood around him, he no longer noticed them. The heavy sleep which had fallen upon him, continued until after five in the evening, when his breathing ceased, and an almost imperceptible quiver told us he was received into glory, to be for ever with his Saviour, Whose he was, and Whom he delighted to serve. He died in the twenty-third year of his age.

A pleasing testimony to his excellence, and the high estimation in which his character was held, was rendered by the Governor and tutors of the College, by their attendance at his funeral, and the part each took in the service held in the chapel before the cortège proceeded to the parish church, accompanied by the school, and a large portion of the congregation.

On the following Sunday evening a funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Jackson, Governor of Didsbury College, to a crowded congregation, who shared in sympathy with the sorrowing relatives and friends, and in wonder at the mysterious dealings of God.

Doth the Church too fondly centre
Hopes in man, forgetting God!
See! one champion as she gazes,
Sinks to sleep beneath the sod.
Plaintive is the voice that whispers
In so brave a hero's fall;
Heaven is teaching us the lesson,
"Jesus Christ is all in all!"

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Little Books by John Bunyan. London: Blackie and Son. 1873.—The three volumes now before us contain five treatises, *Christ a Complete Saviour*; *The Strait Gate*; *Justification by Imputed Righteousness*; *The Jerusalem Sinner Saved*; and *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*.—All excellent discourses, the reading of which does the heart good; fine specimens of straightforward Puritan preaching, flavoured with the rough homeliness of the tinker evangelist. The fourth, however, in practical usefulness and adaptation to our times, stands head and shoulders above the preceding three. It is indeed "good news for the vilest of men." Home-missionaries would find it suitable to put into the hands of notoriously wicked men, convinced of sin, but despairing of mercy. The sermon entitled "Justification by Imputed Righteousness," tastes strongly of Calvinistic seasoning; in some other respects, also, its theology differs materially from that taught from Methodist pulpits. Of—

Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sin-

ners, it is sufficient to say its study is indispensable to a proper understanding of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" it is the best book to put into the hands of a despairing penitent. It will cause the heart of every devout reader to glow with gratitude to Him Whose grace does abound to the chief of sinners.

The Strength of My Life. Large-Print Readings for the Sick and Aged. By the Author of "Light at Eventide." London: Hatchards and Co., 187, Piccadilly. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Paternoster-row.—The design of supplying for the sick and aged suitable reading in large print is deserving of the highest commendation, and the execution is in every respect worthy of the design. We can scarcely conceive of any more soothing, and comforting, and yet solid and instructive way of imparting Gospel truth to the afflicted, than these beautiful meditations on well-selected passages of Scripture. District-visitors, tract-distributors, and all who take any interest in the sick and aged, among the poor especially, will find this book invaluable.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR JANUARY, 1874.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.		VENUS.		MARS.		JUPITER.		SATURN.	
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.
1874.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Jan. 1	8 6	4 2	6 46m	7 14m	8 27a	11 15a	5 49a					
11	8 2	4 15	7 19	7 30	8 33	10 37	5 16					
21	7 53	4 30	7 42	7 37	8 37	9 58	4 43					
31	7 40	4 48	7 51	7 35	8 42	9 16	Rises. 7 32m					

PHASES OF THE MOON.

2nd, Full Moon 7h. 3m. after. 18th, New Moon 8h. 0m. morn.
10th, Last Quarter 7h. 55m. after. 25th, First Quarter 0h. 43m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

January 9th 3h. morn., Apogee; distance 251,418 miles.
" 20th 9h. after., Perigee; " 226,426 "
Mean distance for the month 238,922 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

January 1st	90,139,800 miles.
February 1st	90,363,290 „
Increase of distance for the month.....	223,490 „

This year will be rich in important astronomical phenomena.

1. An eclipse of the Sun on April 16th, will be witnessed in the South Atlantic Ocean and the southern regions of Africa and America. It is total in a line crossing Africa a little north of the thirtieth parallel of south latitude, and curving downward till it reaches the seventy-eighth degree of south latitude.

2. A partial eclipse of the Moon on May 1st, visible in Australia, Asia, and partially in Africa.

3. An eclipse of the Sun on October 10th, visible throughout very nearly the whole of Europe, and parts of Asia and Africa. It is central and annular in a small district in Asiatic Russia.

4. A total eclipse of the Moon on October 25th, will be seen throughout the continent of America, partially in Europe and Africa.

5. A transit of Venus over the Sun's disc on December 9th. On that day the Sun's declination will be nearly twenty-three degrees south, and of course it will not set at any point within the parallel of sixty-seven degrees south latitude. In the Antarctic zone, then, the entire phenomenon would be visible, but the difficulty would be to get there. Fortunately it can be seen at more accessible regions. In Australia, Asia, and the neighbouring islands, favourable spots have been selected for making the necessary observations, and will in due time be occupied by careful observers, furnished with the best instrumental appliances.

6. Neptune will be occulted by the Moon on January 24th, February 20th, and June 10th; Mars on March 20th, November 5th; and December 4th; Venus on October 14th; and Jupiter on December 6th. Of these, the only ones

visible at Greenwich are that of Neptune on February 20th, and that of Venus on October 14th.

In the present month, the *Sun* will be in perigee on the 1st, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Mercury will pass from the north to the south side of the plane of the earth's orbit on the afternoon of the 4th. On the 14th it will be at its greatest actual distance from the Sun. At noon on the 17th it will be near the Moon. On the 22nd, at seven o'clock in the evening, it will be within one degree of Venus; and on the 29th, at two o'clock in the morning, within a degree and a half of Saturn.

Venus will pass from the north to the south side of the plane of the earth's orbit on the 4th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, just four hours before Mercury. It will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon on the 17th. On the morning of the 31st it will be within half a degree of Saturn. Mercury and Venus rise before the Sun.

Mars is the evening star; it is now in Aquarius. On the 21st it will be near the Moon.

Jupiter is the finest object in the morning sky. On the 9th it may be seen near the Moon.

Saturn will be in conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 25th.

Uranus will be in opposition on the 28th. It will be on the meridian at mean midnight on the 31st, altitude fifty-seven degrees.

Neptune will be in quadrature on the morning of the 16th. It will be on the meridian on the 14th, at six o'clock in the afternoon, altitude forty-seven degrees. It is now very near a fifth-magnitude star in Piscium, marked on the charts *omicron*.



THE COTTAGE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

BY T. J. WESLEY BENNETT, F.R.S.L.

No. IV.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF "A MONARCH IN LETTERS."

How many people, we wonder, who visit the quiet watering-place of Worthing, and think of making a pilgrimage thence to the birth-
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place of Selden? The mention of Worthing calls up a dreamy sketch of land and sea,—whose horizon to the east is bounded by (that modern Vanity Fair) Brighton, and by Beachy Head; and to the west, by that reach of shore wherein visitors vainly strive to descry Littlehampton, or a dim outline of the Isle of Wight,—the foreground a ceaseless coming and going of the ocean wave, whose monotonous beat on the shore lulls you to an idleness unfitting one to climb that bold sweep of Sussex downs which grandly makes up the background.

Breaking the spell which soft zephyrs from the south were weaving, we set out one day for the birthplace of him whom "Rare Ben" Jonson styled "a monarch in letters;" of whom his opponent, Grotius, testified that he was "the glory of the English nation," and who in his lifetime was better known as "the great dictator of learning."

Taking our way out of the town a little to the north-west, through potato-grounds rich in the flowers of promise, and bean-fields with their odorous blossoms, we reach West Tawing, a village through which we may not pass without a "note by the way." Here are fig-orchards, sprung from an original stock planted seven centuries ago by St. Thomas A'Becket, or St. Richard of Chichester, the St. Richard who is said, in the neighbouring parish of Ferney, to have fed three thousand with bread only sufficient for ninety! There stand the remains of A'Becket's palace, now used as a school-house, set back in a very luxuriant kitchen-garden, a picture of primitive education which no School-Board may rival. A little further on, we come to the church in which Robert Southey has often worshipped. In that shingled spire, seen for miles round, is placed the Memorial Window put there by the poet's daughter, then the wife of the present vicar, but whose last tenement is not far from the north door, a plain slab with the simple inscription,—

"EDITH MAY WARTER;
Born May 1st, 1804,
Died July 25th, 1871.

Jesus wept.—JOHN xi. 35.

Rejoice evermore.—1 THESS. v. 16."

We turn away from the grave, and passing out through the wicket, cross the road, and enter a field of ripening corn, with a rich surrounding of barley. We arrive at the hamlet of Salvington. I believe Salvington is redeemed from obscurity solely because at its entrance stands the cottage in which JOHN SELDEN first saw the light.

The village has no other attractions, but this one is sufficient for its fame. The rough hewn stone, built firmly in between the cross-

beams, and surmounted by a roof of thatch, the open road running by the garden hatch, within whose line grew flowers and simples, hock and rosemary, lavender and thyme. This is "Lacies," with its eighty-one surrounding acres, of the annual value in 1606 of £23.

Here lived, in 1584, John Selden, "a sufficient plebeian" and "minstrell," to whom was born, on December 16th, the subject of this paper. The father was, or had been, an itinerant musician, and in that vagrant capacity had won the heart of Margaret Baker, the daughter of a knightly house in Kent. The minstrels, or troubadours, were celebrated for their *impromptu* song-making; he must, therefore, have been a man of some cultivation. Minstrelsy no doubt gave place to agriculture on his marriage.

Over the doorway is a stone, with the date 1601 carved on it, placed there, we fancy, when "Master Selden" was prospering; and the house probably had been enlarged, or improved in some form, as it had undoubtedly existed years before the son was born.

Entering the doorway, you find yourself in a large kitchen. On the inside of the lintel of the door, at ten years old, the "monarch" of the future carved a Latin couplet, the product of learning but lately acquired in the Free School of Chichester. What would we not give to rescue this autograph from the grimy hands of the modern goths! Four years later, the maker and carver of Latin couplets entered a student at Hart Hall, Oxford. At nineteen he left Oxford, and became a member of Clifford's Inn, at that time one of the dependencies of a more important Inn of Court, and in which it was customary for law students to begin their education. The year following, 1604, he removed to the Temple. It is not clear why he did not at once apply himself to the more active duties of a "special pleader;" most likely the studious habits of the boy had impaired his constitution. He continued, with the utmost assiduity, to apply himself to the study of civil and legal history, logic and moral philosophy, and the acquisition of languages. Within two years of his removal to the Temple, he came to be regarded as one of the greatest scholars of the age. So at twenty-two, an age when most young men of the present day have scarcely decided on what ocean to embark, John Selden had achieved an European reputation, and established it by the publication of his "*Analecton Anglo-Britannicon*." Eight years later was issued his "Titles of Honour," which to this day is a text-book for those who wish to engage in the study of "the charms of precedence."

Four years after, in 1618, he brought out his "History of Tithes," an elaborately-prepared treatise, showing that the clergy have a *legal* right to these by ancient prescription; but no *divine* right, which some insisted upon.

This might have passed, but Selden had caught some of the heightened religious feeling of his time; and to this work had added a preface, which charged home upon the clergy "laziness and ignorance." His Grace of Norwich, Dr. Montague, called Archbishop Laud's attention to the work, and forthwith Master John Selden was had before the Star Chamber,—of hateful memory to every Protestant. At this time he seems to have thought it better to "fight and run away," and accordingly expressed his regret for his argument; and assailed by other writers, went in fear of James's threat of imprisonment should he reply. Says he, "All that will have liberty, and some use it, to write and preach what they will against me, to abuse my name, my person, my profession, with as many falsehoods as they please, and my hands are tied; I must not so much as answer their calumnies. I am so far from writing more, *that I have scarce ventured for my own safety so much as to say they abuse me, though I know it.*"

Three years later, 1621, the Parliament sought his advice, and he instigated them to assert their independence and privileges, for which he was sent to prison, but released at the end of five weeks, through the intervention of the Bishop of Winchester. In 1623 he was chosen Member of Parliament for Lancaster, and also Reader at Lyons' Inn. The latter post he refused to fill, whereupon the Benchers of the Inner Temple met, and fined and for ever disabled him from becoming one of their number, a decision which, to their credit, was repealed in their parliament in the year following.

In the Parliament of 1625 he was elected Member for Great Bedwin, and chosen manager by the Commons for the impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham, thereby declaring his hostility to the Court. For his temerity in accepting this honour, he narrowly escaped imprisonment with his associates.

He was, on all occasions, perfectly honest; hence always consistent. This led him to be regarded by partial critics as somewhat inconstant. His daring was not dictated by capricious sentiment. Wherever his character is subjected to the light thrown upon it by history, the reader is constrained to admit that Selden acted only upon the strongest convictions most religiously held. Hence he is found in the position of "special pleader" in the King's Bench, in 1626, for Sir Edward Hampden against the Crown.

Again 1628 finds him Member of Parliament for Ludgershall, actively debating in the House "Tonnage and Poundage," and drawing up the famous "Petition of Rights." In the year following occurred the remarkable scene in which the Speaker betrayed his craven-heartedness, and Selden led the Commons to an heroic vindication of its liberties. For this he was sent to the Tower. After confinement

there for nearly five years, he was liberated on the intercession of Laud.

One is not surprised to find that he was not immediately identified with Hampden and his associates in the "Ship Money" controversy. But silence was not long kept, and he came immediately to the front in framing the articles against Laud, and protested with the Parliament, and personally addressed the King as to the Commission of Array. Yet notwithstanding all this, he was solicited by the King to succeed the Lord-Keeper Lyttelton, from whom the vacillating Charles proposed to take the seals. There are two versions of Selden's refusal. Clarendon says, "Mr. Selden was in years, and of a tender constitution; he had for many years enjoyed his ease, (*sic*) which he loved; was rich, and would not have made a journey to York, or have lain out of his own bed for any preferment, which he had never affected." Selden's life, however, shows that he could not have been "the keeper" of such a "conscience" as the Second Stuart had to entrust to a Chancellor's care.

Of that wonderful Assembly of Divines at Westminster, Selden was a lay-member, and as such displayed as wide and varied information as perplexed his most astute opponents.

In 1643, having already taken the "Covenant," he became Chief Keeper of the Rolls and Records in the Tower; and two years later, one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty. Though chosen for the office, he declined the Mastership of Trinity Hall. The high appreciation in which he was held is indicated by the special vote of £5,000 in the year following by the Commons, in consideration of his services.

Cromwell used every persuasion to induce him to write a reply to the famous "Eikon Basilike," but Selden was wearying of such a life as his had been. He sought retirement in White Friars, the residence of the Dowager Countess of Kent, whose estates he managed, and whom lying rumour stated he had married. But his race was run, the "threescore years and ten" had been reached, and on November 30th, 1654, the exhausted advocate of civil and religious liberty quietly "fell on sleep."

He is buried in the Temple Church, and you may there see the monument to his memory. He left £40,000 to four executors. Mr. Pepys, on Nov. 22nd, 1667, writes, "*Walked a good while in the Temple Church, observing the plainness of Selden's tomb, and how much better one of his executors hath, who is buried by him.*"

We have few, if any, such Protestant champions as Selden now. His motto commends itself to the attention of those who do not wish to see Roman Catholicism dominant in this country:—"Above all things—Liberty."

SHELTER FOR THE ENEMY.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

AMONG the many noble men to whom Britain is indebted for the suppression of the Indian mutiny, Sir Henry M. Lawrence occupied a prominent place. Perhaps no individual did more for the maintenance of our supremacy in India than he did. To him, and others like-minded, was the honour given of having prevented the awful atrocities of that period being tenfold worse, if English rule had not also been entirely excluded from Hindostan. Sir Henry, from the first, perceived that the greatest promptitude and determination were necessary if the whole country was not to be yielded up to pillage and bloodshed. Yet it is said that, even in him, the gentleness of his nature resulted in one error. When commanding at Lucknow, and anticipating that siege which has become memorable forever, and during which Sir Henry lost his life, he directed the Staff of Engineers to spare those places deemed sacred by the Hindoos, and also dwelling-houses, so far as was consistent with military necessities. Thus directed by the commander whom they justly admired, these officers spared too many buildings. During the awful siege of the Residency, the garrison suffered greatly from the fire of the enemy stationed in those very places.

We would not suggest any blame as attaching to that illustrious commandant. With the knowledge he then possessed, it is probable he did all that human prudence, skill, and energy could effect. It would have seemed impolitic to arouse the fury of the Hindoos by the needless destruction of their temples, when many of them did not as yet take

part with the insurgents, and it would have appeared barbarous to drive forth unarmed men, with their wives and little ones, from their homes, unless the emergency was great. Most likely Sir Henry, and the skilful and brave officers acting under his orders, did what the most sagacious of men would have done in the circumstances if humane as well as clever. The result, however, was unfortunate. The suffering and peril thus occasioned may serve to remind us that in contending with our triple foe, the world, the flesh, and the devil, it will be most unwise to afford any shelter for the enemy. No feelings of humanity are here appealed to. It will not be gentleness, but sinfulness, which will induce us to permit such lurking-places to remain. Certainly the adversary will employ his utmost cunning to prevail on us so to do. If specious pleas are needed, he will supply such. He will present error in a delusive form, and employ such sophistries as are most likely to satisfy us. But the evil remains unchanged, and nothing but unholy dispositions within us will induce us to parley with the foe, and aid his projects, by furnishing such shelter as he desires. Let us remember,—

Sin, however, disguised, is *offensive to Almighty God*.—We read concerning Jehoram, the son of Ahab, “He wrought evil in the sight of the Lord; but not like his father, and like his mother: for he put away the image of Baal that his father had made. Nevertheless he cleaved unto the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, which made Israel to sin; he departed not therefrom.” (2 Kings iii. 2, 3.)

Doubtless it seemed to the youthful monarch a senseless and degrading act to adopt the imaginary gods of other nations. The boundless idolatry which his mother, Queen Jezebel, had introduced, with the monstrous vileness associated therewith, appeared to him, at least in the early part of his reign, most objectionable. His understanding rebelled against such folly and impurity. But though he set aside many of the foreign idols, and probably discerned the absurdity of all idol worship, he was unwilling to give up those idols which had been introduced by Jeroboam, under whom Israel had achieved independence. It seemed to a worldly heart a political necessity that the ten tribes, if they were not to turn again to the ancient line of kings descended from David, should have a worship distinct from, and also differing from, that service celebrated in Jerusalem. Very likely Jehoram knew in his own bosom that the two calves were as utterly vain as the images of Baal which his father and mother had adored. But these calves answered, as he foolishly supposed, an important political object. Now the occasional visits of some of the people to Bethel and Dan for idolatrous purposes, were not so calculated to debase and ruin the entire nation as was the universal idolatry fostered by Ahab and Jezebel, when heathen priests by hundreds were employed to turn away the people from the Lord Jehovah. Yet Jehoram's idolatry was "evil in the sight of the Lord."

In like manner, when one person quietly cherishes covetousness within his soul, and another allows malice to lurk within his heart, and a third maintains a companionship which leads him away from God, and a fourth permits pride to gain

increased power, and others, in the same covert way, allow other evils a place within them, and a share in the government of their lives, God is angry. The attempt to silence pious friends, and deceive themselves, by the inquiry, "Where is the harm?" is utterly in vain. The idolatry may not be so glaring as that of others, but it is "evil in the sight of the Lord."

Sin, however disguised, is *hurtful to our souls*.—There is often, during the period of youth, much that is pleasing in the character and conduct, although the heart has not been fully yielded to God. But if, unhappily, any cherished sin is allowed to gain the ascendancy, all that is commendable is endangered. Some of those whose names are sadly notorious, and serve to represent selfishness, or lust, or intemperance, or cruelty, were, in the morning of their lives, amiable and generous. Some evil which was allowed to gain the mastery destroyed all that was pleasing within them. None are secure from such moral ruin who harbour any known sin within their breasts, or neglect to consecrate themselves fully to the Lord; He only can keep them from the evil.

During the summer of 1833, two gentlemen, fishing in the river Carnock, observed a movement in the water for which they could not account. They at first supposed it must be occasioned by the leap of a salmon, but a gurgling sound which they heard suggested to them that possibly there might be a more serious occasion. Coal-mines abounded in the neighbourhood. Could it be possible that the water from the river had just at that moment found entrance into one of these? If such was the case what would be the result? The gentlemen

left their sport, and hastened to the mouth of the nearest pit, and there stated what they had observed and surmised. No heed, however, was taken of their well meant but strange warning. Before long, workmen were hastening out of the mine, glad to escape with their lives. Then every effort was made to arrest the mischief. Sods of clay, and straw, and other materials were hurriedly procured, and men worked hard to stop the orifice. It was then, unhappily, too late. The water poured into the mine with ever-increasing violence, until the whole body of the stream found entrance, and the lower part of the river-bed was exposed to view. It was a tidal river, and the catastrophe occurred at low water. As the tide rose the sea entered with irresistible force, constantly enlarging the aperture, until the entire works, extending for miles, were filled. There had been a moment when a handful of clay might have excluded the water until time had been given to insure the safety of mine and miners. Now the case was well nigh hopeless. In like manner ruin has been spread throughout many a heedless soul in consequence of some sin being cherished, and timely warning being neglected.

Sin, however disguised, will result in *final ruin*.—Men may affirm concerning the form of transgression which is specially pleasing to them, that there is no harm in it; they may find that their asseveration is eagerly echoed by many similarly disposed: and, if the evil be not an offence against public society, they may come to believe the sophistry they have so persistently maintained. But though they scorn reproof, it still stands on record:—“He, that being often reproved

hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.”

Annette's mother was a godly woman, but her father was worldly, and being proud of his beautiful daughter, desired that others should admire her. By his directions she was instructed in dancing, and was introduced to gay company. The pious mother was pained, and greatly feared that her daughter would become confirmed in her departure from God. At this juncture the father died. This solemn event, and her mother's counsel, induced Annette to give up her worldly companionships, and she purposed to join the Church. Unfortunately at this time a splendid ball was to be held in the village. Annette's uncle succeeded in inducing his niece to promise that she would be present, and just once more join in the dancing which she had so much loved, and in which all declared she excelled. The mother remonstrated, and, in the earnestness of her pleading, repeated the solemn text quoted above. The young lady, however, persisted, went to the ball, and danced often. Towards the close of the ball a slight accident occurred. Though apparently trivial, it proved fatal. Before morning dawned, Annette expired in the arms of her distracted mother, uttering with her last gasp the word “Suddenly!” Parley not with the foe. Allow no shelter to the enemy. Yield your whole heart to God.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WESLEYAN MINISTER'S WIFE.

No. III.

WHEN residing in the D— Circuit some years since, I observed in the congregation a number of young

persons who had both ability and leisure to make themselves useful in the cause of God. I at once invited them to join in a monthly sewing-meeting, the proceeds of which should be devoted to some religious purpose; hoping by this means to introduce them to each other, and to attach them to the Church of their fathers, while securing for myself opportunities for personal intercourse which might be turned to spiritual advantage. The conversion of Mary E— was one of the happy results of our "Young Ladies' Sewing-Meeting."

When I first called upon Miss E— to ask her to join us, I was struck by her delicate appearance, and won by her gentle, pleasant manner to feel a special interest in her. She was an only daughter, much beloved by parents and brothers, making herself useful in the family circle by her cheerful activity. She readily consented to become one of our workers, and attended our first meeting. It was not, however, till some time after that I contrived to have a little conversation with her. It was one of our arrangements that a suitable book should be read aloud from three to five o'clock. The one selected for the afternoon referred to, contained an account of a young person who suffered greatly for many months from deep conviction of sin, but whose natural reserve prevented her from mentioning her feelings to any one.

After tea, I took a seat by Mary, and by way of eliciting her state of mind, remarked how much happier Miss L— (the young lady whose memoir we had been reading) would have been had she communicated to some friend a knowledge of the distress under which she was labouring.

"I believe I should be just like her," was the reply; "though I have never felt as she did. I cannot quite understand it."

I replied: "I trust the time will soon come when you *will* understand it, and experience that godly sorrow for sin which will lead you to seek the Saviour, and to give your heart to God. He has given you such a happy home that hitherto, I believe, your life has been a very joyous one; but remember, He Who has thus favoured you above many, asks you to love Him in return."

"O, Mrs. —," she answered, "I know that, and I intend to go to Class some day, but I am not fit for it yet."

"Class-meetings," I rejoined, "were commenced for those who wanted to save their souls, and lead a new life; and if you have begun to wish for a change of heart, and to desire to be on the Lord's side, I shall gladly invite you to Class."

"Do not misunderstand me," she replied hastily; "I have not at all thought of beginning *now*."

"Are you waiting, my dear, for trouble, or sickness, or the hour of death, to force you to a decision?" I asked.

"O dear no! but I do not feel at all as I ought to do if I were going to Class."

"Pray God to help you to come to Him with a penitent heart, and that is the only preparation required."

This was all I had time to say, but I felt the good seed had been sown, and I believed that if watered by earnest prayer it would take root, and bring forth fruit. So it proved.

When we next assembled, I observed that during the afternoon Mary's eyes repeatedly sought mine with a wistful earnestness; there was a brightness in them, and a flush

on her cheek, which attracted my attention, especially when I noticed that she was suffering from a troublesome cough, which she vainly tried to repress. As soon as I could find an opportunity, I spoke to her, asking if she were feeling well.

"No," she replied; "and mother is very anxious about my cough; she would scarcely let me come to-day, but I did so want to see you."

"Have you been thinking over the conversation we had together?" was inquired.

"Yes, indeed, I have; and I began that very night to pray for a penitent heart. I want you to lend me the memoir of Miss L—. I can understand now how it was she suffered so much when she saw herself a sinner."

We conversed together till the meeting broke up, and she left with a promise to come to Class the following Thursday.

The next Thursday was so wet and cold, that Mrs. E—, as she afterwards told me, tried to dissuade Mary from venturing out.

"Mother, let me go to-night, if I never go again," she entreated. "I will wrap up safely."

To my surprise, on entering the Class-room I found her seated alone by the fire, looking very ill and dejected.

"Why, Mary," I exclaimed, "I can scarcely say I am glad to see you here; you look more fit to be in bed this cold evening."

"I could not rest without coming. O! Mrs. —, I am so miserable!" and she burst into tears.

That Class-meeting I shall never forget. The impression forced itself on my mind as I entered her name, that she had come amongst us for the first and last time. The Spirit was graciously present with us.

Venturing on the atonement of Jesus, Mary E— realized the fulfilment of the promise, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out;" and her happy heart cried, "Abba Father."

I walked home with her, and promised to call soon, and see her. She wished me good-bye very affectionately, whispering, (for her voice was quite gone,) "Be sure you pray for me."

I believe she never went out again. Rapid consumption seized her for its prey. But death had been robbed of its power to terrify. Great and marvellous was the support afforded to this young Christian by the grace of God. From the beginning of her illness she expressed doubts as to her recovery, but at the same time felt great desire to live a few years longer for her mother's sake. Mrs. E— suffered from impaired hearing, and having several younger children, this only daughter was a great help to her.

In a few weeks, however, extreme debility, and a most painful cough, which scarcely ceased day or night, made the fond parent willing to part with her child, and that child anxious to become an inhabitant of that city where none shall say, "I am sick."

I visited her frequently, and was always received with a loving smile, but she could say little. On one occasion she put into my hand a piece of work which she had taken home from the sewing-meeting to finish.

"I have had hard work to get it done," she said, "but I feel it is the last I shall do. I shall never go to the sewing-meeting again."

Suddenly raising her bright eyes to mine, and wiping away the tears, she exclaimed,—

"But I thank God I ever went to them; and I thank you for talking to me as you did. What a poor, miserable creature I should be now, if I had not found the Saviour."

It was her desire and mine that when the hour of her departure approached, I should be with her; but it came so suddenly that our wish could not be gratified. One night she was more than usually restless, and as day began to dawn, she called for her parents. Sweetly smiling at them, she said,

"I'm going home; I'm come for. Don't you see them yonder? Look, there they are! I'm ready; quite ready."

Calmly laying her head on her pillow, she closed her eyes,—

"And slept in death,
To wake with God."

Many a young person intends at some future time to be decided for God, and when "fit" to join a Class. Of all the opiates which the tempter administers to lull the conscience when awakening to the Spirit's call, this is the most fatal. Had Mary E— yielded to it, how different would have been her experience through a painful sickness, and her feelings at the approach of death!

M. S. W.

THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND.

SECTION VIII.

THE TWO SHORT REIGNS.

BY REV. W. J. HEATON.

(Continued from page 368, vol. xix.)

THE two reigns following that of Henry VIIIth present the most remarkable contrast that can be found in our history. Both short, the one was the rule of a boy with the wisdom of a man, the other of

a woman with hardly a feminine trait of character. Edward VIth did all that he could during six years to promote the Reformation: Queen Mary did what lay in her power to re-establish Popery for nearly a like period. In Edward's reign thirty-six editions of the New Testament, and fourteen of the Bible, were published; during Mary's, only one New Testament saw the light, and that on foreign soil.

A sufficiently plain indication of the course he would pursue, was given by Edward at his coronation. When three swords were brought to him, as the token of his being king over three kingdoms, he said there was still one wanting. The noblemen around, not catching his meaning, asked what that was? "The Bible," said the Prince, "which is 'the Sword of the Spirit,' and to be preferred before these swords. That ought, in all right, to govern us, who use them for the people's safety, by God's appointment. Without that Sword we are nothing, we can do nothing, we have no power; from that we are what we are this day; from that alone we obtain all power and salvation, and whatsoever we have of Divine strength."

Not that any special royal sanction was given to any of the editions published now so numerously. The principle from the beginning was non-interference, so that it was the spontaneous demand of the people that ruled the publication. The number of printers engaged in publishing the Bible was thirty-one, being more than half the entire number living in the realm. The preference of the people for Tyndale's translation was plainly seen; no fewer than fifteen editions

of the Testament having his name inserted in the titles.

Yes, in this reign it was the voice of the people of England that was heard. The heaven had been working, and not slowly; the principles of the Reformation, distinct from the abuses which accompanied them, were becoming appreciated. A bill was brought into the House of Lords for the freedom of the Scriptures, but it never reached a second reading. There was no act of Convocation, no exercise of royal authority, no parliamentary legislation, but the people themselves cried out for the Scriptures. As we are told that Cyrus, in one of his expeditions, set his whole army to work, and diverted the course of a mighty river into nearly two hundred different channels, so now the River of Life, which is full of water, was spread over the land, and "everything lived whither the river came." At the same time, the influence of the King must by no means be lost sight of; his uncommon intelligence and thorough piety made him indeed what he has often been called, the Josiah of British history.

Soon, however, his course was run, and into his place came the obnoxious Queen Mary. It is hard to speak of a woman in terms at all commensurate with such deeds as her name recalls. But surely the long list of those who died in the flames, including nearly three hundred men, women, and children, besides multitudes who pined away in prison, will for ever justify the epithet "bloody," attached to her name, and to the Church which instigated her.* As soon as she

ascended the throne, the whole position of things was reversed. Many foreigners, who had hitherto enjoyed freedom in England, secured their safety by flight. Germans and Frenchmen, Italians and Spaniards, Poles and Scots, escaped before the storm came on, it being a year and a half after the commencement of her reign before any active persecution began. After these went about a thousand English exiles of all conditions, including some of the most learned of the land, carrying, we may be sure, the Scriptures with them. They were received by the King of Denmark, the Duke of Wirtemberg, and others.

Then the storm began to rage. Fitter agents than Gardiner and Bonner the Queen could not well have had; they rejoiced in the license which the new state of things gave them. In many of the trials of their victims, however, they were foiled, notably in that of Rogers, with whom we have already been made acquainted. It was given him what he should say, and he led his murderers on to protest that the instigation of the whole proceeding was from Queen Mary. Then occurred one of the greatest farces ever acted on English soil. A Spanish Confessor, belonging to King Philip's retinue, named Alphonso de Castro, the Sabbath following the executions of Rogers, Saunders, Hooper, and Dr. Tailour, and whilst six others were under sentence of death, preached before the Court against persecution. The pith of his sermon was, that the Bishops were, in the spirit of meekness, to instruct those who opposed them, and not to burn them for their conscientious opinions. Popular indignation was becoming dan-

* Strype says that three hundred and eighteen in all suffered death.

gerously roused, and Philip, like a coward, as all persecutors are, wished to screen himself. One very important result followed, however; Coverdale was saved, being sent to the Court of Denmark, though still to experience further vicissitudes under a more liberal reign.

It would be out of place to enter more minutely into the scenes of this period, never to be forgotten, and, we may hope, not to be misinterpreted. As by a judgment from heaven, out of the twenty-seven who composed the iniquitous Bishops' bench, twenty-four died before the reign was ended. At the time of her death, Mary was perhaps the most unhappy woman in England; only the day before, Parliament had stopped supplies; there were no harvestmen to be found to gather in the produce of the soil; three-quarters of the people were sick, and a general blight seemed to have settled on the land. Gardiner, shortly before his death, on the chapter being read containing the account of Peter's denial, said, "Yes, I have denied with Peter; I have gone out with Peter, but I have not as yet learned to weep bitterly with Peter." Bonner, after living for years in the Marshalsea prison, as the "safest place to secure him from the people's fury," died impenitent, and was buried at midnight in Southwark churchyard. Philip also died a miserable death, being literally devoured of lice.

An edition of the New Testament, however, saw the light even in these days; there was a silver lining to the cloud, black as it was. One of the exiles, William Whittingham, urged by some companions to undertake the work of revision, was the chief instrument in bringing out a New Testament at Geneva in

the year 1557. He married the sister of John Calvin; and prefixed to his translation, in addition to an address of his own to the reader, is Calvin's epistle, declaring that Christ is the end of the law for righteousness. As we shall soon meet with him again, however, in connection with the Genevan Bible, we may close this short sketch by pointing out the lesson of the two reigns, namely, that when left alone, the Word of God wins its way, and that the most violent persecution is overruled. No longer, indeed, in Mary's reign, was the Book itself assailed as it had been in Henry VIIIth's. There were three proclamations against books leading to sedition, but not one against the Word of God specially; though it was publicly burned more than once. With sixty-five editions of the New Testament, and thirty of the entire Bible, it was no longer politic to attack it as openly as it had been when almost unknown.

PRAYER AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

(Concluded from page 11.)

Prayer further begets, or revives, that disposition of the soul which renders it susceptible of those influences which quicken and intensify spiritual life.—For instance, humility and submission to God's will characterize real prayer. Under such influences we yield ourselves up to God to receive what impression He may graciously make on our nature.

Again, prayer engages the attention and secures the interest and blessing of God.—It is the means by which the soul may obtain whatever it needs, so that its life need never languish. How precious is our Saviour's own

promise, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." So whatever the soul needs to promote its life and happiness is within its reach, "What ye will," covers all its requirements. Does not the result of prayer justify these statements? Have we not realized this blessed power in prayer? "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched hearts refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak!—we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee?"

Trench.

Thus prayer proves and promotes spiritual life. We have now to see how that life reacts upon prayer, promoting it and making it powerful. We have already intimated that prayer is the natural expression of this life. It breathes devotion and lives in communion with God. To it prayer is a necessity.

The spiritual life not only causes us to pray, but also makes our prayer powerful. *It removes sin.* This is the great barrier to prayer, as the Prophet declares, "Behold, the

Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you, that He will not hear." This accounts for much of the lack of power of which many Christians complain. Some sinful indulgence stands between them and God, preventing real and intimate communion with Him. This barrier removed, the intercourse is open and free. Then the praying soul lays hold on the mightiness of God, which it appropriates, and wields with blessed effect.

Prayer brings the soul into harmony with the character and mind of God.

—This is evidently essential to real communion with Him. How "can two walk together, except they be agreed"? "It is a great truth, reader, that if we desire to gain anything from the Most High, our minds must be set, more or less, to the same key as His. If two harps be strung to the same key, but not otherwise, when one of them is struck, the other gives a responsive sound. There must be some secret affinity in nature between the lightning of heaven and the conductor which draws it down. . . . And in grace there must be a secret affinity between God and the soul, (this affinity itself being the effect of grace,) before the soul can lay hold of God's will, and draw out a blessing from Him, yea, draw God Himself into it." Dr. Goulburn, from whom these sentences are quoted, further remarks that "this affinity stands in love." This is the essence of the spiritual life, without which all harmony between the soul and God is lost. When this prevails, communion with God becomes the most delightful exercise of life. In its fulness and freedom the soul

luxuriates, and becomes powerful beyond thought. The holiest are the mightiest, because they who are most like God have the greatest power with Him, being admitted into the closest communion with Him.

Thus do prayer and the spiritual life act and react upon each other. They are mutually dependent. Hence the necessity of the careful and constant cultivation of both. If either be neglected, the other is certain to suffer. Instant and earnest prayer is essential to the maintenance of spiritual life, and spiritual life is essential to the power and prevalence of prayer.

CHRISTIANITY AND COLONISATION.

BY THE REV. T. BUDDLE.

THERE is a remarkable prophecy in Genesis concerning the descendants of Japheth, which is now in course of fulfilment. "God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem." This prediction was uttered when the world was just emerging from the waters of the Deluge, and the rainbow—beautiful symbol of peace!—appeared in the clouds. What meant these words of the Most High at that auspicious moment? When the robe of beams was first woven in the sky, and these words of peace spoken by God to man, "God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem,"—it obviously meant that the race of Japheth should become the dominant race, and spread over the world.

How marvellously is the promise being fulfilled! The European races are allowed to be descendants of Japheth, and God has caused them

to multiply, and is giving them possession of the earth. Look at the growing population of Europe. Russia, with a population of sixty-six millions, doubling every fifty years: America, with a population of thirty millions, said to be doubling now every twenty years. Look at Great Britain sending out a continuous stream of emigrants to America, Africa, and Australia; five hundred thousand of the race of Japheth are annually landing on transatlantic shores, and thousands more on the lands of the southern seas.

Now, Christianity has been committed especially to the race of Japheth. There were other races that received it among them, but it never took root. It spread early into Abyssinia, Persia, some parts of India, and, some say, into China; but never took effectual and permanent root, save in Europe and the north of Asia, among the descendants of Japheth. This is the great, the dominant race, the most powerful race in existence. To it Divine Providence has clearly assigned the rule of the world, and deposited with it the blessings of the Christian religion, which it is commissioned to carry abreast of its commerce and its colonies. Other races are dying out; Turkey has not only ceased to increase, but has long been declining. As Lamartine remarked some years ago, "Turkey is perishing for want of Turks."

It was not predicted that Japheth should destroy them, but that "he should dwell in the tents of Shem," i.e., among the nations of the Asiatic race. And some of the sons of Shem have recognised the prophecy and understood it. A young Maharajah of the Sikhs, speaking of his own conversion to Christianity, referred

to this prophecy, and declared his belief that the establishment of the English in his country and their sway in India, was an evident accomplishment of it. And I once heard a New Zealand chief refer to it in a similar manner; it was at one of the largest gatherings of natives I ever attended, when all the tribes of Waikato and many representatives from other and distant tribes were met at Ngaruawahi, in the days of old Potatau, to inaugurate their Maori kingdom, and declare themselves an independent people. William Naylor te Awhitaia, an influential chief, second only to Potatau, and who had formerly been his fighting general, but for many years a consistent Christian, opposed the king's movement, and did his utmost to dissuade his countrymen from taking such a step, affirming it as his conviction that Providence had ordained that the Pakehas, who are the descendants of Japheth, should dwell in the tents of the Maoris, who are descendants of Shem.

ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE.

THE Israelite in days of old,
By frequent sacrifices gain'd
A nearness of access to God
He had not otherwise obtain'd :
It was the Lord's appointed way,
The Jew was ready to obey.

The firstling of his flock he gives,
His pride, the best, a perfect one ;
Nor does he wish the offering less,
Though gain and pleasure both are gone :
Thus he the Lord's commands obeys,
And honours Him in all His ways.

And when we come before His throne,
Will strictest rites His favour buy ?

Will burning incense please the Lord ?

Will formal worship satisfy ?
This never can our Father please,
Our Lord hath need of none of these.

But let it never be believed
That God asks not for sacrifice ;
A broken and a contrite heart,
He promised never to despise :
Be this the sacrifice we bring,
He will accept our offering.

LINA.

MILES COVERDALE.

Few and inaccurate are the accounts of MILES COVERDALE, the great Reformer, who was the first to translate the whole Bible into English. This is not to be wondered at, since the materials from which the events of his life can be gathered are extremely scanty, and the notices of him in contemporary authors unsatisfactory. Such being the case, it is conceived that a short sketch of his career, compiled from various authentic sources, may not prove altogether un-instructive or uninteresting.

Though it has been suggested that the subject of this paper was a native of the district of Coverdale, in Richmondshire, most writers are agreed that he was born in the County of York, in the year 1487. Early chroniclers and biographers are silent as to his parentage and place of birth, and of course nothing certain can now be determined.

He was brought up at the Convent of the Augustines, at Cambridge, of which order he became a brother. This monastery was allowed to fall into decay after the dissolution of the monasteries, and has since been pulled down. Learning was at that time lamentably neglected in almost every University. Latin reading was limited to a few authors; and Hebrew and Greek were hardly ever heard of. Matters, however, were beginning to mend; for the disputes in Germany on religion and letters were awakening the attention of all Europe.



Learned men, advocates of the doctrines of the Reformers, had come to Cambridge, but were obliged to read and discuss in the closest secrecy, to avoid being seized and condemned as heretics. Yet converts were made, and numbers assembled from time to time at a house called the White Horse, which was easy of access to the students of several of the Colleges.

One of the foremost among them was Dr. Barnes, prior of the Augustine house, a man of piety and learning. He had probably imbibed his opinions at Louvain, where he had studied, though he did not openly profess

them till afterwards. It was greatly owing to his efforts that the revival of learning took place at Cambridge; and among his pupils were many who afterwards became distinguished divines. Coverdale had this man for his tutor, and Cromwell for his patron. It would appear from an extant letter, that the latter favoured him with advice; and cautioned him against expressing himself too freely on matters relative to religion. This admonition he promised to follow.

The secret meetings at the White Horse continued for some time, till, emboldened perhaps by the numbers

and zeal of his converts, Dr. Barnes began, on the Sunday before Christmas, 1526, to preach openly for the truth. He was immediately accused of heresy by two fellows of King's Hall. Their secrecy being broken up by this measure, the Reformers now met in public places, and disputed and discoursed against the dogmas and observances of Roman Catholicism. This kind of preaching went on till within a week of the following Lent, when a sergeant-at-arms from London entered the Convocation House, and arrested Dr. Barnes in the presence of all. He was conveyed to London, and Coverdale accompanied him. He underwent an examination before the Chapter at Westminster, which ended in the ordinary way,—he must either recant or burn. Persuaded by friends, who urged that by saving his life he would do more good in time to come, he recanted; and performed a humiliating penance at St. Paul's. He was detained in prison for some time longer, and afterwards effected his escape abroad.

Coverdale now saw that he must either publicly profess his adherence to the Reformed doctrines, or at once renounce it; there was no middle course left. He chose the former path; and, throwing off his monk's habit, he became an itinerant preacher of the truths of Christ's holy religion.

In the beginning of 1528, his name was brought into dangerous prominence before the clergy of London. A priest, whom he had won over by his arguments and persuasions, was seized as a heretic; and to escape the stake, he recanted, and made a full confession. He admitted that he had held conversations with Miles Coverdale, whom he had heard preach the "heresy" in his village. Coverdale thought it time to quit England, and as Germany was the only place where Protestants, as they were beginning to be called, could live in safety, he betook himself there.

Two years before, 1526, William Tyndale had published his translation of the New Testament at Antwerp. About one thousand five hundred copies

of this, the first printed English New Testament, issued from the press. He dared not print it in England, for ever since 1408 most rigorous provisions had been enforced against the use of English translations of the Scriptures.

The importation of Tyndale's Testaments excited considerable attention, and steps were soon taken to prevent their spread. Cuthbert Tonstall, Bishop of London, was especially forward in his endeavours to destroy the books. He issued a prohibition, in which he commanded all within his diocese, on pain of excommunication, to bring him every New Testament they possessed, within thirty days. This warning seems to have had little effect, for two more editions soon issued from the press, and were rapidly sold. Tonstall also preached against them at St. Paul's Cross; and the learned Sir Thomas More violently attacked them with his pen. Severe proceedings were taken against those that imported them; and John Tyndale, brother of the translator, and Thomas Patmore, a merchant, had to burn many of them in Cheapside with their own hands. As a last resource, Tonstall determined to buy up the pernicious books as they came over. A merchant, named Packington, effected the purchase; "the Bishop had the books, Packington had the thanks, and Tyndale had the money," by means of which he was enabled to correct his translation, and to prepare an emended edition for the press.

Coverdale, by appointment, met Tyndale at Hamburg, in 1529. From Easter till December, they were engaged on a translation of the Pentateuch, which was published in the following year at Marburg. What became of Coverdale from this year until 1535 is not known.

In England, the Reformation had been advancing. The King, Henry VIII., had come into direct collision with the Pope. The convocation of clergy in 1531 declared the Sovereign to be the supreme head of the Church and clergy of England, and an Act of Parliament to the same effect was passed three years

after. In March, 1533, a convocation of the province of Canterbury determined that the Scriptures should be translated into the vulgar tongue, though the laity were to be prohibited from contending about the teaching contained therein. Soon after, Cranmer divided Tyndale's Testament into nine or ten parts, and gave them to as many scholars, to make a complete revision of them. All the parts were returned to him corrected, except one that had been assigned to Stokesly, Bishop of London, who refused to have any connection with the business. The design, from some unknown cause, seems at this stage to have fallen through.

Coverdale saw in this the general feeling of the nation in favour of a translation of the Bible, provided it were correct. He accordingly spent his time in preparing a translation of the whole Bible. He probably would not have done this, had not his friend Tyndale,—who had the intention of completing his translation,—about this time, fallen into trouble. Tyndale was seized and put to death in 1536, in accordance with a decree of the Emperor.

While Tyndale lay in prison, nearly a year before his martyrdom, Coverdale published a translation of both the Old and the New Testaments, in a small folio volume. This edition is remarkable as the first printed one of the whole Bible in English. Though there is no name of place or printer on the title-page, it is generally supposed to have been printed at Zurich, in Switzerland, by one Christopher Froschover.

This Bible contains a dedication to King Henry VIII., and a prologue, or preface, to the reader. The former is couched in terms highly flattering to the King, and on this account has been censured by some critics. It should be remembered, however, that Coverdale in it wished his Sovereign to understand that the Reformers were not contemners of regal authority. Moreover, Henry VIII. was possessed of almost absolute authority; and though of a frank and genial disposition, he had an ungovernable temper, and the slightest opposition

irritated him beyond measure. In the preface, addressed to the Christian reader, after relating with what diffidence he undertook the translation, Coverdale gives good, wholesome advice, both with regard to the reading and understanding of the Word, and to the living or practice of it.

A good deal of discussion has arisen as to whether or not this translation was published by the King's authority and approval, and the matter has never been satisfactorily cleared up. It appears probable that Coverdale was induced to issue it by some persons about the Court who had influence with the Protestant Queen, Anne Boleyn; that some copies were shown to the King, who gave injunctions that it should be put in the churches; that after Queen Anne came under the King's displeasure, the Bible thus losing its chief supporter, the King allowed the injunctions to be changed, and the translation was heard no more of, being neither sanctioned nor prohibited.

Coverdale's history was now more or less connected with that of the English editions of the Scriptures. The next one was printed somewhere on the Continent, in 1537. It was mainly the same as Coverdale's, but was of a larger and different type. On the title-page the translator is said to be Thomas Matthews; but this was in all probability a fictitious name, assumed by John Rogers, the martyr. It contained a dedication to the king, and was "set forth with the Kinges most gracyous licence."

Some time after, Coverdale, with the printers Grafton and Whitchurch, obtained permission from the King, through Lord Cromwell, to publish another and better edition. This they determined to bring out at Paris, as there the materials were better, and the workmen more skilled. The necessary letters were obtained; and, under the protection of these, they commenced their labour in June, 1538. When two thousand five hundred copies had been worked off, Regnault, their French printer, was summoned before the

Inquisition, and was there accused of heresy. The Englishmen concerned in the printing fled, leaving behind them all their Bibles, only a few of which were recovered. The Bible, however, was published in London during the April of the following year. It was a large folio volume, and is now known as Cranmer's Bible, because in some copies is to be found a preface which Cranmer composed.

In the Lent of 1538, a publisher, named Nicholson, brought out a New Testament in English and Latin. The English version was Coverdale's, though it was issued without his consent or knowledge. He requested Grafton to publish an authorized edition, which was done at Paris, during the December of the same year, and was dedicated to Lord Cromwell.

Lord Cromwell, in 1538, as the King's vicar-general in religious affairs, issued injunctions to the clergy, ordering them to provide Bibles to be set up in every parish church; and to encourage all to read and hear them, though contention and discussion were to be strictly avoided. The clergy, as might be expected, opposed these commands with all their power and influence, and at length some of the bishops persuaded the King to prohibit the importation of books from abroad, and the publication of books at home, without the consent of the Privy Council. It would appear that this prohibition did not effect the purpose for which it was intended, for in 1539 further restrictions were addressed to all printers and booksellers, who were forbidden to publish any Bibles, without the license of Lord Cromwell, for the next five years.

The following year witnessed Cromwell's fall. His sudden rise had made him numerous and powerful enemies, who despised him for his humble birth, and hated him for his wealth and power. He had, moreover, for some time been regarded with secret displeasure by the King, and in that year was attainted of treason and heresy. The evidence against him, however, was so plainly defective and trivial, that it

was only fear and undue influence that made the Parliament consent to the bill. He was not allowed the liberty of a reply, and on the 28th of July he was executed on Tower-Hill. Though he had been a by no means consistent Protestant, he had been the chief patron of the Reformers. His death left them exposed to all the fury of the "Six Articles," from the operation of which he had in some measure sheltered them.

Another proclamation was issued in 1541, in consequence of the former injunctions not having been obeyed. It had come to the King's knowledge that a great number of churches still contained no Bible. Accordingly it was directed that a Bible should be speedily obtained for every parish church, within the next six months, under a penalty of forty shillings for every month of delay. The price of the largest Bible was at that time fourteen shillings bound, and ten shillings unbound.

In a convocation of the province of Canterbury, which met in the beginning of the year 1542, a review of the existing translations of the Scriptures was proposed.

In 1542 an Act was passed, by which it was enacted, "that no women, nor artificers, apprentices, journeymen, servingmen, (of the degree of yeomen, or under,) husbandmen, nor labourers," should be allowed the use of the Scriptures. Cranmer was the foremost among those who opposed the passing of this Act, which virtually deprived the nation at large of the Bible.

Thus the Reformed religion had to labour under great disadvantages during the last years of the reign of Henry VIII. The Romanist faction in the Council gained complete ascendancy, for there had been none to oppose since the execution of Cromwell. Brighter days came at length when the King, more violent and irritable as his days became fewer, went to his grave, and his son Edward mounted the throne. In him the hopes of the Protestants were placed, for he was of a kindly disposition, and showed great capacity. By degrees points of difference were settled; the

Bible was restored to the lower classes; and the Reformation was, for the time, completed.

But it is now time to return to Coverdale. When the printing of the Bible had been stopped at Paris, in 1538, he went into Germany, and resided for some time at Tübingen, which University conferred on him the title of Doctor of Divinity. He depended for support on the money he had obtained for translating the Bible, the liberality of his friend, Lord Cromwell, and a small income derived from the instruction of young children. Being thoroughly acquainted with the Dutch tongue, he was presented with the benefice of Bergzabern, a town about nine miles south-west of Landau. He remained there till the accession of Edward VI. gave the Protestants some share in the Government. While on the Continent, he married "a most sober, chaste, and godlie matron," whose Christian name, Elizabeth, alone is known.

On Coverdale's arrival in England, he was favourably received at Court, and the Dowager Queen Catharine made him her almoner. This lady was greatly attached to the Reformed religion.

On the death of the Queen in 1548, Coverdale came to London. He was soon after engaged in the west of England, where a rather serious rebellion had broken out among the lower classes. The chief grievances complained of were:—The new form of worship; the repeal of the Six Articles, which they wished to see again in force; the circulation of the Bible in English; the dissolution of monasteries; and some minor matters relating to gentlemen's servants. Coverdale preached several times in the west, and delivered the thanksgiving sermon after the malcontents had been quieted. He enforced duty and obedience to the Prince. For the services rendered at this time, he received a present of £40 from the King.

Coverdale's name is mentioned as being on a Commission that was issued in 1551, to search after and examine Anabaptists, heretics, and contemners of the Book of Common Prayer. Whether

he took an active part, or not, in the inquiry is not said, but as it was conducted with cruelty, it is likely that he did not. The two executions that followed this inquiry, cast a great blemish on the Reformers; and of them great use was made by the Romanists of the next reign, as justifying the persecutions they set on foot.

In the August of the same year he was nominated to the Bishopric of Exeter. This see had been the scene of the western rebellion, and a firm and steady hand was needed to check all disorder, and to bring about a peaceable and effectual settlement. The former bishop, Veyzy, an old man, and opposed to the Reformed doctrine, who seldom resided within his diocese, was persuaded to resign on the pretext of age and infirmity. He had been profligate and extravagant, having diminished the revenue of the Bishopric from £1,566 to £500 per annum. Coverdale, however, was in rather bad circumstances, and such a preferment was very acceptable. He was consecrated to the see, at Croydon, by Cranmer, on the 30th of August, 1551.

After some delay in London, Coverdale proceeded to Exeter. Here he began to fulfil his duties with remarkable zeal and activity. His piety, diligence, liberality, and humility were apparent to all his contemporaries; and from one of them, Hoker, a citizen of Exeter, we derive our knowledge of his mode of life at this period. He did not long enjoy his preferment, for when Edward VIth died, and his sister Mary became queen, the religion of the country changed. All ecclesiastics who were married, and would not put away their wives, or who were opposed to the Papacy, were expelled from their benefices, and many of them imprisoned. Coverdale was forced to leave Exeter, and Veyzy was reinstated.

Though no proceedings were commenced against Coverdale, since he was accounted an arch-heretic, as the chief circulator of the Bible, his danger was considerable. A Danish friend of his, Dr. Alpinus, who had married his wife's sister, prevailed upon his sovereign, Christian, to use his

influence with Mary on his behalf. He was accordingly permitted to cross over to Denmark, in February, 1555; and had the influence been less powerful, imprisonment and death would in all probability have followed, for the persecutions that have rendered Mary's name hateful began in the same month.

As he had no knowledge of Danish, he refused a benefice which the King kindly offered him, and he went to officiate as pastor to the English refugees at Wezel, on the Rhine. He did not stay there long, for he obtained his former church at Bergzabern, where, in peace and quietness, he zealously discharged his duties as a servant of God.

When he heard that a new edition of the Bible was in course of preparation at Geneva, and that his assistance would greatly encourage the work, he proceeded thither.

The accession of Elizabeth to the throne, in 1558, was hailed with joy by all the Protestant refugees on the Continent. All of them, except a few who remained at Geneva, to superintend the publication of the Bible, returned home, among whom was Coverdale. The Geneva Bible was issued in 1560, with a dedication to Elizabeth, and a preface to the reader. The numerous editions of it that appeared from time to time during the next fifty years, testify to its great popularity.

Coverdale was treated as a bishop on his return, notwithstanding his deprivation in the late reign; he officiated at the ordination of the new Archbishop of Canterbury, in December, 1559. Whether he was offered his old Bishopric cannot be determined, but it seems probable that he was, and that he refused it, as it was conferred on a William Alley, in 1560. The reason for his refusal is uncertain. He had imbibed Calvinistic doctrines at Geneva, which, most likely, would not allow him to conform to the religion then established by Act of Parliament.

He remained for some time without a preferment, till, in March, 1564, Grindal, Bishop of London, collated him to the living of St. Magnus, close by London

Bridge. In this year he fell sick of the plague, and notwithstanding his great age, completely recovered. The pastor of the last-mentioned church he remained till he resigned in 1566, probably on account of his increasing infirmity. He continued to preach occasionally till his death in February, 1568, at the advanced age of eighty-one. His remains were laid in St. Bartholomew's Church, behind the Exchange; and his funeral was attended by crowds of people who admired and loved him.

It must not be supposed that the translation of the Scriptures was his only literary work. About fifty other books of his (including new editions) were published during his lifetime. They are all on the religious topics of his day, and many of them evince great labour and learning. Of the Scriptures he himself issued sixteen different editions of the whole, or different portions.

Miles Coverdale has ever been esteemed as one of the most noble of the Reformers. His piety was sincere; and his zeal was active and strong, though it never carried him into that gloomy fanaticism that unfortunately characterized so many of his contemporaries. His times were changeful and difficult, and his situation often dangerous, yet he ever manifested a cheerful and even joyous spirit of religion.

J. D. D.

MEXICO—THE SPANISH REFORMATION.

BY BISHOP JOHN C. KEENER, D.D.

THE Spaniard carved his religion upon the Aztec with the edge of the sword; how deeply may be imagined, for, in a few years, he had devoted thirty millions of human beings to slaughter. This species of reformer has not yet altogether disappeared from the world. By such blows the Church of Mary planted itself for three centuries securely upon Mexican soil. Above prophets, apostles, and even Christ Himself, a woman was venerated. Her skirts threw a shadow upon the Cross, and brought down the radiant

glory of Christianity to the dusky twilight of a barely-relieved paganism. She was over all, in all, and through all; and no other name was given but hers to Mexico, by which men might be saved. Churches sprang up on every hill-side, at every hacienda, by the roadway, in every villa, as well as in the great marts, in honour of her name, as the Creator, Preserver, and Mediator of mankind. To her, prayer, and praise, and incense were continually offered—every hour, by day and night, through this long horror of darkness. In the thirteenth century the Bible had been translated into Spanish by order of Alphonso, King of Spain, but for centuries its principles had been repudiated, and its light extinguished among her people.

No city in the world—not Rome itself—is more richly domed than the City of Mexico. The shrines of her idolatry still gleam with gold and silver, and the soft hues of costly paintings. Priests, robed in point-laces, and golden, flower-worked chasubles, minister with jewelled hands and faultless pomp before her altars. But high upon the fanes of this profanation of God, the mysterious Hand which breaks empires in pieces had written the cipher of doom. And now one may count scores of churches, which stand sullen and gloomy as the sepulchres of the dead, the resort of the bat by day, and the carrion crow by night. The Romish Church had substituted sentimentality and the worship of Mary for the robust faith of Jesus Christ. It had assumed to be a sole corporation, capable of giving pardon and life eternal in exchange for the world. It had steadily engrossed the property of each successive generation of its worshippers, until it held one-half of all the wealth of the city and the provinces of Mexico.

A struggle began in 1810 for separation from the Spanish monarchy; this ended in 1821 by the crowning of Iturbide as Emperor of Mexico. In 1823 he retired. The country was then distracted by civil wars, fomented largely by the clerical party, until 1855. In that year General Comonfort became

President. The priests and their adherents fortified themselves in Puebla. Comonfort laid siege to the place, and reduced it in 1856. Reform laws were passed in 1857. A reactionary war set in and continued until 1860, when Benito Juarez, a pure-blood Indian and highly-cultivated jurist, came into power, made the reform laws effective, and broke the power of the clerical party for ever by the confiscation of all the property of the Church in Mexico, excepting the Cathedral of the city, and of "Our Lady of Guadalupe."

Now the convents were opened, and their dreary, half-immolated inmates rescued from a living death. In the vaults and secret passages of religious establishments were discovered the remains of children, and narrow chambers where the inmates had been walled up and consigned to death by starvation and foulness of air. The monks were stripped of their hoods and long gowns, and were ordered to appear as men; their haunts were turned into houses, and hotels, and shops. During the war of America with Mexico, many copies of the Spanish Bible of Alphonso found their way to the homes of the Mexicans, and from this handful of corn there now waves a harvest beautiful as the heights of Lebanon. The people gathered first in little knots to read, with marvellous interest, the life of the Son of God. Then they met in private houses, and then in halls hired for their congregation. They sang the hymns of their own lyric poets, made their own ritual, and called men from among themselves to preach the Word and administer to them the sacraments. Presently God called for them some few priests who had been awakened to the truth as it is in Jesus; and from 1860 to 1865 the good work went on without recognizance or aid from without. The religious reform diffused itself until it reached some forty towns and villages, and had many societies and preachers. In 1867, or thereabouts, Mr. Riley, a representative of the Foreign Christian Union, appeared, and was able to purchase the

churches of San Francisco and Jose de Garcias in Mexico, and to give greater unity and support to the whole movement. For the last eighteen months he has been absent in New York. Left entirely to their own guidance, the Mexican preachers, exhorters, and readers maintained the work, aided by funds from the Foreign Union, until they now number some twenty-three persons, all actively engaged in disseminating the doctrines of Christ from the Holy Scriptures.

It is at this stage of events in 1873, that the Presbyterians, Methodists, and Episcopalians appear upon the field of Mexico, its harvest stretching on every side far as the eye can reach, precious, and ripe even to wasting. Here God has prepared the Spaniard and the Mexican for the great work of carrying the Word of Life all down the vast continent which stretches away below, and filled with people who speak the Castilian and the Indian tongues. All that the Master asks of us is to aid and foster, to guide and support, these sons of light, that they may scatter the coals over South America as the Cherubim over the earth.

CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE MAORIS.

BY THE REV. T. BUDDLE,
Nelson, New Zealand.

To ascertain what Christianity accomplished among the New Zealanders, we must look at their religious condition when the Gospel reached them.

They had no knowledge of the true God. They were not idolaters in the popular sense. They had no idols, but they had "gods many." They had gods of the sea and winds; tutelary divinities of towns, tribes, families, and woods; demons haunting woods, caves, and desert places, whose delight was to torment and annoy the race of men.

Ouenuku was a god residing under the rainbow; the thunder was his voice. They sought his favour when on expeditions of war. If the rainbow stood

in the front or on the left it was ominous of evil, and they returned home; if it was seen on the right it was a promise of victory.

They had a class of gods who were their own friends deified at death; they were supposed to sit on the roofs of their houses and whistle, and to reside in the body of an insect or a lizard. These ideas might have originated in the ancient doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls. They evidently believed that souls passed from one body to another.

They had a demon of this kind called a Taniwha, an amphibious being, on land a lizard, in water an eel, or shark, or sea monster. If a mother strangled her child it became a Taniwha: of this monster they were in great dread; he did all the mischief; if a canoe was upset he turned it over; if a wound was received it was the bite of a Taniwha.

Their gods were not possessed of moral attributes; they were demons to be dreaded; easily offended; punishing the most trivial offences.

They believed themselves surrounded by invisible beings; they saw in the common occurrences of every day the movements of mighty spirits; they heard the voices of the gods in the ocean's roar and the tempest's blast, in the evening breeze and the midnight storm. The mountain, the lonely dell, the desolate rock, the deep forest, were all regarded as the abodes of these invisible beings. There was no lack of deities. The Gospel brought them a great deliverance when it made known to them the one true and living Jehovah.

They fully believed in the existence of a spirit world. The place of departed spirits they believed to exist on the Three Kings, a group of Islands off the North Cape. The spirits of the dead took their final leap from the North Cape into the sea, and emerged into an Elysium on those islands. Their thoughts about the spirit's journey were somewhat earthy. They supposed it would have rivers to cross and mountains to climb, and provided it with supplies for the

passage. I have seen a miniature canoe and paddle standing by a corpse—the idea being that the spirit of the canoe would carry the human spirit over the rivers, and the spirit of the food support it; and slaves were killed and wives strangled to attend the chief and husband in the spirit world.

The following laments refer to this custom:—

"Weep, weep, ye tides of Hokianga for my Kura.

These were thy walks, and these thy favourite haunts, O! Kura.

But Kura is not here:—

She is traversing the path that leads to the land of spirits.

Lovely in life was the form of thy visage, O! Kura.

We see thy beauty no more.

Thy attendants now are the guardians of the dead.

Alas! my Kura!

• • • • •

Behold the lightning's glare!

It seems to cut asunder Tuwhara's rugged mountains.

From thy hand the weapon dropped;

And thy bright spirit disappear'd

Beyond the heights of Raukawa.

The sun grows dim and hastes away,

As a woman from the scene of battle.

The tides of the ocean weep as they ebb and flow,

And the mountains of the south melt away;

For the spirit of the Chieftain

Is taking its flight to Rona.

Open ye the gates of the heavens!

Enter the first heaven, then enter the second heaven.

And when thou shalt travel the land of spirits, And they shall say to thee, "What meaneth this!"

Say the wings of this our world Have been torn from it in the death of the brave one—

The leader of our battles.

Atutahi and the stars of the morning

Look down from the sky,—

The earth reels to and fro,

For the great prop of the tribes lies low.

Ah! my friend, the dews of Hokianga

Will penetrate thy body.

The waters of the rivers will ebb out,

And the land be desolate."

The allusion to Rona is curious.

The following is the legend of Rona. One bright moonlight night Rona was sent to fetch some water from a stream; in her hand was a basket, which con-

tained a gourd. On her way to the water the moon suddenly disappeared behind a cloud, and the road being bad, she kicked her foot against some of the shrubs. This made her angry, and in her rage she cursed the moon, saying, "Wicked moon, not to come forth and shine." This conduct of Rona's displeased the moon very much, who at once came down to the earth, and seized her. Rona, in her turn, seized a tree which grew near the margin of the stream; but the moon tore up the tree by the roots, and flying away, carried off Rona and her calabash, together with the tree. Rona's friends, thinking she was making a long stay, went in quest of her. After searching for some time, they called out, "Rona, Rona, where are you?" "Here am I," said she, "mounting aloft with the moon and the stars."

This belief in a future world was strong, and could be appealed to with advantage when urging the claims of the Gospel.

It was an appeal of this kind that arrested William Naylor. Te Awataia was just starting on an expedition of war with his warriors. A missionary arrived at the moment, and inquired where he was going. The reply was, "to seek utu (satisfaction) for my friends who have been slain." The advice was, "Leave that to be settled in the world to come. There is a day coming when the great God will judge mankind and avenge all the wrong that has been done among men." The idea took hold of the chief's mind; a ray of light seemed to fall upon his darkness, and addressing his men, he said, "Listen to this Pakeha, he says God will make all things right by and by, we will leave it to Him. Stay at home and turn to this God." He and his people embraced Christianity, and he lived and died a Christian, true and faithful to the last.

Their religious system had its Priesthood. As the ancient Britons had their Druids, the Maoris had their Tohungas. In some of the tribes, the principal chief was also priest, uniting in his person the rank of Arika, or lord, and Tohunga,

or chief priest. The office was hereditary. Each priest has his own god, and his own forms of karakia. The secrets of his worship were mysteries concealed from the people. In fact, his incantations were performed in language only to be understood by the initiated. I have sometimes heard an old priest, as I lay in my tent, initiating his son into the mysteries of his profession during the lone hours of the night, when the people were asleep. Their persons were sacred. They did no work, and never entered a place where food was cooked. They were treated with great reverence, considered invulnerable to disease, and inviolate in battle, unless they had offended the gods. I received from Ngawhare, the son of an old priest, a curious account of his father, old Tawaki, chief priest of the Ngatimaniapoto tribes. Tawaki was an interesting-looking old man, apparently about eighty years of age, with a long, flowing beard, white as snow, appearing as mysterious and singular in his movements as you might expect such a personage to be. Ngawhare said his father was the oldest man in the country, had outlived all his compeers, had been proof against disease, had directed the tribe on many wars, but no spear could pierce him, and no gun could reach his sacred person, and no man could compute his age; that the secret of all this was a whatu in his breast; a sacred redstone given him by his predecessor, which acted as a charm, and while he retained it he could not die. "By and by," said Ngawhare, "when I see my father become so decrepit that he is sinking beneath the weight of years, and life has become a burden, I shall request him to give the whatu to me. Then he will die. I shall swallow it, and become his successor in the priesthood."

The priests were supposed to know the mind of the gods, and had their oracles for ascertaining the incidents of war. They sometimes divined by augury, like the Druids; by observations made on the flying and voices of birds, the appearance of the heavens,

the thunder and lightning, and various other methods. When he wished to consult the gods, he proclaimed a fast, and no fire could be lighted, and no person must so much as drink at a stream, if he prohibited. Any violation of his order would be expected to bring disaster and death.

They were also physicians, and had the sick committed to their care. They generally ascribed sickness and disease to the gods, and supposed the visitation was brought by witchcraft. The belief in witchcraft was deeply rooted. The afflicted was taken to the mata kite—the priest who professed to be a face seer, one who could discover the witch or wizard that had caused the suffering. He would go to the river side, perform his incantations, and profess to see the spirit of the witch in the water, and alone divulge the name—a custom not very unlike the old English superstition of consulting the "wise man." In some cases the death of the witch was instantly sought, in others a system of counter-bewitching was resorted to.

I knew a man who strangled his own mother-in-law, because he believed she had bewitched his children. I had missed her out of my congregation, and went to the village to inquire after her. The guilty son-in-law was mysterious, and said she had gone to visit her children. I had reason to suspect otherwise, and went out into the fern to search. I found the corpse in an old kumera pit, with the cord about the neck that had been the instrument of death. I learned that he had enticed her out one day on pretence of looking after his pigs, and by the side of an old kumera pit drawn a noose over her head, strangled her, and threw her in. The brute was unmoved when the murder was discovered—he rejoiced that he had despatched a witch, and was very angry that the corpse was put in a coffin, and received Christian burial.

The priest also professed to have power over the elements, and would speak with pretended authority to winds and waves. "If you and I were on the sea," said Te

Heu Heu, the great priest of Taupo, "no harm could come to us. I would command the storm, and it would obey me."

These priests performed the rite of baptism. They took the child to a stream, and sprinkled it. If a boy, the prayer offered to the gods was—

"Let him be strong to grasp
The battle-axe and the spear;
Mighty in the strife,
Foremost in the charge,
First in the breach.
Brave to grapple with the foe,
To climb the lofty mountain,
And contend with raging waves."

If it were a girl, the prayer was—

"Let her be strong to weave garments
And to cook food."

The priests were among the greatest opponents of the Gospel. Of course their craft was in danger; wherever the Gospel was received, their influence declined.

Another custom connected with their religion was the superstitious *rite of tapu*. It was a law of restriction that derived its sanction from their religion; it means something sacred, not in reference to any moral quality, but in the sense of separation from common uses for some special design. The superstitions connected with this law were too numerous to have more than a brief notice. It was a sort of magic term with which a man could throw a kind of protection over his property; he could tapu his horse, fishing-grounds, eel-pas, just as might suit his whim or convenience, and felt satisfied in defending his tapu with his musket.

A chief's head and hair were the most sacred parts of his person. To burn a chief's hair at a fire where food was cooked, was a capital offence; implying a threat to cook him. Yeates, in his book on New Zealand, gives a curious illustration of this rite. He says "he one day found a chief with a fish-bone stuck in his throat, in great agony, in a state of suffocation, yet no Maori dared to touch him, nor approach within a certain distance. Yeates went to his aid,

and extracted the bone. Instead of being grateful, the first words he uttered were orders to his people to take the instrument with which the bone had been extracted as *utu* for having made him bleed, and for having touched his sacred head."

It was often difficult to converse with them without running your head against this arbitrary law of Tapu. A person unacquainted with it easily got into difficulties. Bishop Selwyn, after he had been only a short time in the country, was travelling in the North Island, and, with two Wesleyan missionaries, endeavoured to mediate between two war parties. Reasoning with the Ngati-maniapoto chief, the old man said, "I can't hear; look, I have no kai for my pipe;" meaning, I have no tobacco to smoke. "Ah," returned the Bishop, "I suppose if I were to fill your ears with tobacco you would listen to me." This was a grave offence, equivalent, in Maori society, to saying, I will treat your ears like tobacco, burn and smoke them in a pipe. The chief was angry, and his friends threatened to throw the Bishop into the river, and he had to propitiate their wrath with a present.

In some of the dialects of the country, an improper use of a Maori preposition would be an outrage. There are two forms of the preposition we translate *for*, "*ma*" and "*mo*." He patu mau, would be, "a weapon for you to strike with;" he patu mou, "one with which to smite you." Riwai mau, would mean "these potatoes are food for you;" riwai mou, "these potatoes are to be eaten with your flesh."

Formerly a great part of the land was tapu. A chief had bled, or a corpse had been rested, or some person was buried, or some event had transpired, which had made all around sacred. The penalties for violation were annoying. They exposed the transgressor to be plundered of all he had, and sometimes to death. It was a great barrier to the introduction of Christianity. A more powerful system of religious despotism could not be conceived, and nothing was wanted to

complete the bondage of superstition that enslaved the Maori. This law of tapu was a perfect network that entangled him at every step.

SOCIAL CONDITION.

Their social condition was degraded, savage, barbarous, wretched in the extreme. War was their principal employment, their greatest delight; they loved its excitement; it called forth all the devices and cruelty of a savage nature, and employed their vacant time. These wars were often very destructive of life, perhaps more so before they received firearms than after. In the days of Maori weapons, fighting must be in close conflict, hand to hand. Every man must kill his foeman, or be killed. When muskets were obtained, they kept at a respectful distance, and sometimes were in the field from morning till night without shooting a man. Of course when one party had guns and the other had to depend on the old weapons, the latter fought at great disadvantage. As in the case of Honghi, who returned from England with a supply of guns, and shortly after attacked the tribes of Mercury Bay, when he slew one thousand men, and washed and ate three hundred before leaving the battle-field.

Cannibalism was the constant companion of war, and the first missionaries had often to encounter the sight of a cannibal oven and a cannibal feast—scenes over which they sickened.

Infanticide was common. Female children were frequently destroyed. *Ka raruraru tain i te kotiro nei*, "We shall be troubled with this girl," an unnatural mother would say. *Mepheame roaome*, "Strangle it," the savage father would reply. Domestic squabbles sometimes induced the mother to destroy the child as a punishment to an offending father. Polygamy was a fruitful cause of this horrible crime. The wife least loved was perhaps the mother, and ill-requited affection led to the destruction of the offspring.

Polygamy was general, and a great hindrance to the spread of Christianity.

Woman was degraded, except in the case of rank. A chieftess of rank was Tapu, and had slaves to attend her; those of lower grade had the burdens to bear. A chief of rank had one principal wife and a number of slave wives or concubines; these he loved to multiply, as they made his garments, cultivated his food, and prepared his meals. I was once urging an old chief to become Christian, and among other things in the way of objection he said, *Mephea aku raki raki?* "What is to be done with my ducks?" "You must keep one, and let the rest swim down the river, and seek a home elsewhere." "But I have ten," old Parore said.

Females were not allowed to consult their own choice; they were generally betrothed in early life, and the betrothal was binding on the part of the female, though she had never been consulted. Sometimes she would elope, then her friends and the man to whom she had been promised would go in a body to recover her. The favoured suitor would endeavour to detain her, a struggle would ensue, each party dragging on the poor creature till she was nearly torn to pieces, and the strongest bore her away. This kind of treatment often leads to much sin—to suicide, infanticide, murder, and war.

(To be concluded.)

STAR-DUST.

DEAD CHURCHES. — Have you ever read "The Ancient Mariner?" I dare say, you thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together, especially that part where the old mariner represents the corpses of all the dead men rising up to man the ship—dead men pulling the ropes, dead men steering, dead men spreading the sails. I thought what a strange idea that was. But do you know that I have lived to see that time! I have seen it done. I have gone into churches, and I have seen a dead man in the pulpit, a dead man as

deacon, and a dead man handling the plate, and dead men sitting to hear.—*Spurgeon.*

PROSPERITY. — Darwin records a curious instance of the corrupting influence of prosperity. The bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Islands, ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine, and the materials for their food so abundant, that they grew careless and profligate, ate up their capital, neglected working, and found congenial occupation in flying about the sugar-houses, and stinging the negroes.

A HAIR NEEDLE.—At a recent visit by the King of Prussia to a needle-factory, a workman, whose duty was to bore out the eyes of the needles, asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given; and, with a smile, he placed it at once under the boring-machine, turned a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king.

VILLNER-HILL.

SLOWLY we plodded through the narrow lane,
 With faltering footsteps and with constant care;
 The ground still moisten'd with the recent rain,
 Sere leaves and wither'd flowers here and there.
 While clutching arms the eager briers spread,
 Still shone the sun serenely overhead.
 So God has led my soul in former years
 Through paths as rough in this world-wilderness,
 Where every step was moisten'd with my tears,
 And strewn with blasted hopes of happiness.

Still by the beams of the eternal Sun,
 Guided and strengthen'd, I the goal have won.

With eager feet the grassy slope we trod,
 Aspiring still towards the calm blue sky;
 While blossoms springing from the tufted sod,
 Allured our progress with each azure eye;
 And at our feet in calmest beauty lay,
 The Severn, glittering in the light of day.

The tangled path, no longer dark and drear,
 The scatter'd farms, the river smooth and broad,
 The gentle sheep, who watch us without fear,
 The grey church spire that pointeth us to God,
 Blend in one faëry scene. There we descry
 The hill's bold outlines pencill'd 'gainst the sky.

So peace and beauty cheer my anxious hours,
 Each trusted promise proveth true and sure;
 The toilsome path is not without its flowers,
 The distant, shadowy hills my steps allure.
 If earthy mists should veil them from my gaze,
 Triumphant faith still penetrates the haze.

Though death's cold river rolls 'twixt them and me,
 My feet upon their summit soon shall stand;
 I, too, shall join the sweetest minstrelsy
 That wakes the echoes of that far-off land;
 Look back upon the steepest path I trod,
 And own it led to glory and to God.

E. W.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

WILLIAM PICKARD.

DIED at Stoophouse, in the Middleham Circuit, on March 14th, 1873, MR. WILLIAM PICKARD, in the eightieth year of his age. The Yorkshire dales have produced some fine stalwart Methodists, who, in the early days of Methodism, did valiant service for the Great Master, but few, if any, of a cast superior to the subject of this brief sketch. Tall and muscular, of commanding mien and figure, with a strong, manly voice, he presented in his palmy days an excellent type of a respectable Yorkshire yeoman.

His conversion to God seems to have taken place in the days of his young manhood, and so decisive was the change that he never was known to falter, either in allegiance to Christ, or devotion to the Church of his adoption. Emphatically one of the old school—his Society tickets date back as far as the year 1815—he regarded Methodism as approaching perfection; hence the strictly conservative views he entertained as to its principles and polity.

William Pickard, a few years after his conversion, was put on the Local-Preachers' Plan, and commenced his duties with fear and trembling, not at first attempting to *preach*, in the usual acceptation of the term, but, as he used to say, *talking* to the people. Education had not lifted him very high above his fellows, but for strong common sense, grasp of mind, clear perception of the vital principles of our holy religion; homely, graphic power, especially in prayer, he would not suffer by comparison with many of our more scholarly men of the present day.

At the time of his death, he had occupied the position of local preacher for about fifty years; and those who date as far back on the Plan, as also the many congregations who were favoured with his visits, assert that, unless in times of sickness—which with him were few, being a man of iron mould—he never was known to miss an appointment. In

the roughest weather, through the deepest winter snow, and the most piercing cold, his tall, robust figure was seen stalking onward in sheer defiance of the pitiless elements, in order to reach his destined place at the proper time. Punctuality in the discharge of duty was, throughout life, one of his most prominent characteristics. As the Leader of important classes, he was ever rigidly faithful, now and then bluntly, but always kindly and pointedly, reproving what he deemed wrong. His members knew that he loved them, and they fully returned the affection; and even when his strokes were keen, they took them in good part, well knowing that they issued from a kindly heart, deeply solicitous to promote the glory of the Master Whom they were all trying to serve. His house, for many long years, was the home of the preachers, when on duty in the neighbourhood, and never did a kindlier home open its doors: his genial, thoughtful wife was hospitable to excess, never knowing when she had done enough for God's servants. God translated that pious, motherly woman to her eternal reward in the heavens, but the blow told with dire effect on the lonely companion she left behind. His health began to fail; his eye grew dim, though his natural force seemed to have abated but little.

He had crossed the summit of the hill, and came down apace. Towards the end he became slightly erratic; memory had obviously been considerably impaired; but no sooner did he approach the mercy-seat, than his mind seemed to rally in an instant; his quotation of Scripture was correct and apposite; he seemed fully at home with God. The mention of Christ's name brought fire to his eye, and filled his heart with holy energy. But the "natural man" decayed fast, his senses seemed to leave him, and peacefully did his happy spirit slip its earthly coil, and mount to be "for ever with the Lord."

J. T. D.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Old Jonathan, The District and Parish Helper. W. H. and L. Collingridge. 1874.—“Old Jonathan” is too well known and deservedly popular to need any description of ours. The volume before us is not at all inferior to former ones. In one respect it is decidedly superior: it contains unusually little Calvinistic teaching. Its great variety of interesting and instructive matter, and especially the earnest, spiritual tone of the articles, together with its very moderate price, render it especially suitable for circulation among the poor.

Little Lisette. The Orphan of Alsace. By the Author of “Louis Michaud,” etc. London: Griffith and Farran.—A very interesting and touching little tale of the late war. It is written so beautifully and yet so simply, that any child must be delighted with it; while it cannot fail to interest older people. All the characters are exquisitely drawn, and yet beautifully natural.

City Sparrows, and Who Cared for Them. By RUTH LYNN.—*Bird Songs and Bird Pictures. With Natural His-*

tory Notes.—Uncle Max, The Soldier of The Cross. By MRS. GEORGE GLADSTONE, Author of “Norwegian Stories.”—*Helen's Victory.* By the Author of “Soldier Fritz.” The Religious Tract Society.

The Religious Tract Society is doing a great work in publishing so many excellent children's books. We highly recommend all the above. The first is a touching and interesting story, calculated to impress upon young people the blessedness of working for the poor.

“Bird Songs and Bird Pictures” is a most attractive little volume. The songs are mostly selections from well-known authors. The illustrations are all good, some of them strikingly so, and the notes are interesting and intelligible.

“Uncle Max” is a lively and beautiful tale, illustrating very simply and plainly the duty of cross-bearing.

The chief charm of “Helen's Victory,” is the reality of the characters and incidents. The author has evidently been a girl herself, and knows what the temptations of school-girls really are, and how they may be overcome.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR FEBRUARY, 1874.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1874.	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Jan. 31	7 40	4 48	7 51m	7 35m	8 42a	9 16a	7 32m
Feb. 10	7 24	5 6	<i>Sets.</i> 5 29a	7 27	8 46	8 33	6 56
20	7 5	5 24	6 39	7 14	8 50	7 49	6 19
March 2	6 44	5 42	7 28	<i>Sets.</i> 5 46a	8 53	7 3	5 43

PHASES OF THE MOON.

1st, Full Moon 11h. 36m. morn. | 16th, New Moon 7h. 15m. after.
9th, Last Quarter 4h. 29m. after. | 23rd, First Quarter .. 10h. 46m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

February 5th	9h. after., Apogee ; distance 251,921 miles.
„ 18th	1h. morn., Perigee; „ 223,347 „
Mean distance for the month	237,634 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

February 1st	90,363,290 miles.
March 1st	90,889,730 „
Increase of distance for the month.....	526,440 „

The Moon will be in the neighbourhood of Regulus on the afternoon of the 2nd; not far from Spica on the morning of the 7th; near Antares, the bright reddish star in Scorpio, on the morning of the 11th; at conjunction with the Sun on the 16th she will be more than four degrees lower than that body, and not far from Venus; on the evening of the 23rd she will be above Aldebaran; on the afternoon of the 24th near *Beta Tauri*; on the 26th at midnight she will be near Pollux, and still nearer about two hours after. On the 20th may be witnessed the interesting and beautiful phenomenon of an occultation of Neptune. Those who possess good telescopes without an equatorial mounting, will find the occasion a good one for identifying unmistakably this remote planet of our system. Seen from Greenwich, the planet disappears behind the dark limb of the Moon at 5h. 35m., and reappears from behind the bright limb at 6h. 16m. in the afternoon. A fourth-magnitude star in Pisces, marked *omicron* on the maps, closely precedes Neptune, a little to the south, and will be occulted before the planet; it disappears at 4h. 37m., and reappears at 5h. 44m., just nine minutes after the disappearance of Neptune. It need scarcely be mentioned that the star is very much brighter than the planet.

Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 3rd, at two o'clock in the afternoon: the next morning it

attains its greatest distance southward from the plane of the Earth's orbit. On the morning of the 23rd it will be in that plane going northward. It will be in perihelion on the 27th, at seven o'clock in the evening.

Venus will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 23rd, at one o'clock in the afternoon. It can only be seen this month by the aid of a good telescope. It is very nearly circular, the diameter ten seconds.

Mars is in the constellation Pisces. Toward midnight on the 8th it will be close to the vernal equinoctial point, or as it is still called, the first point of Aries, though it has now shifted far backward into Pisces. It is the only planet visible in the early part of the evening. Jupiter rises about the time that it sets.

Jupiter will be close to the autumnal equinoctial point on the 25th; on the 10th it will be in opposition to Mars. The apparent diameter of the planet is forty-three seconds. Seen from Jupiter, the Earth's diameter would only subtend an angle of four seconds.

Saturn is too near the Sun to be visible during this month.

Uranus will be on the meridian on the 1st, four minutes before midnight; and on the 28th, five minutes past ten: altitude about fifty-seven and a-half degrees.

Neptune sets on the 15th, at 10h. 45m. in the evening. We have shown above how this interesting planet may be easily recognised on the evening of the 20th.



BEAUTIES OF THE DEAD SEA.

ONE commonly associates the Dead Sea with ideas of barrenness and desolation. It is pictured as a dull expanse of sluggish water, surrounded by a dreary "desert of salt." And indeed many parts of its shores do present this appearance, while the sea itself, sweltering in the breathless heat of its depressed basin, becomes of a strange leaden blue, and seems absolutely stagnant. A recent traveller, Dr. Tristram, in his very interesting book upon the "Land of Moab," describes the ride along the western shore from Engedi to the ancient fortress of Masada as "the most uninteresting possible, utterly devoid of life, and with the cliffs and mountains rising upwards of

two thousand feet, sheer, glaring red in the sunlight, and the soft marl deposit at their base of a monotonous, dazzling whiteness."

The Vale of Salt, at the southern extremity of the sea, is, he says, "without one trace of vegetable life to relieve the flat sand-beds, and a little further eastward is a region similar but even worse. It is entered by fording a stream which the Arabs call 'the Stinking River.' The shore is fringed with driftwood encrusted with salt, a thin incrustation of salt covers the plain; but here and there are shallow pools filled with vegetable matter, and the black mud under the salt, decaying crust smells horribly." The peninsula of the Lisan is a scene of utter desolation, "one mass of water-worn cuttings through salt-marl, without a trace of vegetation."

In other parts, however, the scene completely changes, and prospects of the greatest picturesqueness and luxuriance delight the eye. Engedi, for instance, is a lovely oasis, rich in semi-tropical vegetation, and justifying its ancient reputation. For though the vineyards are no longer there, it is plain that they must have possessed peculiar beauty. Between the two deserts just mentioned lies the well-watered and fertile tract known as the Safieh, by many identified with the plains of Sodom, though Dr. Tristram prefers to locate the destroyed cities on the larger and more productive plain of the Seisaban on the north.

The finest scenery occurs on the eastern side, where the palm-tree grows more abundantly, and the high mountains of Moab send down frequent torrents of fresh, life-giving water, through deep, irregular ravines. The largest of these is the river Arnon, the wady or gorge of which is shut in by cliffs two thousand feet in height; but the most beautiful is the Zerka Ma'in, in whose lower course are the famous hot springs, described by several ancient writers, and mentioned by Josephus as the resort of Herod the Great in his last illness. The stream is known by the classical name of Callirrhœe, "the fair flowing," and is in places completely buried in oleanders.

Dr. Tristram describes how his exploring party made their way along this wild ravine until the head of the descent was attained. "Shortly before reaching this point," he proceeds, "the waters of the Dead Sea and the whole range of the Judæan hills come well into sight. Before, we had only had an occasional glimpse down the vista of the valley. Wild and broken, the views on this pass increase in beauty and attractiveness on acquaintance. Black basalt on the southern, white and yellow limestone over the red sandstone on the northern side, each formation broken and furrowed in a different way,—scarped rocks and nullahs, like the canons of Western America, green with waving date-palms and reeds, far down the southern exposure, and a winding line of cane-brake among rocks a thousand feet below, with

one specially magnificent basaltic precipice barring the valley on its way westward to the Dead Sea, such are the chief features at the top.

"As we descended, right upon the famous baths of Herod, we looked down on a scene of strange enchantment. The iron-red rock facing us was gnarled and contorted into fantastic shapes. The tall palms shaded an exuberant undergrowth of semi-tropical foliage. The stream itself is completely hidden by cane-brakes and oleanders, but we could see the bright cascades leaping down the rocks from the hot sulphur springs; and the cloud of vapour rising in long lines told the temperature of the heated waters. The whitish fringe by the edge of each torrent indicated the sulphur with which it is charged. Last night's camp was perfection. 'This is paradise,' exclaimed an enthusiast, as we looked down on a little plateau in the dell, and saw the mules beginning to congregate where the tents were to be erected for a few days' sojourn." There are ten independent springs within a space of three miles, the largest of which has a temperature of one hundred and thirty degrees, Fahrenheit. Rising half-a-mile from the little river, it falls into it by a cascade, the steam of which can be seen two miles off.

This magnificent scene is some considerable distance from the immediate shore; the mouth of the Callirrhœ is no less beautiful. "Picture a wild ravine, never more than a hundred yards wide, and in some places only thirty, winding between two rugged lines of brilliant red cliffs, six hundred feet high, which stand perpendicular, but sometimes seem to meet. The water, in a large and rapid lukewarm stream, rushes to the sea, over and among boulders of granite, sandstone, and conglomerate, under the dense shade of tamarisk trees, choked with cane-brakes waving their tall feathery heads. An emerald fringe of maiden-hair fern, hanging from the rocks, skirts the line of the stream to the very mouth of the gorge." Dr. Tristram and his companions, under the guidance of Arab ibex-hunters, traversed the almost inaccessible windings of the rocky defile, right up to their camp at the springs. In a subsequent attempt to traverse the side of the Dead Sea from the northern end, they were stopped within half-a-mile of Callirrhœ by a superb but utterly impassable little palm-tree glen, where the rocks came down sheer into the water. There was no time to cut a path, for it was toward evening, and, alas! this lovely region is haunted by lawless bands of robbers.

It will not be inappropriate to our subject to subjoin from the same traveller's volume, an account of the view to be obtained from the height he fixes upon as the Nebo of Scripture. Its Arab name is Nebbeh. "We had a clear, distinct view of Western Palestine, and the whole Judæan range, from far south of Hebron up to Galilee.

We could see the west side of the Dead Sea from Engedi northwards, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Nebi-Samwil (Mizpeh). Ebal and Gerizim were very easily made out, and the opening of the vale of Shechem. Carmel could be recognised, but we never were able to make out the sea to the north of it; and though it is certainly possible that it might be seen from this elevation, I could not satisfy myself that I saw more than the haze over the plain of Esdraelon. . . . A corner of the Hauran Mountains (Bashan) could be caught in a depression of the Gilead range. Hermon certainly could be made out in a clear atmosphere, over the Jordan valley, . . but the haze rendered it very indistinct. . . However, after testing repeatedly every view in the neighbourhood, I am perfectly satisfied that there is none which equals in extent that from Nebo, i.e., from the flat ridge which rises slightly about half-a-mile behind the ruined city, and which I take to be the true 'field of Zophim, the top of Pisgah.'"

B. A. G.

NEWNESS OF LIFE:

A HOMILY FOR SPRING.

Newness of life! cries the awakening world as it prepares to bid adieu to the cold, dreary season of winter, and to clothe itself once more in its garment of living green.

Newness of life! cry the plants, the trees, the fields and flowers, and singing-birds, "for, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone."

"The earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more
the frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed
earth
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee:
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels
bring
In triumph to the world the youthful
Spring."

When with a grateful heart we have looked up to Him to Whose faithfulness we owe it that "seed time and harvest, . . summer and winter," never fail us, the world clothing itself

anew has an exhilarating message to many classes amongst us.

Newness of life! it shouts to formal and barren professors in whose souls bleak winter yet reigns supreme. Let the shrubs of your garden, the grass of the field, the budding hedges cry shame upon your lifelessness, and lead you to ask, Why am I a dreary, bloomless creature amidst this general newness of life? Why is my heart like a parched desert? Why are my prayers so formal? Why are my purposes so earthly, my aspirations after heaven so languid? Why am I like a tree without leaves, instead of being a tree of life and righteousness? Come out of the chilling atmosphere of formality and unbelief, cries the Spring, into the genial sunshine of faith and love, and no longer be content with the winter of dead works.

Newness of life! cries the returning Spring to those who may be wearied in well-doing, or who may be thinking that the time has come

for rest. Ah! if He Who has once more sent the Spring to visit us with its awakening sunshine and its odour of sweet flowers, if He had been weary in well-doing, if He had closed His hand instead of opening it, the world would never have seen another Spring. What a lesson does the Divine patience read to those who may have grown weary in His service! Without "shadow of turning," ever since creation's dawn, He has been causing His sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sending rain upon the just and the unjust. Not once have the seasons been kept back; in beauteous order they have come and gone all these years, leaving a blessing behind them. What a reproof to the indolent, does the silent, ceaseless working of the Divine Creator administer! The beautiful Spring now with us is the sign of God's working in the fields of nature during the winter months, in which there appeared no evidence of life in the frozen ground. Let the sight rebuke our indolence, and our too frequent weariness. God is ever working for the good of His children: His hands are ever full of blessing, and He makes all creatures subserve His purposes of love. And the Spring says to us, "Be ye followers of God, as dear children." As He clothes the naked fields and trees, as He brings music, warmth, and gladness where before the silence and gloom of winter reigned, so let His children co-operate in spreading blessings, in feeding the hungry, in clothing the naked, and in causing the mourner's heart to sing for joy. With the proof of God's working in every plant and flower, it does not become us to be indolent lookers-on.

Newness of life! cries the Spring to the sorrowful and desponding.

"While nature smiles," says one, "there are many pale countenances that do *not*." Sometimes you have met, slowly pacing the green meadow or the garden, a figure emaciated by illness, or feeble with age, and were the more forcibly struck by the spectacle as seen amidst a luxuriance of life. For a moment you have felt as if all the living beauty faded or receded from around, in the shock of the contrast. You may have gone into a house surrounded by all the pride of the Spring, to see a person sinking in the last feebleness of mortality. You may have seen a funeral train passing through a flowery avenue. And the ground which is the depository of the dead bears, not the less for that, its share of the beauty of Spring. The great course of nature pays no regard to the particular circumstances of man: no suspension there, no sympathy! And yet if the sorrowing will read the spring-time aright, what a world of comfort its analogies will suggest when taken in connection with the words of Holy Writ! How eloquently the newly-clothed world seems to say, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Resurrection and life," it seems to preach to those who stand sorrowfully by newly-made graves. "Nothing is lost," it says to the sorrowing worker, who sees no results springing from his earnest toil: behold the seeds long buried rising from the dust and clothing themselves in newness of life. The moment before the corn-blade forced itself through the ground, there was nothing to tell of its existence, but as it waves in the spring sunshine it seems to say, "O ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt?" Awaking from its long winter sleep, the spring-world

reads out a lesson of cheerful hope to the most desponding.

Newness of life! cries the Spring once more to those who are wasting the precious years of existence in sin and folly. *Man* has his seasons of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. There are certain periods in his history suited to certain work, and we miss the secret of success in life if we fail to see this and to act upon it. What a mistake those commit who allow the spring-time of their existence to pass by unimproved, or who only sow therein the seeds of an evil harvest! The Spring has always been regarded as an emblem of youth, and it seems to bring a special message to those with whom it may now be said to be sowing-time. The colour of our whole life is usually such as the first three or four years in which we are our own masters make it. Then it is that we may be said to shape our destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future successes or disappointments. Spring is the season for diligent cultivation: so is youth. What if the Spring were suffered to go past without any cares and labours of husbandry? But see how the parallel season of human life is, in numberless instances, consumed away under a destitution of the discipline requisite to form a rational being to wisdom, goodness, and happiness, through the criminal neglect of those who have the charge and the responsibility, and the almost infallibly consequent carelessness of the undisciplined creatures themselves. One is not seldom struck with the disparity between these two provinces of cultivation. The garden is put in neat order, the fruit-tree trimmed and trained, the corn-field exhibits a clean, shining breadth of green, while the children and

youth bear every mark of mental and moral rudeness. On the other hand, it is delightful to see the spring season of life advancing under such a cultivation, of the instructor's care, of conscientious self-tuition, and of Divine influence, as to give good hope of rich ensuing seasons. It may be added, that the rapid passing away of the peculiar beauty of Spring gives an emblem of the transient continuance of the lively and joyous period of human life.

In a final word, we would ask you to remember in Whom alone this newness of life is to be obtained, of which the spring season so touchingly speaks. In Him Who says, "Behold, I make all things new," our souls can find the life and love, the warmth and energy of spring-time. If we are cold and formal, the influences of His Holy Spirit can melt our iciness, and fill our souls with holy fervour. If we are weary and bowed down with heaviness, He can so refresh us with the rich showers of His grace, that we may bring forth fruit in old age, and flourish like a cedar of Lebanon.

If, as "young men and maidens," we devote the spring-time of life to Him, and to His service, He will make our hearts like the good ground, which shall yield, "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." He Who clothes "the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven," will not withhold from us the influences of His Spirit, under which our souls shall blossom as "the garden of the Lord."

Stamford. HERBERT HART.

CONSECRATION.

It was the evening of the Covenant-Sunday, and Edward T— came

in from chapel, to find his wife looking quiet and happy, as happy as he felt himself to be. Both were tired; Edward had been to the three services that day, and Lisette to the morning and afternoon services, remaining at home in the evening with the baby, whilst the servant went to chapel. Very little was said till their simple meal was over, but after family prayer, they drew near the fire, and entered on a soul-communion which it would be well if husbands and wives more frequently enjoyed together.

"I was thinking to-night," he began, "how heartily we sung this afternoon those solemn words,—

'Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart;—but make it new!'

and was wondering in what way we could best carry out that complete surrender."

His wife answered, "I was thinking much the same as I sat by the fire, and remembered that I felt so happy and so much in earnest while I sang; and yet I don't exactly see what we meant by it. Of course, in a general way, we can offer our soul and body's powers, because we not only would not employ them against God, but would use them in His service; and the same with mind and will, but how are we to give Him *memory*?"

"I don't see so much difficulty in that as in some other things. Memory is a great gift, and we often abuse it sadly. I think that *negatively* we ought not to defile it with impure or irreligious writings. There are some who are set for the defence of the Gospel, who must survey the enemy's country that

they may fight him on his own ground, but the vast majority have no more to do with it, than the greater number of householders have to do with inspecting nuisances in fever-stricken districts. Neither ought we to fritter memory away by rapid, scrappy reading without aim or profit. Newspapers do much now to destroy the memory; the constant reading of what is not meant to be remembered is very injurious."

"I cannot let you, Edward, blame, or perhaps I should say warn, yourself, without taking my share. Newspapers are not very attractive to me; but neither should we burden our memory with idle gossip, storing in it unkind judgments of our neighbours."

"True, love; yet you must sometimes know how and what those are doing whom you meet and with whom you sympathize, as I must sometimes see the papers. But a wise discretion should be exercised; let the *heart* be new, and the *powers* devoted to God, and we shall not be without a check and a guide."

"Well, then, how are we to devote our memory *positively*?"

"I think by storing it with Divine truths. Might we not commence some plan of Bible study together, starting with some good general commentary, or parts of some? We would ask competent advice on the subject. I should like us to take this matter up as one result of to-day's hallowed services."

"And meanwhile, love, I will commit to memory the daily text in our birthday album, and will teach little Eddy to say a text at breakfast-time each morning. I know," she continued, timidly, "this is a very small thing."

"Nothing is small which increases our familiarity with the Word of God. Then there is another matter: we ought to remember the thoughts in a sermon, in order to benefit not only ourselves but others. To some we might bring an unexpected blessing, and to how many we might be able to quote what our minister said, who would not tolerate anything coming direct from ourselves!"

"Besides, one could say it with so much more courage, at least I could."

"Very likely; then with a memory stored with past experience, and with real answers to prayer, we might be able to help others in difficulty, to comfort or advise them."

"And one thing more, we must remember their difficulties and perplexities in intercessory prayer."

"Yes, and not in a vague and indifferent fashion, but as we should remember and plead for our own." .

"Now about our goods, Edward; ought we to give more than we do?"

"I think not. Our property must be suitably employed to the circumstances in which Providence has placed us; not used for luxury or selfishness, of course. I do not doubt that every Christian ought to give such a proportion of his income as sensibly diminishes that income. Some may reach that limit with a penny a week; and, like our poor old Tommy, have to make it an object of special prayer to find the extra shilling a quarter. Some may need to give thousands a year. We settled our proportion long ago, and have sometimes to finance carefully to provide it."

"I quite agree with you; still, is not the expression, 'all our goods,' rather too strong?"

"No! It is not giving our goods to God to take them from the objects to which they belong. If, for instance, I gave so much as not to be able to bestow on my son the education which will fit him to be an intelligent servant of the Lord, I then rob God as really as if I never subscribed anything to His cause. The danger lies in our not remembering that all is God's, and that for our wise and religious use of it we must give an account."

"And I suppose you would apply just the same argument to all our hours?"

"Precisely; remembering always that in our most secular employments it is not so much the quantity or the quality of the work we do, at which the Great Master looks, as at the spirit in which it is done."

"Well, I will try not to be anxious and troubled about domestic matters, and you—"

"I will try not to be too busy to attend the week-evening services."

After a pause, the lady added, "I can better appreciate the offering God all I feel, than all I know, little as that is. With you it may be otherwise. You would make an indifferent Society-steward but for your knowledge of business and accounts. You can use that in the service of God, but I learned such a lot of stuff at school which can never be of use."

"My dear, of use in the same way as classics and mathematics; training my mind to think and make its powers grow."

"But they did not teach us to think at school, but only surface work,—drawing, botany, and so on. Of course, sewing and necessary things I learned at home, and can employ them for God."

"As to drawing, I don't at present

see any use you can make of it, for you are not sufficiently fond of it; and even if you were, I do not see. You must be satisfied, I think, with the training it gives to the eye and mind, and the taste for beauty in nature and art it cultivates. But I would not call anything 'stuff' that enables you to see some of the wonderful works of God. I feel, too, a strong desire always to know that everything I have, or do, or can be, is sanctified by an offering of it directly to God. Every possibility of our nature becomes then a happier possession to ourselves. Suppose now you take up again the study of botany, as one too good to be wasted?"

"O, the time! the time!"

"You will find the time, if it is for a good purpose. Then turn the study into an act of courteous Christian charity. You know——'s daughters, one is going out for a governess, the other twists up all her information into chatty articles for the young, for her profit in one way, and theirs in another. Teach them, and see if they cannot find a use for the knowledge."

"I will."

"Very well! Then let us end our chat with one more thought. We ask God to take our 'powers,' then let us keep them ready for His service, believing that if we wait and watch, He will show us His will; nor let us ever murmur if at some time, in some way we do not expect or like, *He takes us at our word.*"

A. E. BLEBY.

FAILURE IN THE FRUIT-CROP.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

THERE was abundant blossom in

May. The orchard was really a sight worth looking at; and, by observant people who passed by, it *was* looked at, and much admired. No pains had been spared in the cultivation of that orchard. A stranger might have known that by the very hedge around it. That hedge was strong enough to keep out either lads or cows, however much disposed to trespass; yet it was cut down neatly, so that the sunlight and breeze could enter for the benefit of the choice fruit-trees therein. Trimming and strengthening the hedge were, however, but secondary tasks. All possible care had been taken of the trees. The soil had been plentifully enriched, and the branches had been sufficiently pruned. During the entire month of May there did not seem anything to complain of. The white covering of the trees was so abundant that you might have thought a heavy yet soft fall of snow had alighted on the boughs, only the pink, beautiful as the inside of a sea-shell, everywhere mingled more or less with the white. But, alas! when August arrived, there were many trees in that orchard on which not one apple could be found; and other trees on which there were but few, and these small. There were, indeed, some noble exceptions. Some half-a-dozen or more seemed to be doing their utmost to supply the deficiency. But an apple-tree is but of limited size and strength. If each bough was laden with mellow fruit so that it was ready to break, and crack the props too, the deficiency occasioned by a dozen failures could not be supplied. Our neighbours suggested various reasons why the fruit-crop had thus failed. None of them, however, told us how to fill these empty trees with fruit. So we had to endure the loss as cheerfully

as we could, and hope for a better crop next year.

There is another kind of fruit-crop in which there often occurs a partial failure. Those who toil for the spiritual good of the young, will readily perceive what is meant. These disciples of Christ have read how their Divine Master said to those who followed Him: "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples." "Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." So they desire to bear much good fruit themselves, and they wish that the youthful for whom they have cared in the school and sanctuary and home may also bear fruit in its season. These servants of God were filled with pleasant hopes when the dear young people began to pray, and enter into Christ's service. But they now mourn because many of these have forsaken that service. Such are now as fruitless trees.

This is lamentable. Some who were very promising, are now without personal religion. Here is a sad waste of the gifts entrusted to them by the Most High. We do not expect a rock or boulder-stone to be covered over with clusters of grapes. It is incapable of such fruitage. We do not approach a milestone, nor climb a lamp-post, to gather apples or pears. The lamp-post and the milestone have their appointed tasks, but not that of bearing fruit. But we did hope for fruit from the trees in our orchard. The blossoming in May indicated a capability to produce what would be pleasant and beneficial. We mourn over this sad waste in those who have cast away the religion which they once possessed.

Their highest personal blessedness is thus forfeited.—The chief good of a human being does not consist in eating and drinking. That may be the greatest delight of which swine are capable: but we are higher in the scale of being than swine. Fine clothing is not the topmost excellence within our reach. A butterfly, or even a peacock, may be unable to clothe itself with any adornment more excellent than coloured wings: but human beings are not compelled to be merely unsuccessful competitors with these. Some of the lower animals are guided by their instincts to store up food for a winter through which they may have to live and in which they will have no opportunity for storing. When human beings forsake God, they often seek gratification in storing, but miss the mark altogether, and go on collecting what they will never use nor need. Man's highest good is to know, love, and enjoy God. It is lamentable that any who once tasted the loving-kindness of the Lord, have, instead of pressing into its farther enjoyment, wandered into regions devoid of that which to them is absolutely essential.

Opportunities of doing good are neglected.—"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life." Who would not desire to bear such fruitage? In a world like this, with all its mournful and varied forms of death, who would not endeavour, if possible, to have something to do with the promotion of true life? As to the fruit of the ungodly, it is often absolutely deadly; but at best it can only assuage the sufferings of this brief existence or add a little to its pleasantness. In the Sabbath-school, in the sanctuary, in the home, in the workshop and marketplace, each faithful disciple is doing

something to increase the true life of our race. We do wish that we had by our side those who once bade fair to be exceedingly useful. There are some who were nurtured within the same enclosure, who have already been blessed by being permitted to do good which will endure for ever. The fruit will remain. But the Church greatly misses others of whom loving expectations were once formed. Why did the blossoms fall off, leaving no good fruit?

These unfaithful ones are exposed to grievous peril.—"Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away." "Then said He unto the dresser of His vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering said unto Him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that Thou shalt cut it down."

Often such persons as have unhappily forsaken Christ are ready to be angry with those who endeavour to arouse them that they may save them. Such texts as those just quoted are to them exceedingly unwelcome. One day a man had been to market in his spring-cart. Unhappily he had drunk until he became intoxicated. When returning, he would drive, and would smoke as he did so. The straw in the cart took fire, and the wood of the cart was already blazing, yet the wretched man was so stupefied that he did not perceive it. A military officer, overtaking him, saw that the inebriate was likely to be burned to death, and endeavoured to reach his horse's head, that he might save the wretched driver. But the tipsy man resented this, and drove his horse at a furious

pace. Though the officer was resolved not to leave the drunkard to his fate, it was with the utmost difficulty that he could arrest his progress, and then drag the man from the blazing cart. We would arrest the backslider, "pulling" him "out of the fire."

Their zeal and services in the past will not avail.—It has sometimes happened that among those who have been painfully interested in the backslider's course, have been some to whom he was once useful. In those happy days when he lovingly and joyously devoted himself to Christ, he was eager to do all the good he could. The testimony he bore for his Lord was simple, yet attended with power. Now, those whom he led forth from their peril have long mourned over him and pleaded for his recovery. Shall it be in vain? Several years ago an alarm was suddenly raised in one of those lofty houses which are common in Edinburgh, that the building was about to fall. Among others who hastened to the street was a woman who, as she passed the room of a lodger, shouted to him the tidings of danger. The man was in the act of drawing the cork from a bottle. He heard the friendly warning, and fled for his life. When all was over, the man discovered to his surprise that he still held in his hand the cork-screw which he had been using. After he and his friendly mistress reached the street, they perceived that other residents in the house were not equally alarmed. The woman bethought herself of something she would like to secure. She therefore returned, intending to reach the street again in a minute. But, before she could succeed in doing so, the lofty building fell with a terrific crash, and killed her and several

other persons who had neglected the warning. She, who had been the means of saving another, perished herself.

If those who are now bearing fruit look to the Lord, He will give them grace so to glorify Him, until He transplants them to the Eden above. In that garden of delights they shall bear abundant fruit for ever. "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age." Then shall they for ever live in the Paradise of God, exulting in the sunshine of His smile.

"AFTER THE BATTLE."

A SOLDIER in the thick of an engagement does not see to advantage the skilful manoeuvres of his general, for often the perceptive faculties are seared by the hot touch of pain, and the ear deafened by the din of artillery. Not till the battle is ended, or a truce is proclaimed, can a man really understand the why and wherefore of the army's movements. Till then it is his "but to do or die." It is so with ourselves in the "battle of life." We are brought into many a conflict wherein the force of necessity urges us onward when we would fain shrink back. There is no permanent repose in an enemy's country; we may have days of rest, but we cannot have a life of it till we reach the celestial city. God appoints us a place in an embattled host, and woe and loss fall upon all who coward-like turn away from duty.

Deserters do not act the part of men when they slink off under cover of darkness, and wear some slouching disguise lest they should be

recognised and branded with deserved ignominy as traitors to their sovereign. They endure more hardship in trying to escape from duty, than they would by doing it. Honour rarely comes from wounds in the back; so we must face the foe, maintaining entire confidence in our Commander. Humanity is fallible, but Providence never puts us in a wrong position.

While writing this, I am visiting mentally the scenes of many an old battle; but I tread the ground with a firmer step now, for the defeats which I suffered then paved the way to success, and losses which cost at the time bitter lamentation, yield, after many days, the gainful fruit of experience. Now that my wounds are healed, I see that suffering was discipline. Then I grew pale over the stroke that laid my pridelow, and chafed over regimental work which obliged me to serve with the lowest. I was impatient of the weary drill, and repeated practice, and long marches; yet these lessons stood me in good stead in actual service: they prepared me to face the foe on the field, and by travelling this road I ultimately attained my captaincy. It seemed a long way up, but the hill-top commands an excellent view of the valley; and I thank God, Who led my blindness by a right way, laid me low when I tried to force doors that would not open, and bade me halt when rushing too near the edge of a precipice.

Rest on my experience, fellow soldier; endure hardness, for after the crown of thorns there comes unto the faithful the "crown of life," full of healing and of balm. Christian, when your battle is fought and won, you will rejoice over the dislocated thigh that procured you the

Prince's degree, and the lost right hand which helped you to the kingdom.

"WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?"

I WAS appointed to the Radstock Circuit in the year 1846. For a long time this station had been in a very low state. When I entered it I found things very trying and discouraging; but amidst difficulties and discouragements we struggled on until the spring of 1848, when our prospects began to brighten. About this time a few of our local preachers and Class-leaders waited on me, and told me they had, with prayer and faith, arranged to visit every family they could gain access to, sing and pray with all, exhort them to seek the salvation of their souls, and attend some place of worship; and they asked me if I had any objection to their carrying out their design. I assured them that I highly approved of it, and we prayed that the effort might prove successful. Shortly after this I was on my way to preach at Single-Hill. In crossing a field I saw two of the local preachers and a member of Society in grave conversation. I went to them and said,—

"Brethren, wherefore look ye so sad this evening?"

Their reply was,—

"Such is the concern we feel for the souls of the people, that we can neither eat, work, nor sleep."

"All right," I said; "we shall have the converting work break out ere long. Let us pray about it."

We left the field to go to a friend's house. As we were approaching it we saw eight young men coming towards us. One of the brethren said to me,—

"If we could get that young man

on the left-hand side converted, we should break up a wicked band."

I asked what was his name; they said, "James Goodenough."

On our meeting them, I put my hand on James' shoulder, and said,—

"James, my lad, what say you about coming to hear me preach to-night?"

He turned to one of his companions, and said,—

"Jack, I'll go if you will."

Jack turned to the others, and said,—

"If you'll all go, I will."

They all consented, and said,—

"Mr. Grigg, we'll come."

They all attended the service; and ere they left, James Goodenough, with five of his companions, obtained a knowledge of sins forgiven, and the other two returned to their homes deeply distressed. From this time a great quickening took place among the officials and members, and the spirit of prayer and supplication richly descended on the whole of the Societies.

On the 9th of August we held a camp-meeting at Radstock. In the afternoon the leaders came and told me that a revival had broken out that morning in all the Classes.* The camp-meeting services were attended with much power, and before the day closed many were made happy. Week after week the converting work went on in most of the Societies. One Sunday morning in November, I met the converts of the New Buildings' Society, and before I left the chapel I took down seventy-three names of persons who volunteered to join us in Church-fellowship. At the ensuing Decem-

* The Classes throughout the Circuit met on Sunday mornings at eight and nine o'clock.

ber Quarterly Meeting, we found our increase for that quarter was two hundred and thirty-nine members. In this blessed revival, local preachers, Class-leaders, Sabbath-school teachers, and members laboured well.

Among the members who took a very active part in this great work, was a pious man, by the name of John Withers, although he was of very limited mental abilities. On December 26th, we held a tea-meeting at Paulton. John attended it, with about thirty friends from Radstock. After tea, I called on John to address the public meeting. With very great reluctance he came upon the platform; but there he stood speechless. At last he turned, and said, "Misser Cheer-man, I hav no speech, and you must tell me wat to zay."

I replied, "No, no, Brother Withers, I shall not tell you what to say; you must make your own speech."

After a considerable pause, he turned again, and said, "Misser Grigg, I've got a tex. Christen vreends, my tex is, 'Who'd a thou't it?' It is now zummat 'bout zix-and-twenty years agoa, thut the Premedy Mededies com'd into Rade-stock. Uz wur told the wick a-vore thut the Raunters wur cumin on the Zindy. Zo I kep on zaying to mezel, I wunder wat zort a things Raunters be. Zo I wen down into Radestock vor to zee; and zoon I zeed zome vokes cumin down Vrome Hill wi' brode-brim hats on and vlich-a-bacon coats, and numbrals under thur arm; and thy wur a-zinging 'I'm bound vor the kingdum.' Thun, Misser Cheer-man, I knowd thut Raunters wur men and oomen jes loike mezel. Zo thy zing'd all down the roead until thy com'd to the rectin pozd, and thur thy zing'd,

and pry'd, and rede, and prach'd; and whun thy had done, thy ax'd ef onybody wood hopen thur ouzen to hold a pryer-meetin in. Thur iz thik George Jeames zittin thur, Misser Cheer-man; he wur a poor skat-a-brain'd veller, loike me; zo he went up and told 'em thy might hav hiz ouzen ef thy loik'd; and zo thy did. *Who'd a thou't it?* The nix Zindy thy com'd agean; and arter thy had prach'd thy went to George Jeames' ouzen agean; and arter thy had zing'd and pry'd, thy zed thy wood vorm a class, and ax'd ef onybody wood gi' in thur neams. Zo George Jeames zed, 'You may tack my neam ef you loike;' and zo thy did. *Who'd a thou't it?* Zo thy took down a lot ov neams. At last George Jeames zed, 'Jack Withers, doant thee mean to hav thy neam on thik peaper?' And I zed, 'You may put 'en down ef you loike;' and thun thy tealk'd to me, and the gurt big tears com'd out ov my eyes and roll'd down my vace; zo, thun, thy zing'd wi' me and pry'd wi' me, but I diden get happy. But, *who'd a thou't it?* Avore I got whoam, zomebody went up and told the 'ooman (his wife) thut I had jin'd the Raunters; zo whun I com'd whoam, the 'ooman met me at the door wi' a dish ov boil hot taters, and vling'd em in my vace, dish and all, and thun zad I shooden cum in the ouzen thut day. Zo I turned and went down droo the hood and on the tram-roead; and by the waterzide was growin' a old ash pollard. So I clem'b'd up to the top ov it, and thur I cry'd and pry'd. And it begun'd to thindur, and lighten, and reain; but thur I stop'd, and keep cryin and pryen. And thur God heard me, and thur He blotted out all my zins; and thun I zing'd and shouted 'allelajy,' becaze God had converted my zoul

on the top ov the old ash pollard. And *who'd a thou't it?* Well, Misser Cheer-man, George Jeames' ouzen wooden hold all the vokes, zo he pull'd down the petition, drow'd hiz two rooms into wan, but it zoon com'd too zmall, and uz wur 'blig'd to get a learger pleace. Thun, Misser Cheer-man, uz went and mizzon'd Palton, Charlton, Farmbro', Clandown, High Littleton, New-Buildings, Camerton, and ever zo many more pleaces, and vorm'd classes in all ov 'em. And *who'd a thou't it?* When you com'd wi uz, Misser Cheer-man, uz had only wan cheapel in the Circuit, and thut is at New-Buildings; but now uz hav a cheapel at Chearton, Timsbury, Zingle-Hill, and here uz be in one at Palton, and here I am meakin a speach in't. And *who'd a thou't it?* And now, Misser Grigg, uz hav your classes in Radestock insteads ov wan; and among the poor wicked zidders is J. M—, the viddler, and his brother Joe, the rat-catcher. *Who'd a thou't it?* Christen vreend, this iz the virst speach I ever mead in all my live, zo yiel excize all I have zed amiz. But *who'd a thou't it?*

This good man was a real jewel in the rough. It was a rare thing to find him absent from his class, the prayer-meeting, preaching-service, camp-meetings, or revival-meetings; and, although he could read but little, he regularly attended the Sabbath-school, and did what he could in teaching the very young children.

The above is a good specimen of the dialect of that part of the country.

G. GRIGG.*

* From Dr. Antliff's edifying and entertaining new work, "A Book of Marvels." London: G. Lamb. 1873.

MISSIONARY PROGRESS IN INDIA.

THE following statistics are the more remarkable as being included in the Calcutta letter of the "Pall Mall Gazette":—

"I lately mentioned the results of missionary enterprize in Bengal as ascertained by the late census. These results briefly amount to this: that there is now a total Christian population under the Lieutenant-governor of Bengal amounting to 93,098 souls, of whom 70,000 are born and bred in India, and 23,098 are pure natives. The report of the Missionary Conference at Allahabad has published the statistics for all India. Unfortunately it deals only with the Protestant Christians—pure natives—who number 224,161. The most remarkable feature disclosed by the missionary statistics is the rapid progress of proselytism during late years.

"Between 1861 and 1871 the number of Christians has more than doubled in Bengal, while the communicants have increased nearly threefold. In Central India the native Church has multiplied by nearly 400 per cent., in Oudh by 175 per cent., in the North-western Provinces it has nearly doubled, in the Punjaub and Bombay it has increased by sixty-four per cent., and the total increase for all India is sixty-one per cent. The increase during the previous ten years—from 1851 to 1861—was only fifty-three per cent. The missionaries calculate that, assuming a uniform increase of sixty-one per cent. for each ten years, the number of native Protestant Christians in India will amount in 1951 to 11,000,000, and in A.D. 2001 to 130,000,000. They very prudently admit, however, that

such calculations are liable to unforeseen contingencies. But they have established, in a startling and unexpected manner, that Christianity is a really living faith among the natives of India, and that it is spreading at a rate which was altogether unsuspected by the general public.

"The number of native ordained ministers has risen during the ten years in question from 97 to 226, and the number of communicants for all India has more than doubled. The report very honestly shows, however, that the missionary work in India is an educational quite as much as a proselytising enterprise. In 1871 no fewer than 122,132 pupils attended the mission schools; and these institutions are every year growing more popular, as is proved by the increase since 1861, when the attendance stood at 75,975. On the whole, it is felt that the missionaries have done wisely in taking up the gage of battle regarding their alleged want of results, and that they have proved their case in a quite unexpected manner."

From the annual report of the Baptist Mission in India, we learn that the number of secret inquirers and borderers in India is very much on the increase. The Rev. George Kerry writes of a kind of religious awakenings spreading all over Bengal, among both Hindoos and Mohammedans; while the Rev. R. Bion, of the Dacca Mission, avows his conviction, with regard to the wide region over which his journeys extend, that "the number of those who secretly believe in Christ is as great, if not greater, than the number of baptized believers in all our stations put together."

A BUGLE-NOTE.

AWAKE! awake!

There is a field where human spirits ache,
Where souls strip off their purity; 'tis there
A work is found angels might long to share;
Lay your weak hands on God's, and enter now,
The calm of faith-born courage on your brow.

Arise! arise!

And lay up starry treasure for the skies;
Upon the sullen and ungracious pour
Love's gentle balm-words; strew the world's great floor
With Christly deeds, and fill the Ear on high
With prayer's unwearying tones of melody.

Haste! haste! O, haste!

For "death is living," life fast runs to waste.
The slums, the gutters, and the high-ways teem
With those whom Jesus suffer'd to redeem;
Your brothers they, your sisters, own as such—
Much will they love, because forgiven much.

O! not alone

Go up to wear the crown, and claim the throne;
Win, win for Christ the weary, sin-opprest,
And heap up welcomes to your heav'nly rest.
O, full reward! if but one spirit wait
To greet you at the city's pearly gate.

Utt尊者.

S. J. H.

A S H A N T I.

FIRST PAPER.

ASHANTI seems likely to occupy the attention of the British public for some time to come; it may therefore be desirable to *rub up* our information as to that powerful African kingdom with



which we are, let us hope for but a little while, brought into relations far different from those which we, as a Church, have endeavoured to establish,—those of evangelistic aggression, and missionary, not military, occupation.

Kumasi, the capital, is situated rather more than one hundred and thirty miles from Cape-Coast Castle, as the crow flies; but by the forest path the distance is much more considerable. Kumasi has held the rank of metropolis for about one hundred and seventy years. At the beginning of the last century, Beka was the chief city: it lies sixty miles to the

south of Kumasi. The change was effected by King Osai Tutu, who was able to bring into the field a force of sixty thousand men. This monarch was a great conqueror, and largely extended the frontiers of his kingdom. In one battle with the King of Denkera, an ally of the Dutch, his army slew one hundred thousand of the enemy, at the loss of the half of its own number; one hundred and thirty thousand being left dead on the field. The king of Denkera fell: his skull and thigh-bone still decorate the war-drum of the royal guard of Ashanti.

Osai Tutu himself perished in a campaign against Akim, a tributary kingdom which had rebelled against his iron rule. He was slain by an ambuscade, in crossing the river Prah. This occurred about the year 1730.

His brother and successor, Osai Apoko, manifested equal vigour and capacity. He reigned from 1731 to 1742, and left the empire to another brother, Osai Aquasi. He was a mild and constitutional ruler, in contrast with the despotic character of his predecessors, yet showed himself not inferior to his elder brothers in military prowess, at the same time repelling an invasion by the formidable King of Dahomey, and repressing a combined revolt of the most powerful realms subject to his sway. But retaliating on Dahomey by an expedition with a view to the subjugation of that kingdom, he in turn suffered a fearful overthrow by the women-warriors of that great barbarian State. This alternate defeat on each other's territory, convinced the two powers that they were too nearly matched to allow the one to dominate the other. They have from that time to the present respected each other's frontiers. Osai Aquasi fell in battle with Banna, an insurgent tributary State, in 1752.

He was succeeded by his nephew, Osai Cudjoe. He, too, evinced an energy and ability quite equal to that of his father and his uncles, and surpassed them all in severity to the subject peoples who rebelled against his authority. After an active reign of twenty-nine years, he died, leaving the throne to Osai Quamina, his grandson, in 1781. This monarch was not unworthy of his redoubtable predecessors as a successful warrior, but having tolerated the religion of Mahomet in some of his subjects, a conspiracy was formed against him by his bigoted aristocracy, and he was dethroned in 1797; whereupon his brother, Osai Apoko II., ascended the throne. He died in 1799. To him succeeded his brother, Osai Tutu Quamina, a youth of seventeen years. He, too, displayed all the prowess, strength of character,

and political sagacity of his kingly race.

The slave-trade first brought the British Government into connection with this formidable barbarian power. The trading fortress of Cape-Coast Castle and smaller forts were built as military emporiums for the traffic in human beings, who were bought of the native chiefs to be sold to the West-Indian planters. Other articles of commerce, ivory, gold-dust, etc., were mere accompaniments of a trade in which the English showed themselves as genuine barbarians as the heathens, out of whose crimes and miseries they sought to make money. Against these "souls of men," our compatriots bartered rum, gunpowder, and firearms.

For leave to build and occupy the fortresses on the coast, especially for Cape-Coast Castle, the English paid a ground-rent to various tribes, the principal of whom were the Fantis, rivals and enemies of Ashanti. The English were simply the tenants of the native chiefs, who held documents from "The African Company of Merchants," admitting their proprietorship, and guaranteeing rent.

Our first collision with Ashanti occurred in 1807, when Colonel Torrane was governor of the Gold Coast. Some fugitives from the victorious arms of King Osai Tutu Quamina took refuge with the English at Anamaboi. Whereupon the king besieged the place, and although the barbarian army was again and again driven back with terrific loss, half of the refugees were at length surrendered to the vengeance of their enemies, and the other half sold as slaves by the English. Thus discreditable was our first encounter with Ashanti.

In 1817 an embassy was despatched to Kumasi with a present for the King by the African Company. This at first met with a cordial reception. But the King, having recently conquered our landlords, the Fantis, and having, amongst other spoil, secured the leases of our forts, demanded that the rent heretofore paid

by the Company to the Fantis, should be transferred to himself, who was now their master. This claim, after some demur, was conceded, and a treaty of peace and mutual friendship was concluded between the King on the one part, and the Company and the governor of the Gold Coast on the other, in September, 1817. The Fantis were placed by the terms of the treaty in the anomalous condition of dependents on Ashanti, under the quasi-protectorate of England.

The British Government sent out a consul to reside at Kumasi, before whose arrival, however, difficulties and misunderstandings had arisen between the King of Ashanti and the governor of the Gold Coast, in the course of which the savage sovereign appears to much greater advantage than the English governor, both as to dignity and good faith.

The consul, Mr. Dupuis, was nevertheless welcomed by the King of Ashanti; the old treaty was modified to the advantage of the native tribes under British protection, and the King agreed to admit Christian missionaries into his realm. He still further testified his desire for amicable relations with Great Britain, by sending an embassy with presents for the Prince Regent. But the governor, on his part, showed himself far inferior to the heathen monarch either in the mental or moral qualities of an administrator. He stolidly ignored the treaty, and threw effectual obstacles in the way of the embarkation of the ambassadors for England. The King, with admirable forbearance, put up quietly with these irritating and impolitic acts of the governor. Our consul at Kumasi promised to submit the whole affair to the Home Government. But after waiting in vain for some months for an answer from England, he in his turn disregarded the treaty which the governor had set at naught, assumed absolute authority over the conquered Fantis, and suspended all commercial relations with the Company. The British Parliament at length interfered, withdrew the charter of the African Company,

and made over to the Crown the settlements and forts. The Gold Coast was made a dependency of Sierra Leone. This occurred in 1821.

Sir Charles M'Carthy, the new governor, on arriving at Cape Coast, moved by compassion for the down-trodden Fantis, adopted a policy which inevitably precipitated a conflict with Ashanti. He excited the Fantis to revolt, affording them not only counsel and countenance, but also substantial military supplies. The King, as wary as he was warlike, made vast but secret preparations for energetic hostilities against his revolted tributaries and their English allies, awaiting a favourable opportunity for striking a decisive blow. He had not to wait very long. Governor M'Carthy, in ignorance of the strength and preparedness of his foe, and deceived by the pacific tone of the King, prematurely declared war. He suddenly crossed the Prah with a handful of soldiers, (about five hundred,) and a hastily - collected Fanti contingent, hoping by celerity of movement to take the enemy at disadvantage. Pushing on to Assamacow, he was suddenly confronted by twenty thousand warriors. His army was cut to pieces, and his head borne in triumph to Kumasi. This disastrous defeat occurred in January, 1824. One officer alone, Captain Williams, received his life and liberty in acknowledgment of the exceptional politeness he had shown to the ambassadors of Ashanti at Cape-Coast Castle, and was allowed to bear back to his fellow-countrymen the tidings of defeat. And the barbarous people were able to appreciate the virtues of the too eager English commander: to this day the humanity and heroism of M'Carthy are favourite themes with the bards of Fanti and Ashanti, and the name of *Karti* is proudly borne by many a heathen youth in Western Africa.

For two years the prudence, first of Major Chisholm, and then of Major Ricketts, protected the fort against the prowess of Ashanti, until, in 1826,

Colonel Purdon found himself in a position to drive the Ashantis once more across the Prah. But this success was accomplished with the assistance of the Danes, and by the terror inspired by a new military appliance, the Congreve rocket. The Home Government were so little satisfied with the state of affairs, that, in 1830, it was resolved to relinquish the Gold Coast, and accordingly a ship of war was despatched to bring home the English traders, troops, and Government officials; the poor Fantis being coolly abandoned to their fate.

But, happily, the African merchants, and the British public generally, showed themselves more sensitive either to the honour of England or to their own interests, to allow of this summary mode of escaping the consequences of past impolicy and unscrupulousness. A committee was constituted in London, which obtained authority to nominate a governor, and the sum of £4,000 a year was subscribed to aid in sustaining the English settlements on the Gold Coast. A competent governor was secured, George M'Lean, formerly Military Secretary at Cape Coast. The exhaustion of both the Ashantis and the Fantis by so many years of war came in aid of his administrative ability, and he succeeded in concluding a treaty with Ashanti, which has never yet been formally revoked. By this the independence of Fanti and several neighbouring States was secured, and the British Protectorate acknowledged and extended.

Two princes of the blood, a son and a nephew of the King, were given as hostages into the hands of the English. One of them, Osai Ansah, the King's nephew, lived at Cape Coast until last year, and has won golden opinions by his character and conduct. Since the beginning of the present conflict he has, by advice of the Home Government, removed to a less exposed residence.

During the thirteen years of M'Lean's governorship, 1830-1843, peace and friendship remained unbroken between Ashanti and the English. At the latter date, Parliament resumed its authority

over the Gold Coast, and M'Lean was superseded.

It was during the wise and active administration of M'Lean, that our missionary, Mr. Freeman, visited Ashanti, starting from Cape Coast on the 31st of January, 1839. He crossed the Prah on the 7th of February, and entered the Ashanti territory. He thus describes it: "The river, the largest I have yet seen in Africa, with the thickly-wooded banks, abounding in palm-trees and mimosæ, presented a beautifully picturesque and interesting scene. When the river is at its greatest height, its depth may be about thirty or forty feet, and its breadth about ninety yards." How different the object of the missionary transit in 1839, to that of the military transit in 1874! It behoves all true believers to pray that the present contest may be speedily brought to an end, and overruled to the conversion of this remarkable and, in some points, noble nation.

CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE MAORIS.

BY THE REV. T. BUDDLE.

(Continued from p. 60.)

RESULTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

WHAT did Christianity accomplish among the Maoris? Did the Gospel ever reach their hearts? Did it sustain its character as God's instrument in turning men "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God?" This is sometimes questioned, and we are told the New-Zealand Mission has been a failure. Let us see.

What does the Gospel propose to achieve? What should we expect in the way of results among such a people, were we now planning a Mission and calculating results?

We should expect it would uproot the old system, supplant heathenism, abolish old superstitions, end barbarous customs, civilize the tribes, improve their social condition, plant the institutions of

Christianity, and convert the people to Christ. If these results were obtained, should we say we had failed? I believe not. We should feel that success had crowned our efforts, that the Gospel had done its work. Then let us ascertain what the facts of the case have to say on the subject.

1. *As to the old system.* — Did not heathenism gradually retire? The Prince of darkness very reluctantly relinquished his subjects, but he was compelled to unloose his hold. The early years of mission toil appeared to be spent in vain, but the light gradually made its way, chasing before it the darkness of heathenism, and pulling down the strongholds of Satan's empire. The old gods were forsaken, being found to be false gods, and the tribes throughout the land worshipped Jehovah as their God. Not that the renunciation of heathenism and the profession of Christianity implied personal conversion from sin to holiness. In all heathen nations there is double conversion,—the first implying merely a renunciation of the old system, and a formal embracing of the new. This is the first, the preparatory step, that which places a heathen people within reach of Gospel truth and in circumstances to learn and feel its saving power. That which places them in exactly the same relation to Christianity as a vast majority of Englishmen occupy; it makes them Christian by name and profession. Such was the first result in New Zealand; the people forsook the gods of heathendom, and worshipped the God of the Bible.

2. *As to Native superstitions,* they lost their hold of the Native mind. The spell of Native tapu was broken. A chief was no longer a sacred person; he could go where others went, and sit where others sat, and eat and drink like other men, and mingle in general life without danger of violating his tapu, or offending his gods.

3. *The Priests lost their power;* their craft was soon in danger, and they often raised a great cry; they would often start objections, and propose curious

questions to throw discredit on Bible teaching. "You say your God created man," said one of these priests to me; "but your Bible does not tell how He did it; where did He begin, at the head or the foot? And your Bible says that He created the heavens before the earth; then He began at the top first, and this contradicts all my experience. I see the trees grow upwards; and I see men when they build a house begin at the foundation; nobody begins at the roof and builds downwards." But the people ceased to believe in them. And it was often a great triumph to see some of those hoary priests brought for baptism; to listen to their open renunciations of their former belief and practices, and their profession of faith in Christianity. I had the pleasure of baptizing Te Atua Whera, the fire god and ventriloquist of Hokianga, whose powers of ventriloquism gained him great influence among the people, and caused him to be greatly feared. He figured prominently in Heke's war in 1845.

Their belief in witchcraft was undermined by Gospel truth. They learned that there is a God Who governs all things; that sorcery had not so much to do with suffering as they had been taught to believe, though faith in the black art seemed to retain its hold with great tenacity even after Christianity was professed. But then it was so in our own favoured isles; in England and Ireland and Scotland. How many years is it since witches were burned? And in how many places in Christian England do people still believe in the craft? Can we wonder that it did not die out at once in New Zealand?

4. *As regards barbarous customs,* did not they die out as Christianity gained converts? Infanticide ceased. The Christian New-Zealand mother received her babe from God, pressed it to her bosom with a new affection, and in due time presented it for Christian baptism, and, at a proper age, sent it to the Mission School to be instructed in Gospel truths.

Cannibalism became obsolete; the Maori had become ashamed of it — nothing brought the blush to his cheek sooner than a reference to his former cannibal practices. But did they not return to it in the late war? no, not as a whole. The case of the murdered Volkner was shocking, and the conduct of Te Kooti is to be execrated; but we must not condemn a whole race for the acts of one or two individuals. Because there have been secret societies in Sheffield pursuing a regular system of murder, we do not say that Sheffield is a city of Thugs. Because there has arisen a society of Fenians that have sought their objects regardless of human life, we do not pronounce the Irish a race of murderers.

Let the same rule be applied to the Maori, and do not let the race be doomed for the acts of a party. Let the conduct of the loyal and the good be remembered; the conduct of the tribes who have fought our battles, and assisted us to quell rebellion. Read Mackay's Report on Sullivan's murder, where the Rev. W. Barton, a Wesleyan missionary, and his son Andrew and others, are spoken of as employing all their influence for good.

5. *The institutions of Christianity*: these were received and established in the land. The Bible was translated into the Maori tongue, a work of no ordinary magnitude. First the New Testament was translated by Bishop Williams, the pious and respected Bishop of Waiapu; then the Old Testament by Dr. Maunsell, an accomplished linguist and a faithful, earnest, laborious missionary. When the Doctor had accomplished a part of his work, all his translations and books of references were destroyed by fire, the Mission House at Waikato being burned down, and he had all his work to begin again. These translations were revised by a Committee, as required by the British and Foreign Bible Society, comprising members of the Church and Wesleyan Missionary Societies. The Bishop of Waiapu, Archdeacon Kissling, Dr. Maunsell, and Rev. L. Williams represented the one, and the Revs.

Hobbs, Reid, and Buddle the other. The work continued over three years, the Committee sitting five days a week during about three months in each year. The whole of that revised translation is now in print, published by the Bible Society. When the first edition of the New Testament was published, it was eagerly sought and diligently read. It was often surprising to find with what ease and evident pleasure large portions were quoted, and it was frequently puzzling to answer the questions asked on Biblical subjects. Old men and women learned to read the Word of God by dint of application, who would never have known letters at all but for the desire to read the Word of Life. Te Ruitoto, an old chieftainess of Waikato, embraced Christianity at a late period of life, and never rested till she could read the New Testament for herself; it was her constant companion day and night. She was a person of great influence, and in rank on equality with Potatau himself. Her word in former days was sufficient to stir the tribes to war, and send them forth to seek revenge on offending parties, but the lioness became a lamb. Though very old and feeble, she generally spent her Sabbaths on the Mission station, coming in the morning, dining at the Mission House, then taking her place in the Sabbath-school, and returning to her home in the evening.

6. *The land received its Sabbath*, and the Maoris had learned to value and honour the pearl of days. All days had been alike to them; now they rested, preparing their food on Saturday. They took no journey, but employed the day in worshipping God and reading His Word. Many a native village would have compared favourably with an English town as regards Sabbath observance, and many a Christian native paid far more regard to the sanctity of the Lord's day than many Pakeha Christians. When Christian natives saw the latter shooting, pig-hunting, travelling, trading on the Sabbath-day, they often inquired what was the religion, and who was the god of

these white men. A trader had engaged a party of Christian natives to carry some goods over to Kaipara. Sabbath came. The trader insisted on their pursuing the journey. They refused. "It is our Sabbath," they said, "we worship to-day." He insisted; they were firm. He proceeded alone. They followed on Monday, and delivered in safety their pikaus containing his property. He refused to pay them because they had delayed a day. They reasoned: "How could we travel on our Sabbath? We are Christians, and worship God." "What have I to do with your Christianity?" was his reply. "You have much to do with it," they said; "for it saves you from being plundered of all you have. But for our Christianity, we should not have parleyed with you a moment, but paid ourselves by taking your goods from you."

7. *Divine worship was established*, and few Maori villages were found without a church—a rude and simple building often, but a place where God's name was recorded, and where the people met to worship Him, not only on the Sabbath, but daily: the rising sun generally being followed by the bell for morning prayer, and the Evening Hymn, reading, and prayer closing the engagements of the day.

It was often deeply interesting to see an entire community assembling for Divine worship at the sound of the bell, that bell perhaps an old musket-barrel suspended from a tree, and struck with a stone or piece of iron. I have stood on the hill-side and with deep emotion watched the tribes go up to the House of God; I have listened to their orderly responses as the Liturgy was read, and I have preached to large and attentive congregations with great liberty and profit, while deep and solemn feeling has rested upon us, and not unfrequently the sob and tear indicated the presence of the Spirit of God at work in some hearts; some of the happiest Sabbaths of my life have been spent in Maori worship.

(To be concluded.)

OLD FOES, AN OLD FAITH, AND AN OLD FIGHT.

BY BISHOP M'TEIRRE.*

THE position of Methodism on worldly amusements is weakened in the public estimation by the false notion that such things were never condemned until the Methodists condemned them; that we were the first to declare them inconsistent with the Christian profession, and as warring against the soul. A great mistake. Ours is the position of the primitive Church. The fight to maintain it is an old fight, and we inherit it from the fathers and the martyrs. As we are of the faith and spirit of the early Church—in the true succession—we must take up and carry on this fight. If the Methodists fail, or are unfaithful, God will raise up another people to bear testimony. He will not leave Himself without a witness for the truth. Every standard Church-history that brings down the story from the first centuries, is clear on this point. The favourite sport of the cultivated Romans—statesmen and philosophers—were the gladiatorial shows and the combats of wild beasts. Neander says: "Who ever frequented them was, by the general principle of the Church, excluded from its communion." The primitive Church had two doors—one *in* and the other *out*, and they used the latter upon occasion.

"The same censures," says Neander, "extended to all the different public exhibitions of that period—[first, second, and third centuries]—to the pantomimes, the comedies and tragedies, the chariot and foot-races, and the various amusements of the circus and the theatre." (Vol. i., p. 263, "Church History.") Tertullian, who lived A.D. 200, wrote a treatise, "*De Spectaculis*," dissuading Christians from vain and worldly amusements, that were a snare and besetment of those times. So popular was it, that he tells us, "Many were known to be Christians simply from the fact that they absented themselves wholly from the theatre."

* From the "Sunday-School Magazine," Nashville, Tennessee.

What means the promise at baptism, to "renounce the vain pomp and glory of the world?" "Among the pomps which the Christians, when enrolled at their baptism into the service of God's kingdom, were obliged to renounce, these spectacles were particularly included."—*Neander*.

"The unholy spirit which ruled in these assemblies, the wild uproar of the congregated multitude, seemed unsuited to the holy seriousness of the Christian character. The Christians did, in truth, consider themselves as priests consecrated in their whole life to God—as temples of the Holy Spirit; everything, therefore, which was alien to this Spirit, for which they should always keep in readiness the dwelling of their hearts, must be avoided."—*Ibid*.

The old foes do not even wear new faces. The arguments of pagans and lax professors in that day, plying the more seriously disposed, and apologizing for indulging these pomps and vanities, were not unlike those we hear now. Take a specimen :

"Why should they withdraw themselves? Such *outward* pleasures, addressed to the eye and the ear, might be consistent with religion *in the heart*. God is not injured by man's enjoyment, which may be taken without sin, so long as the fear and reverence of God are in the heart."

The infidel, Celsus, patronizingly invites Christians to join in the festivals, in this style: "God is the common God of all—He is good, is a stranger to all jealousy. What, then, should hinder men, however much they may be devoted to Him, from participating in the sports of the people?"

Neander, who gives the history, adds this solid reflection: "Thus it is that the cold frivolity of a worldly mind, when it comes in contact with a character of deeper moral earnestness, commonly assumes the airs of the philosopher."

To these sophistries the fathers offer replies and expostulations. Answering the second plea, Tertullian says: "Though in Scripture there may be

found no express prohibition of theatrical exhibitions, yet it contains the general principles from which this prohibition follows of itself. All which is there said generally, against 'the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes,' must be applied to this particular kind of lust."

If merely attending, as a looker-on, at theatrical entertainments was considered wrong by the early Christians, much more did they reprobate the profession of an actor, dancing-master, and olympic gamester. They seemed to think that their "high calling" required self-denial and abstinence from something else besides crime, or gross immoralities. They saw a forbidden region in *worldliness*. There, at last, on that debated ground, is fought the battle between a vital and a nominal piety; there, spirituality insensibly shades off into formalism.

Men's pleasures are in the direction of their wishes. The reason yields to the will, easier than the will to the reason. If the soul-craving goes out after what is sensual, worldly, and vain, there will be found or made a way, even through the Scriptures. Such a heart-state will be apt to evade a specific command; how much more an inference of duty drawn from general principles? It is impossible even for the Bible to prohibit every sin by name which men can commit. But if those who are blinded by the god of this world, and bent on their pleasure, will not obey the letter of the law, what heed will they give to a rational deduction from the spirit of the law when it bears against their wishes?

Prohibitory law is useful and scriptural, but "the law of the Spirit of life" must be our main reliance.

The great remedy lies in the renewed heart. Where the principle of holiness is, this lust of worldly pleasure is abated or destroyed. The relish for spiritual things operates a disrelish for these carnalities. The soul, fully alive to God, cannot enjoy them; it loathes them; they are *felt* to be empty, unsatisfying, uncongenial. The whole philosophy and

theology of the case is found in Psalm iv. 6, 7: "There be many that say, Who will show us any good?" Sinners are beggars for something to kill time or to satisfy. And they are reduced to such a strait as not to be particular *who* shall cater to their taste, or what shall be offered—"any good." The prayer of the Psalmist is, "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us;" and he declares that the Lord had put more gladness in his heart than the wicked have ever known from an increase of carnal delights. This is the old and standard experience; and the pressure which Methodists are making, of late, upon the disciplinary barriers that fence and bar them off from vain and worldly amusements, is one of the clearest and saddest marks of a loss in the tone and depth of their spiritual life.

But, to the book. You see the theme is ancient. The Methodists did not start this protest and war that so troubles formal professors, and vexes sinners. These are old foes, and it is an old fight, and an old faith. We are carrying on the conflict which the Church of the first century begun. Strange, that some who profess great veneration for the fathers, and claim to be their true successors, leave us to bear the brunt of their battle, or to fight it out alone. Instead of helping us, they weaken our hands, and give aid and comfort to the enemy. They stand just over the line, beckoning to our recreant members to come over and take shelter.

We look to the women to furnish the *desideratum*—to mothers, wives, housekeepers. They who provide entertainments can solve this problem of social and religious life. Is our civilization at fault? Are we really so straitened in our resources that there is one only remedy for dulness?

As women do not generally affect authorship, we may have to take the benefit without the book. Neighbourhoods, select companies, Sunday-schools, may put the proposition in another form; if so, it may take. Let one of these smaller communities, convinced of the

necessity of redeeming social life from sinful abuse, give out a suitable premium upon this offer: To provide a sociable, where "our young people" can meet and have a pleasant time of it without dancing. Let one try it, and another, and another. Let them set their minds to it. Give "our young people" a plan, and publish it. Must "our young people," who are of tender conscience on their baptismal vows, be cut off from society? It seems to be coming to this.

During the last year of my pastorate, I spent an evening that lingers as a pleasant memory. The mistress of the house was a member of my Church—a pious, cultivated woman of society, and the mother of children. I was invited, and met a couple of young married friends, and a few young people, at the house by the ordinary supper hour. The clock struck twelve to the company's surprise! We got through without a dance, or cards, or anything of the sort. So delightfully did time glide away, we took no note of it. All was ended and sanctified by the Word of God and prayer.

Tell us how it was. No; for that lady may compete for the prize. She may tell it. Indeed, I doubt my ability, for thinking it over on the way home, I wondered why we could not have more such good times for "our young people." It occurred to me that none but a true woman could have arranged it so. Much that seemed to come up spontaneously had doubtless been a matter of her delicate pre-arrangement. The thing could be done—that was evident. Talking with an intelligent young wife, just beginning to keep house under favourable circumstances, I brought this matter to her attention and invoked her aid. Could she not stem the tide and do something for "our young people?" My friend, who is a person qualified by her fine culture and sterling qualities to lead and not be tamely led in society, admitted the want; but how to supply it, was the question. And she hinted, or I hinted—so it was, the hint got out—that our civilization was defective in its

resources at this point. Unless our fashionable beaux and belles are eating or dancing, they are at a loss what to do with themselves. Must it be acknowledged that stuffing, or shuffling to choric measures, is the inevitable alternative of "our young people?" My friend remarked that there was no difficulty in getting through an evening pleasantly and profitably in a German family, of average means and culture, without a shuffle—single or double. Music, art, poetry, narrative, recitation, song, and conversation with its endless topics. "Art," says a critic, "has a wide range if you bracket 'domestic' to it."

CHURCH-BUILDING IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DR. ANDERSON tells us about the warm "first love" of an island Church: "The laborious efforts of the native churches to procure convenient houses for worship, were illustrated at Kealakekua, another name for the Kaawaloa station. The house was built of stone, and, in the first place, every stone had to be carried by the church-members on their shoulders an eighth of a mile. The lime had then to be obtained by diving for the coral in from ten to twenty feet of water. After a piece had been detached, a rope was made fast to it, and the mass was drawn up and put into a canoe. Thus the limestone was procured. To reduce it to lime, a large amount of wood was needed, and every stick had to be brought one or two miles. This was done by the men. The women carried the lime a fourth of a mile in calabashes, in all, many scores of barrels, and afterward as much sand, and about an equal quantity of water. The posts and beams were brought by the men from the mountains, each timber requiring the joint efforts of from forty to sixty men. Their labour was all gratuitous. To pay the masons and carpenters, each man subscribed according to his ability, varying from one to ten dollars.

"At Kaneohe, on the Island of Oahoo, when the old grass meeting-house was no longer in a condition to be occupied, the members of the Church, which contained not more than seventy-five able-bodied males, erected a stone edifice, ninety-five feet in length, by forty-two in width.

"Among the means for building a stone meeting-house of considerable size on Molokai, was a subscription by the women of more than two hundred dollars, which they earned by making mats, though each earned no more than eight cents a week. The contributions from the men were chiefly the result of transporting fire-wood in canoes across the channel, twenty miles wide, to Lahaina, carrying seven sticks in a canoe, which sold for eight cents a stick. Timbers for the church had to be dragged ten miles by human strength."

SINGING.

We have to learn that one of the most powerful ways of preaching the Gospel is to sing it. No power can stand before Christian song. The time was when Mear and Antioch and Windham and Dundee stood with the strength of an archangel to marshal the troops of God; but for the last thirty years our churches have been going back in sacred music. We have been under a servitude to the artistic tastes of the world. In most of our churches, persons are delegated to do this service. With a whip of scorpions let the nuisance be scourged from the house of God; and, since no one can repent for us, and no one can die for us, let us sing out our sorrow over sin, and our triumphs over the last enemy, and our anticipation of glory. When you die for me, and open the gate of heaven to my departing soul, then I will let you do my singing. O sing, ye who are bought by Love Divine, and who are on the way to grandeur immortal—sing! While I stand here and argue about the things of eternity, you may argue back; and you may be more skilful in

your argument *against* religion than I am skilful in my argument *for* religion; but who could resist the holy influence when, last Sunday night, this audience, like the voice of many waters, lifted its unanimous song:—

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?"

—*Talmage.*

STAR-DUST.

A RICH MAN.—In Avery's Life of the late Rev. John Henley, it is recorded of the late Mr. Giles, of Holnicot, Somersetshire, that his house was situated near the estate of Sir Thomas Acland, Bart., and that in former days, having extensive business, he had been wont frequently to cash cheques, etc., for him. After his reverses, Sir Thomas kindly visited him, and when conversing with him on his late misfortunes, said to him good-humouredly,—“Well, Mr. Giles, I suppose you could not cash a cheque for me now, if I wanted it?” “No, Sir Thomas; I may almost claim fellowship with the Apostle in that respect, and say, ‘Silver and gold have I none.’” “Well,” responded the Baronet, “you must feel the change in your circumstances very painfully.” “No, indeed, Sir Thomas,” he replied; “I think I am

almost as rich as you are still.” Sir Thomas: “As rich as I am! What do you mean, Mr. Giles?” “Why, Sir Thomas, I have food to eat, clothes to wear, a house to cover me, a contented mind, and the love of God in my heart,—what have *you* more, Sir Thomas?” “Ah!” replied the Baronet, thoughtfully, “would I had as much!”

R. B.

PRAYER.

WHEN at night the stars are beaming,
And the busy world is dreaming,
And the moonbeams softly gleaming,
Lord, to Thee we pray!

When the sun to rest is sinking,
When the flowers dew are drinking,
'Tis the time for quiet thinking:
And we think of Thee.

When the lightning fierce is flashing,
When the thunder-cloud is crashing,
And the hail in fury dashing,
Lord, we look to Thee!

When the waves of life are roaring,
And the storm-clouds dark are low'ring,
Then the soul, its fear outpouring,
Turns to Thee for aid!

If thou giv'st it, nothing fearing,
O'er the waves right onward steering,
And our home of peace still nearing
Surely, though delayed.

H. S.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

WILLIAM PARROTT.

WILLIAM PARROTT was born at Water-side, Hadfield, near Manchester, on the 20th of October, 1844. In early life he gave evidence of the workings of the Holy Spirit, and being trained by pious parents, he had every opportunity of copying the example of true disciples of Christ. It is gratifying to know that in consequence he had a desire, at a very early period of life, to give his heart to God, and become a useful member in His Church. To assist him in his good resolves and determinations, William had an additional auxiliary in the ex-

ample and prayers of pious sisters, all of whom manifested an untiring devotedness to the service of the Master, and never seemed so happy as when enjoying fellowship with God, particularly when in company with others seeking the blessing of entire sanctification.

At the age of fourteen William gave his heart unreservedly to God, on the occasion of the Sunday-school anniversary, conducted by the Rev. Robert Jackson; and from that time until his release from this world, he gave unmistakable evidence that he was a child of God.

At the period of his conversion he was engaged as pupil-teacher in the Wesleyan day-school, Hadfield; and by strict integrity, disinterestedness, and love for the children under his care, he won for himself a large circle of friends. This was proved at the time of his departure to the Wesleyan Training College, Westminster, by his taking with him, as a token of esteem, a handsome writing-desk, and, what he valued still more, the fervent prayers and good wishes of his many friends.

In College he was distinguished by an upright walk and conversation; he was studious, obliging, and unimpeachable in his moral character, receiving, on his appointment to the Wesleyan School, Frosterley, Wolsingham, many strong and fervent testimonies to his Christian integrity and moral worth.

In this school he found great necessity for exertion, and in a manly spirit he faithfully discharged the onerous duties of master, and soon drew around him a numerous body of friends, both young and old, especially winning the admiration of the parents of the children. Whilst of course his chief energy was bestowed upon Day-school work, he found time to serve the Church also in the capacity of Superintendent of the Sunday-school, and here, too, was eminently successful.

He was a strong adherent of the Temperance cause, and mainly by his efforts a Band of Hope was established, and much good thereby accomplished. He was a great lover of music. Scores of happy hours have been enjoyed in his company by the friends of his youth and manhood in singing the songs of Zion.

William's devotedness to God, and his strong desire for full consecration to His service, were manifested not only by his consistent deportment and his love for all the ordinances of religion, but in his frequent letters to his family and friends; all full of earnest and, we have sometimes imagined, tearful inquiry into the spiritual welfare of his correspondents. His untiring, unselfish zeal for the

salvation of sinners will only be known at the last day.

The ceaseless activity of our dear brother in the various departments of useful labour, in spite of his bodily weakness, hastened, in the opinion of some of his friends, the termination of his earthly career. The danger of this was mentioned to him long before his death, when he replied, "I have a desire to wear out my life in striving to do good and honour God, rather than to let it rust out in idleness."

This is evidently what our departed friend and brother did, for even during the later months of his life it was with extreme difficulty he could be persuaded to cease from active labour and take a little temporary rest. In the early part of 1872 his health gave way, and for several weeks he was laid aside. Under the blessing of God on the watchful care of a loving wife, he rallied, and for a time returned to his duties in school; though weak in body, "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." There he laboured until the early part of January, 1873, when he suffered a more violent attack of his fatal disease.

Three weeks before his death, he said to a weeping sister, "I don't at all feel sorry for having done 'my little all' for God; on the contrary, (and as he spoke his eye kindled with holy enthusiasm,) if the Lord saw fit to spare me, I would cheerfully spend a thousand lives, if possible, in His service; I love Him so much." Although at times greatly depressed, doubtless thinking of his dear wife and children and loving sisters, yet his hope was ever bright and his prospect unclouded.

On his last earthly Sabbath he was heard to pray, "Lord save souls! Save them by scores, by hundreds!" And on the day before his death, to a friend inquiring what was the foundation of his hope, he replied,—

"This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died."

As death evidently drew very near, William still maintained a calm and holy

state of mind, and with his last breath, after having bade adieu to his sorrowing loved ones, he was heard to exclaim, "I'll praise, I'll praise!" and when the friends around his bed repeated that beautiful verse commencing,—

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;" etc.,
his sparkling eye and eager gesture showed that such was the language to

which he desired to give utterance with his expiring breath; and then his happy spirit took its flight to join the loved ones gone before.

Thus died, in peace, on the 28th of January, 1873, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, a loving husband, a tender father, a devoted brother and son, an affectionate friend, and, better than all, a loving and earnest disciple of Christ.

Hull.

J. D. GUTTERIDGE.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

The Life of Thomas Vasey. By his Widow. London: Elliot Stock. 1874. —A loving hand, that wrought through much suffering and great weakness, held the pen which wrote these pages. This fact disarms adverse criticism, and will also account for a somewhat novel leading feature in the construction of the book, which we consider objectionable. A large number of separate testimonies and narrations are given in full, as sent by the writers. They appear as so many testimonials to the excellence of Mr. Vasey. We needed no such testimonials. Many of them are like so many candles held up to show the sun. Doubtless had the biographer possessed the necessary physical strength, these separate contributions would have been wrought into the body of the work, and the repetitions in the descriptions of his character, and occasional chronological confusions, would have been avoided.

This is not a great book, but it is a good one; and we thank God for it as an additional contribution of much value to the already rich store of Methodist Biography. We thank the writer of this volume, that by her pleasant toil in pain and sorrow, she has rescued the memory of Thomas Vasey's character and life from the oblivion to which that of many other great and good men is consigned, who deserved better of their kindred and the Church of God. The narrative is written with simplicity and frankness,

always carries out his spirit and purpose, and is life-like in all its features. We admire the jealous care with which his opinions on Methodist affairs in 1849, and on national education at the present time, are given. The book is as honest and outspoken as was the man. The writer evidently feels she has a noble character to sketch, one the better known on all sides the more beloved, so her readers see him on all sides, private and public, his inner and his outer life. They are brought into close sympathy with him, and as they consider him, are alternately humbled and stimulated by the example of intellectual vigour, extensive reading, thorough culture, noble self-sacrifice, intense white-heat earnestness, abundant labour, high spiritual life, and the triumphs of the truth and Spirit of God which they behold. The book says of him what it ought to say, and will kindle a flame in the hearts of the thousands of our Methodist family who will read it, and for whom it is specially designed. There is power in modern Methodism whilst such lives as Thomas Collins, Francis A. West, Peter McOwan, Thomas Jackson, and Thomas Vasey are contemporaneous, and a succession of records such as theirs appears within the space of a few years.

Thomas Vasey was seventeen years of age when, after six weeks of seeking, he found mercy,—seeking so earnest, that one night he pleaded for pardon until he fainted, and at midnight had to be assisted to bed,

When he obtained mercy, his soul was overpowered by the contemplation of the glories of heaven, and was filled with love and joy, and peace through believing. The next night he joined a Class. His first care was to avoid all conventional phraseology, all utterances not expressing the real state of his own spiritual life. This care is very commonly felt by the well-instructed young Christian, and hence it has been found after a careful inquiry, that those persons whose Christian life has shown the greatest simplicity and naturalness, are of the number who were early led to enjoy the privileges of Christian fellowship in a Methodist Class-meeting. Before entering the ministry, he had an experience of business life, which not only disclosed special business capacity in him, but he ever after reckoned as a valuable qualification for usefulness, that he had much sympathy with business men, and a knowledge of their peculiar trials. Such knowledge is a very important part of God's college course for the man who must afterwards be a pastor among business people.

God gave to Thomas Vasey great success in winning souls. What were the secrets of that success? 1. His close walk with God. He freely stated that he had left "the first principles of the doctrine of Christ." 2. He was unhappy unless he saw fruit of his labours. This unhappiness was not always reasonable, sometimes it led him to undervalue other modes of working which are quite as necessary to the edification of the Church as his own, and sometimes to a despondency which bordered on waywardness or unbelief. It led him to do and dare anything rather than not succeed in saving men. O! blessed passion! May God give it to more of us. 3. He believed in the Holy Ghost, and showed the deepest concern that all should pray, "Lord, send the Holy Ghost." 4. He had very definite and strong convictions of the reality and eternity of future punishment, so that a reference to it often moved him to tears. At one time he tried to find a

"loophole of escape from the fearful certainty of everlasting damnation. As he became more fully convinced of the truth of this awful doctrine, he rolled on the study floor in the agony of his soul." An admirable sermon on this subject is given in this volume. 5. He was a tremendous worker. The wonder is that he lived so long, that he did not sooner wear out his body by excessive toil,—e.g., four out-door services and one in-door on a week-day; Revival services conducted single-handed for a fortnight. At the same period of his ministry he often sat up until two or three o'clock in the morning, with a wet cloth round his head, toiling at official work. 6. His preaching was faithful, original, and full of the marrow of Gospel truth. There was "plenty of edge," (to use his own words,) and plenty of "strength at the back." His preaching was like a keen-edged sword wielded by a strong arm. 7. He was a man of prayer. He kept a list of persons in his Circuit, and brought them stately, one by one, before the Lord; among these he had a special list of the unconverted. He attributed much of his weakness and pain to the suffering he had gone through in travailing for souls. The list of topics for prayer (page 253) which he drew up at Harrogate should be carefully considered; it would be well if they were adopted by his ministerial brethren.

Behind the vigorous maintenance of his opinions, the scathing denunciations of all evil and meanness, the intense earnestness in Christian work, there was a boyish love of fun and unusual tenderness of affection. The illustrations of his love as a husband given in this book are very beautiful. He loved all children, but was devotedly attached to his own. See him carrying his six-months' old daughter, a journey of two hundred and fifty miles alone, rather than return to his London home without either wife or child. See him in dressing-gown, on all-fours, giving each child a ride in turn round the room. See him engaged in mimic warfare in the

nursery. Year by year no child of the household could have looked forward to the Christmas-tree with more joyous interest than he did.

There was a vein of humour pervading his thought and speech which cropped up in many an utterance during his days of weakness. Of death he writes, "I feel liable to be collared any time by the great monster, and called upon to surrender at discretion." In some of his last words to his wife, speaking of her following him to heaven, "I will come with Sissy (his daughter in heaven) to the station to meet you." To his son he said, "If permitted, I'll peep in at the laboratory sometimes. I'll give you a lift if I can."

He felt until the closing months of his life a want of repose; there was power and joy and zeal, but not "perfect

peace." He seemed to live at high-pressure, like a train at express pace dashing by the points, more swift than safe. In the music of his life there wanted an andante movement, the passages were all rapid. The close, however, was rich in peace and holy joy. To one he said, "My Master has been, and He stood before me; bade me come to Him; opened His arms. I went straight to Him; He put His arms round me, and then pressed me to His heart! O, it was fine! Glory be to God! I am unspeakably happy!"

We hope this book will have a large circulation; it is full of interest, and must do much good wherever read. The writer may confidently reckon that this her work will make her a helpmeet in the attainment of his wish to save souls by his death.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR MARCH, 1874.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.
1874.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
March 2	6 44	5 42	7 28a	5 46a	8 53a	7 3a	5 43m
12	6 21	5 59	7 10	6 17	8 57	6 17	5 6
22	5 59	6 16	Rises. 5 33m	6 49	9 0	6 9m	4 29
April 1	5 36	6 33	5 1	7 21	9 2	5 27	3 52

PHASES OF THE MOON.

3rd, Full Moon 5h. 21m. morn. | 18th, New Moon..... 5h. 2m. morn.
11th, Last Quarter 9h. 34m. morn. | 24th, First Quarter ..10h. 31m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 5th 8h. morn., Apogee; distance 252,367 miles.
" 18th noon, Perigee; " 221,874 "
Mean distance for the month 237,121 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 1st 90,889,730 miles.
April 1st 91,673,060 "
Increase of distance for the month..... 783,330 "

The Sun crosses the equator from south to north on the 20th, at seven o'clock in the evening, and the Spring Quarter commences.

Mercury sets toward the beginning of the month an hour and three-quarters after the Sun, and may be seen with the naked eye in the evening twilight, near

the horizon, and nearly due west. Its diameter is then seven seconds. On the 2nd, at two o'clock in the afternoon, it attains its greatest elongation, eighteen degrees eastward. The form will then be a semicircle. On the 9th, at four o'clock in the morning, it will be stationary: the apparent motion then changes from direct to retrograde. At two o'clock on the morning of the next day it attains its greatest distance northward from the plane of the Earth's orbit, seven degrees, as seen from the Sun. On the 19th, at two o'clock in the morning, it will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun. Its heliocentric latitude is then five degrees, so that, if visible, it would appear to us above the Sun's disc. It will be stationary a second time this month, on the 31st, at one o'clock in the afternoon, after which the apparent motion will again be direct.

Venus, though it sets after the Sun, is too near to be visible to the naked eye. Seen with a telescope, it is almost exactly round, with a disc ten seconds in diameter. On the 2nd, at eight o'clock in the morning, it will be at its greatest distance, southward, from the plane of the Earth's orbit, three degrees twenty-four minutes, as seen from the Sun. On the afternoon of the 18th it will be near the Moon. On the morning of the same day it passes from the south to the north of the equator.

Mars is the evening star for the month, for Mercury can only be seen for the first few days. Its form is very nearly round, with a diameter of only five seconds. On the morning of the 5th it will be so close to a sixth magnitude star in Pisces, that the latter would look like a satellite to the planet; unfortunately it will then be below our horizon. On the 20th, at seven o'clock in the morning, it will be in ascending node, and very close to the Moon. From every point in the northern hemisphere, except very near the equator, the planet would be seen to the north of the Moon's disc; to the greater part of the southern hemisphere it will be occulted.

Jupiter will be in opposition to the Sun on the 17th. On the 19th it will be on the meridian at mean midnight, at an altitude of forty-one degrees. It is in Virgo, not far from *Beta* in that constellation. On the 4th it will be near the Moon, and again on the 31st. The apparent diameter is forty-five seconds. The first satellite will disappear in the shadow of the planet on the 1st, at 1h. 31m. 42s. morn; 2nd, at 8h. 0m. 3s. after; 8th, at 3h. 25m. 13s. morn.; 9th, at 9h. 53m. 36s. after.; 15th, at 5h. 18m. 51s.: a re-appearance from the shadow may be witnessed on the 24th, at 3h. 52m. 35s. morn.; and 25th, at 10h. 21m. 3s. after. A disappearance of the second will be visible on the 9th, at 8h. 13m. 42s. after.; and on the 16th, at 10h. 50m. 19s. after.: the third will disappear on the 7th, at 10h. 24m. 23s. after.; 9th, at 8h. 13m. 42s. after.; and 15th, at 2h. 22m. 39s. morn. No eclipse of the fourth will be visible to us during the month.

Saturn is a morning star, but can only be seen toward the end of the month. On the morning of the 15th it will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon. The extreme length of the rings is now thirty-five seconds, the breadth ten seconds, the diameter of the ball fifteen seconds, so that the ball now projects considerably beyond the ring.

Uranus will be on the meridian on the 1st at ten o'clock, on the 16th at nine o'clock, and on the 31st at eight o'clock in the evening; altitude fifty-eight degrees. It is slowly retrograding.

Neptune is getting near the Sun.

The Moon will be near Regulus on the evening of the 1st, near Spica on the morning of the 6th, near *Alpha* Librae on the morning of the 8th, near Antares on the morning of the 10th, not far from the Pleiades on the 21st, in the neighbourhood of Aldebaran on the 22nd, near Pollux on the 25th, and near Regulus a second time on the morning of the 29th.



HUGH MILLER.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

PALACES and triumphal arches, historic towers and lines of statuary, are not needed to make a place famous. The builders of the Pyramids could not have done so much to distinguish Elstow as John Bunyan has done. A Roman Coliseum would not have honoured Woolsthorpe so much as it has been honoured by the name

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of Isaac Newton. Kilmany is only a country parish, yet it has more than Arcadian charms for all who revere the memory of Thomas Chalmers. Cromarty is but an insignificant town in the north of Scotland, yet it is great in the annals of science and literature as the birthplace and, for several years, the home of HUGH MILLER. Its unpretending street and stone-built dwellings have on them the unfading glow of a geology garmented in poetry and instinct with the spirit of religion. Many villages can boast of architectural ornaments surpassing those of this once royal burgh, but it is encompassed by features of natural grandeur, which could not fail to be important elements in the education of a boy of romantic and imaginative tendencies. It stands on a strip of ground between a hill beautifully variegated with gardens, fields, and woods; and a bay which ere the days of maritime discovery was regarded as one of the finest in the world. "Viewed from the Moray Firth on a clear morning," writes Hugh Miller, "the entrance of the bay presents one of the most pleasing scenes I have ever seen. The foreground is occupied by a gigantic wall of brown precipices, beetling for many miles over the edge of the Firth, and crested by dark thickets of furze and pine. A multitude of shapeless crags lie scattered along the base, and we hear the noise of the waves breaking against them, and see the reflected gleam of the foam flashing at intervals into the darker recesses of the rock. The waters of the bay find entrance through a natural postern scooped out of the middle of this immense wall. The huge projections of cliff on either hand, with their alternate masses of light and shadow, remind us of the out-jets and buttresses of an ancient fortress; and the two Sutors towering over the opening, of turrets built to command a gateway. The scenery within is of a softer and more gentle character. We see hanging woods, sloping promontories; a little, quiet town; and an undulating line of blue mountains, swelling as they retire into a bolder outline and a loftier altitude, until they terminate, some twenty miles away, in the snow-streaked, cloud-capped Ben Nevis."

The "little, quiet town" appearing in the distance like a few irregular lines on the margin of the panorama, was the scene of Hugh Miller's first joys and sorrows. He was just waking to the pleasures of boyish life, when his father, "a patient, hardy man, of thoughtful brow," having left his home with kind farewells and hope of speedy return, steered the sloop of which he was owner along the channel between the Sutors and out into the Moray Firth, but was never again seen in Cromarty. The vessel foundered in a tremendous storm, but Hugh often gazed wistfully over the waters in hope of seeing it return.

"Alone he climb'd the grassy steep,
And waited for his father's sail,

But vainly stay'd till from the deep
 The sun-set trail
 Had faded, and the evening star
 Gleam'd like a silvern shield beheld afar.

"The seaman never would come back
 For greeting in his own dear town,
 The tempest shriek'd along his track,
 And he went down
 The depth which hath no upward stair,
 And ocean-flowers were tangled in his hair.

"The boy was fatherless, and felt
 His mother's tears fall on his face;
 But grief smote faintlier, and he dwelt
 Amid the grace
 Of fairy sisterhoods, which bore
 The antique symbols of romantic lore.

"He dreamt of ancestors who smote
 The haughty galleons of Spain,
 And saw the lion-banner float
 O'er that blue main
 On which, in pomp of starry lines,
 The Southern Cross augustly, calmly shines.

"And Scotland, with its haunted roods
 Of vale, and crag, was all his own,
 And in the unpathed birchen woods,
 In sea-caves lone,
 And where high snow-crowns glimmer cold,
 For him were legends of old days unroll'd.

"What wealth for him beneath the arch
 With cloud-wrought imagery inlay'd,
 What joyance in the year's swift march,
 Its light and shade,
 Its silvern frost-work, and its flowers,
 Impurpled hills, and sun-illuminated showers!

"The school-house with its seaward door
 And roof of thatch, his haunt became;
 But what to him the master's lore,
 Or scholar's fame;
 Too careless of his tasks to reach
 Beyond the glories of his native speech?

"With wild companions he would roam
 From ledge to ledge through idle days,
 Or light the wave-hewn cavern's dome
 With ruddy blaze
 Of fires high-heap'd with broken spars
 Wash'd from torn keels on rocks and foamy lars.

"And thus he grew high-hearted, free,
 The gleam of genius in his eyes,
 Skill'd in the ancient poesy
 Of changeful skies,

And his own Firth and Sutors, yet
Disdaining rule as untamed horse the bit.

“ And who could see the boy’s heart swell
With scorn of bonds, and bard-like love
Of lovely things, and not foretell
That he would prove
To Cromarty a larger shame,
Or sphere it in the zodiac of fame ? ”

The Cromarty school-house did far less for Hugh Miller than the adjacent cliffs, the bold promontories, and the sands of the beach. To quote the words of Sir David Brewster : “ The fetters of a gymnasium are not easily worn by the adventurous youth who has sought and found his pleasures among the hills and on the waters. They chafe the young and active limb that has grown vigorous under the blue sky, and never known repose but at midnight. The young philosopher of Cromarty was a member of this restless community ; and he had been the hero of adventures and accidents among rocks and woods which are still remembered in his native town. The parish school was not, therefore, the scene of his enjoyments ; and, while he was a truant and, with reverence be it spoken, a dunce, while under its jurisdiction, he was busy in the fields and on the sea-shore in collecting those stores of knowledge which he was born to dispense among his fellow men. He escaped, however, from school with the knowledge of reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, and with the credit of uniting a great memory with a little scholarship. Unlike his illustrious predecessor, Cuvier, he had studied natural history in the fields and among the mountains ere he had sought for it in books ; while the French philosopher had become a learned naturalist before he had even looked on the world of nature. This singular contrast it is not difficult to explain. With a sickly constitution and a delicate frame, the youthful Cuvier wanted that physical activity which the observation of Nature demands. Our Scottish geologist, on the contrary, in vigorous health, and with an iron frame, rushed to the rocks and the sea-shore in search of the instruction which was not provided for him at school, and which he could find no books to supply.”

But in Cromarty Hugh Miller gained a higher knowledge than had been afforded by the sea-beach, and the old sea-levels, the woods and the quarries,—the knowledge of Christ by faith. From boyhood he had been familiar with the doctrines of the Scotch Church as taught in catechetical exercises, but they had not quickened his soul to spiritual life. They were in his mind, but they lay there dead and cold as the ichthyolites which he struck out of the rocks. He knew the creed only as an ancient petrification ; and so slightly did it influence him, that at times he went to the verge of scepticism. He was never an infidel, yet was not without intellectual tendencies

to unbelief. Happily for himself and the world, he was at length drawn to the Saviour. After wandering as a journeyman mason in different parts of Scotland, he returned to Cromarty; and, partly by the evangelical ministry under which he sat, and the faithful and tender expostulations of a converted friend, he was induced to feel his way toward the living Person of the Redeemer. The movement was slow and quiet, but it issued in abiding rest and peace for his heart. His conversion was not like a sudden storm hurling impetuous waves against the Sutors, but rather like a beautiful morning widening in calm light over the waters of his native bay.

“ In Cromarty he saw the hallow'd light
 With which Beersheba's terebinths were bright;
 The light which shone about the sleeper's head
 When on the radiant stair great angels sped,
 And later lit the awed Chaldaean stream
 With more than sun-fire's keen concentr'd beam,
 And hovering cloud-wise o'er the Syrian path,
 Calm'd with its sudden flash the Tarsian's wrath:
 He saw the light, not fierce as storm-shafts are,
 But mild and gracious as the Advent-star;
 And from its central flame heard accents high,
 ‘ Be Mine for ever,’ and made glad reply,
 ‘ I will be Thine, O Christ, in life and death,
 Thy servant; nor will be of Nazareth,
 Or that dark penal ground Golgotha named,
 Or of the thorns, the spikes, the spear, ashamed;
 But with hand clench'd about Thy banner-staff,
 And on my heart Thy love's large autograph,
 Will laud Thee as my King, and boldly draw
 Sword flame-like, yet balm-dripping for Thy law.’
 The doubts that long had hung about his soul,
 Like clouds that on sublime Ben Nevis roll,
 All vanish'd, and he went his joyful way
 Illumed by glories of a broadening day;
 His life majestic as in olden years
 The statue striding o'er the Rhodian piers.

Not his a barren, ineffectual creed,
 The soulless writing of a Rabbi's reed;
 Not cold as is the legend or device
 Scratch'd on a pinnacle of Alpine ice;
 Not hard to spell as hieroglyphic lines
 On Misraim's painted palaces and shrines,—
 But fair and gracious as the arch whose span
 Glows through its sevenfold light with hope for man;
 And life-enkindling as the genial sphere
 Which fills with fruit the green lap of the year.”

Not only has Hugh Miller by his own fame made Cromarty a bright spot on the map of Scotland, but has redeemed from comparative obscurity the names of worthy men connected with the town. One of those whom by a few strokes of his pen he has brought into wide

renown may be mentioned. For some years he enjoyed the ministry and the friendship of a man whom he regarded as near to Chalmers in the impartation of theological truth, and to Guthrie in power of eloquence and illustration. This was Alexander Stewart, the parish minister. He was settled at Cromarty in 1824, and worthily exemplified the qualities of the better class of Scottish clergymen. His heart was free from the withering blight of the easy churchmanship known as Moderatism. Christianity was not with him, as with Dr. Robertson and Carlyle of Inveresk, simply a scheme of morality a little higher than the morality of the ancient heathen; but a force to permeate the world with holy and joyous life. He was evangelical, earnest, devout; and identified himself with the Free Church at the time of the Disruption. Urged by admiring friends, he accepted a call to Edinburgh, but he had been too long accustomed to the primitive life of Cromarty to be able to adapt himself to the rush and turmoil of a great city. After he had consented to remove to Edinburgh, a friend met him, and noticing his downcast appearance, said to him, "You look as if you were carrying a mountain on your back." "No," he replied, "I am not carrying a mountain; but I am carrying my gravestone on my back." Soon after he had an attack of fever, and died in the fifty-third year of his age.

While in Cromarty, there was, perhaps, no one with whom he was so intimate as Hugh Miller. When the stone-cutter was busy with epitaphs and mortuary devices, the minister would stroll to him, to find in congenial talk a relief from the toils of the study: and in the evening, while the setting sun burnished the cliffs and sent shafts of golden light through the openings in the woods, they walked together on the beach or the hill-side; the one rolling out his treasures of theological lore, the other welding the links in a chain of geological reasoning, or expatiating on the significance of a newly-found fossil. On the Sabbath, while the minister was in the pulpit, Miller was in the pew, with shaggy head bent towards the floor, and face inexpressive as that of a Red Indian, yet weighing every word of the sermon. Some of the preacher's illustrations were indelibly graven on his mind. On one occasion Mr. Stewart was bringing out the thought, that the more men acquaint themselves with the truths of revelation, the more they will be convinced of their vastness and profundity; and thus went on in parable-like strain: "A child bred up in the interior of the country has been brought for the first time to the sea-shore, and carried out into one of the noble firths that indent so deeply our line of coast. And on his return, he describes to his father, with all a child's eagerness, the wonderful expansiveness of the *ocean* which he had seen. He went out, he tells him, far amid the great waves and the rushing tides, until at length the hills seemed diminished into mere hummocks, and the wide land itself appeared

along the waters but as a slim strip of blue. And then, when in mid-sea, the sailors heaved the lead; and it went down, and down, and down, and the long line slipped away, coil after coil, till, ere the plummet rested on the ooze below, all was well-nigh expended. And was it not the great sea, asks the boy, that was so vastly broad and so profoundly deep? 'Ah! my child,' exclaims the father, 'you have not seen aught of its greatness; you have sailed merely over one of its little arms. Had it been into the wide ocean that the seamen had carried you, you would have seen no shore, and found no bottom.' "

Hugh Miller's genius and virtues are honoured by a monument in his native town, but his is more than a local reputation:—

"The fame which dawn'd in Cromarty
Has widen'd over land and sea,
And Miller shines on high
Like great Orion when he sweeps
Along the blue mysterious deeps
Of his resplendent sky.

"The sons of labour proudly claim
The light of his unsullied name,
And praise the toiling hand,
Which, though with many a rough stone scarr'd,
Threw fragrance as of costliest nard
Wide o'er his native land.

"A group of muse-encrown'd men,
Great masters of the golden pen,
His lofty powers discuss,
And own him of the brotherhood,
Of glorious front and fiery blood,
Which makes time luminous.

"And Science bends her shining head
Above his deep sepulchral bed,
And weeps innumerable tears;
Still mourning that, to raise her state,
He took so largely from the date
And triumph of his years.

"Religion, with the upward look,
And hand laid on the Holy Book,
Attests his godly worth,
And ranks him with the lofty ones
Whose words and deeds are benisons
To light the dim, sad earth."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WESLEYAN MINISTER'S WIFE.

No. IV.

SOME years since our lot was cast in the metropolis. The chapel with which we were associated stood in one of the East-end thoroughfares.	A Sunday-school was connected with it. The Bible-class was attended by intelligent and respectable young persons, whom we hoped to train as
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efficient teachers. Of this interesting class I had the charge. Our place of meeting was a large vestry, and there we spent many happy and, I trust, profitable Sunday afternoons. In a letter lately received from one of the class, the writer says, "It was in that room, during one of our Bible-lessons, I resolved to begin to seek Jesus, and I at once joined a Society-Class."

One Sabbath afternoon two of my pupils entered the vestry, accompanied by a tall, showily-dressed girl who was a stranger to us all. I afterwards found she had addressed the other two as they were coming in, asking why such grown-up girls as they were came to the Sunday-school? They told her it was a very pleasant way of spending the afternoon, and invited her to accompany them, an offer which, to their surprise, she at once accepted, saying,—

"I should catch it if mother knew where I was going."

When we were ready to commence reading, and the Bibles were handed round, she took one, looked into it, and said,—

"I'm no scholar, have we all got to read this?"

She was told she need not do so unless she liked, but that she could listen to the others. Not at all bashful, she preferred making the attempt to get through her verses, which she managed by repeating every letter.

Free as was her manner, and showy as was her appearance, there was something about the wondering expression of her countenance which at once excited my interest, and not knowing that I might have another opportunity of setting the truth before her, I chose for our afternoon lesson the parable of the wheat and

the tares. It was my custom, after explaining the portion of Scripture read, to elicit as many remarks and questions as I could from the young people themselves. Fanny G— (the stranger) appeared deeply interested. She asked questions without the least reserve, and caused more than one to smile at her extreme ignorance, and to wonder at her simplicity, especially when she inquired, "What right has God to send us to hell fire if we have done the best we can?" After a few serious remarks, for it was a solemn subject, Fanny's manner underwent a change; she seemed quiet and thoughtful, evidently pondering what was new to her. I was greatly pleased when she heartily responded to my invitation to come again next Sunday.

She came according to promise, and for several successive Sabbaths there was not a more attentive or interested member of the class than Fanny G—. One day as she entered the room, she offered me some sweets, saying, "I bought these on purpose for you, because you had such a sore-throat last Sunday."

"You did not buy them to-day, I hope, Fanny?"

She coloured deeply, but as if anxious to excuse what her conscience told her was wrong, said,—

"Why, where can be the harm of it? Down our street there is not a single shop shut, I'll answer for it."

Where "down our street" was, I had tried in vain to find out, and had even attempted to follow her home for that purpose. Thinking it an opportunity for giving a lesson on the institution and claims of the Sabbath, we took the fourth commandment for our subject. The poor girl could not repress her astonishment as we tried to explain

the sin of Sabbath breaking; and when we turned to Numbers xv. 32—36, and read of the man who was stoned to death for gathering sticks on the holy Sabbath, she exclaimed,

“Well, that was no worse than buying sweets, and I’ve done it scores of times, but *I’ll never do it again.*”

That day I kept her for a few minutes after the others had left, to give her a Bible, and speak pointedly to her about the salvation of her soul. Again I asked her of her parents and place of abode.

“Teacher,” she replied, “they are awfully bad; if you were to see where I live, you wouldn’t let me come here any more, and shouldn’t I be sorry not to come! Why, I think about it all the week.”

The following Sunday, owing to domestic illness, I was obliged to procure a substitute for my class. I recommended Fanny particularly to her notice, and felt glad to hear she had been present, and had much interested her teacher. The next week I was still kept at home, and found on inquiry, Fanny had not made her usual appearance, nor was she present on the following Sunday. During the week, late one evening, a rough-looking man came to our house, and asked if the lady who knew Fanny G— was at home. From him I learned that Fanny was very ill, scarcely expected to live; that during most of her time she was delirious, and it was from her utterances in delirium that those around her learned for the first time that she had been to a Sunday-school. The man also stated that the poor girl was constantly begging Mrs. W— would come to her, and having discovered who she meant, he had come out of kindness to ask me to go and see her. He told me he

was a lodger in the house where the G—’s lived; that the parents were recklessly wicked, and of violent temper, but fond of their daughter, and proud of her too. On inquiring the address, the man offered to call for me any hour next day, and accompany me, as he feared I should never find my way. The next morning, at the appointed time, I followed my guide to the poor girl’s dwelling. Without him, I certainly should never have reached it. Turning down one street, and up another, of that low, wretched character which makes one sad to tread them, sounds the most horrid, scenes the most disgusting meeting you at every turn, we reached the open door of what was evidently a lodging-house. I afterwards found Mr. and Mrs. G— were the proprietors. The man led me to a back-room, and saying in an under-tone, “I will wait for you outside, to see you safe home; don’t tell them who brought you,” he left me.

In answer to a tap at the door, a man’s voice shouted, “Come in, can’t you?” It required some little courage on my part to do so, but the desire to see Fanny was strong, so I entered. The room bore no marks of poverty. By the side of a large fire sat a man with bloodshot eyes and repellent appearance. Opposite him was a woman who had evidently been weeping; she was dressed in a faded silk-gown of fashionable make; jewellery of a trashy kind adorned her neck, ears, and wrists. The poor girl’s dress and bonnet I recognised hanging on a peg, and this assured me that she who lay on the bed apparently sleeping was my poor Sunday-scholar. Both the father and mother (for such I found they were) stared at me, and inquired what I wanted.

"I heard you had a daughter very ill, and came to see if I could do anything for her."

The mother burst into tears as she said,—

"'Tis no use, the doctor says she's sinking fast; she don't even know her father and me; we that have been so fond of her."

She rose, and stood with me by the bed. Surprised that the loud tone of grief in which she spoke did not arouse the girl, I said,—

"She seems to be sleeping soundly; she is not disturbed by your voice."

"O, she's gone deaf; we can't make her hear nothing; I wish she could say 'Good-bye' to her poor mother."

And she buried her face in the pillow. The movement aroused the sleeper; she turned, opened her eyes, looked at me for a second; a smile of recognition passed over her countenance.

"O, teacher, I'm so glad!"

Then in incoherent sentences she exclaimed,—

"I'm coming to school next Sunday. I've been ill. I didn't mean to do wrong, God Almighty knows I didn't! 'twas father made me, wasn't it, mother? I'll bring it next Sunday. You won't look at it. Don't tell teacher, she'll be so sorry. Teacher, come, come and tell me if I'm going to die! Some one pray for me. O, do pray for me! I'm going to hell. I know I am. I'm going to be stoned, stoned to death; if teacher would but save me!"

The father scowled angrily at me.

"'Tis you, is it, have been disturbing her mind? A better girl than our Fanny there never was till lately, and now she's took quite obstinate. I'll have no more reading and praying if she gets better."

"O, father, do hush!" said the

wife. "Do let her teacher pray with her."

For both of them had seen the look of recognition she gave me. The girl now lay gazing earnestly at me. I spoke to her, she shook her head mournfully,—

"I can't hear a word."

"She's herself again, father," said the woman, with brightening look.

Yes, I saw she was conscious, and longed to be able to point her to Jesus. Taking my stand close by her, I shouted into her ear: "Do you remember Who died for sinners on the cross?" She shook her head despairingly,—

"I can't hear a word."

Opening my Bible, I turned to Acts xvi. 31, and placing it before her, I pointed to the words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." With a little difficulty she read it, smiled at me, and read it again. Then I turned to John iii. 16, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This she also made out, and looking at me said, "Jesus died to save sinners. I'm a great sinner; mother will tell you all about it."

She seemed too exhausted to say more, and lay with closed eyes while I knelt at her bedside beseeching God to have mercy upon her, and to spare her till she had laid hold of Jesus by faith. Neither of the parents knelt, and when I rose from prayer, Fanny had sunk into a stupor. I could do no more than leave her, promising to come again.

My conductor saw me safely home, and volunteered to accompany me the next day.

Poor Fanny! how constantly did I think of, and how earnestly did I pray for her, till I again stood beside the

bed! The father and mother were both in the room, evidently anxious for my coming, hoping it would arouse her. There she lay, deaf to all outward sounds, unconscious of what was passing, insensible to the tears of her parents and the prayers of her teacher. For some minutes we stood looking upon her in silence. I inquired when she last spoke.

"Never a word has she uttered since you were here. We've moistened her poor lips, but she takes no notice; the doctor says 'tis nearly over."

The mother now went to a drawer, and taking out a photograph, handed it to me to look at.

"That's what I was to tell you about. Father and me was very anxious to have Fanny's likeness took, and last Sunday week father said he'd put a stop to her foolish notions that she'd took up with, and he insisted that she should go with him, and have her likeness took that day. Poor thing! she cried, and begged of him not to make her. She said 'twould be the death of her to go. But we didn't think nothing; we meant no harm; we little thought how her words would come true. Did we, father?"

The man, with an oath, bade her hold her tongue, but the woman went on:—

"'Twas a cold day; don't you remember it? I do," added she, with a shudder; "and we made her put on the white dress she wore to the pantomime, and she cried, and begged of us to wait till Monday; but we would not hearken to her, fools that we were! So you see she had it took; but the man himself said 'twould be such a fright we could never know what 'twas done for, 'cause of her taking on so."

She handed the fatal likeness to

me. I felt I dare not look at it, but inquired, "Did she take cold?"

"Yes, a heavy cold came on; she shivered all the evening, and we gave her a glass of something to make her merry. We told her 'twould warm her, and cure her cold. I think she knew better, for she shook her head, and said, 'You may do what you like with me now.' Next day she was worse, and then we found she was in a raging fever. O, Ma'am, how she raved for you! Father wouldn't let me send, or we could have found out where you lived from what she kept telling us. How you ever did come is a miracle to me, but I shall always be thankful you did, just for having seen her smile that little bit yesterday. Poor dear lamb, she was always so good! She'll go safe; no fear of that!"

"I trust she will be saved," was all I could venture to say, "because she felt herself a sinner, and 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' *who pray for mercy*, as Fanny did."

"You'd better hold your cant, now," observed the man, with no friendly look.

Feeling that I could do no good by a longer stay, I took my farewell of the still unconscious girl, and in silence commended her to the mercy of a loving God, Who alone could save her.

The next day, the former messenger appeared, to say all was over. He told me she died soon after I left; that it would not be safe for me to venture to the house again, for the parents had been drinking all night, and were "like mad."

The following week they were visited by the City missionary, but he found the father more hardened than before, and the mother was scarcely ever sober. After some

months, we left London, and what became of them I cannot tell.

It is a sad story. To those who are favoured with pious parents and opportunities for seeking and obtaining salvation, it speaks loudly, reminding them that where "much is given, much" will be "required." To Sabbath-school teachers it shows the necessity of employing every opportunity for speaking of a personal and present salvation to each in the class entrusted to their care. Often on a Sabbath afternoon, with my girls around me, I think of Fanny G—, and am roused to increased earnestness.

M. S. W.

THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND.

SECTION IX.

THE GENEVAN BIBLE.

BY REV. W. J. HEATON.

"*The Bible and Holy Scriptures* in the Olde and Newe Testament. Translated according to the Ebrue and Greke, and conferred with the best translations in divers languages. With most profitable annotations upon all the harde places, and other things of great importance, as may appeare in the Epistle to the reader. At Geneva, Printed by Rouland Hall. MDLX."

THIS is the place for a more particular description of the exile homes and Churches which were to be found on the Continent during Queen Mary's reign. The Pilgrim Fathers of later days will remain the most interesting group of exiles to all Englishmen, because of the immense results of their departure.

"God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,

Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation."

No such romance belongs to the wanderers in Queen Mary's reign; and yet, when we consider that they

brought out a Bible which became the household Bible of England, and which passed through eighty editions in about as many years, a somewhat particular description of them will not be thought out of place.

So far had Reformation principles prevailed, that the clergy were enjoined to employ themselves in studying the Scriptures, so that they might be able to make an account to their ordinary yearly. All who had the gift of preaching also, were required diligently to occupy themselves in it, and it was resolved that homilies should be made and published, to be read every Sunday at the sermon-time, when there was no sermon. One of the homilies so prepared was in remembrance of the reconciliation of the kingdom to the Church of Rome, which was to be read yearly, with a general procession. Collects of thanks were also to be read daily in the same sense, and the Sacrifice of the Mass was re-established as a matter of course.

Driven out thus, the Protestant refugees settled in large numbers in Frankfür, Strasburg, and Geneva, in addition to what has been already named.* John Knox was amongst them, staying at Geneva for a time, and then becoming the minister of the Frankfür Church, partly at the wish of Calvin. It seems sad, that at such a time there should arise a violent conflict amongst those whom persecution had driven together, but at Frankfür the strong views which Knox had imbibed on the political side of religious questions, with his absolute refusal to read the English liturgy, led to his being expelled, and he returned once more to

* See page 44.

Geneva. It was at this city, for ever associated with the name of Calvin, and in modern times with that of Dr. D'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation, that the most celebrated, and probably the largest company of exiles was found.

Miles Coverdale spent a portion of Queen Mary's reign here. After officiating for some time to the refugees at Wezel, he was offered his former benefice at Bergzabern, by Wolfgang, Duke of Deux-Ponts. Here, being able to preach in the German language, he remained for some months, but hearing of the new edition of the Bible at Geneva, he resolved to go and render what assistance he could. "He had the less reluctance to do so," says his biographer, "since the congregation at Geneva was the best ordered of any that had assembled anywhere abroad." *

William Whittingham was unquestionably, however, the chief of the company thus honourably employing their exile. We have already referred to him as the translator of the Genevan New Testament. He distinguished himself at Oxford, and was elected Fellow of All Souls in 1545, being afterwards chosen one of the senior students in Christ Church, when Henry VIII. wished to replenish it with the choicest scholars in the University. He took up his residence at Frankfurt in the first instance, and was amongst those who retired to more congenial society in consequence of the troubles there. He applied himself most assiduously to the work about the time of his marriage, and in his address to the reader, in the New Testament, speaks of "the store of heavenly learning and judgment which so aboundeth in this city of Geneva;" so that, whilst two

others were prominently associated with him, we may conceive that the translation would be a solicitude to many whose names are now unknown.

Thomas Sampson and *Anthony Gilby* were the two who rendered the most important service, after Whittingham. Sampson had been one of the most noted preachers in London, holding for a time the rectory of All Hallows, Bread-street. Afterwards, under Queen Elizabeth, he was promoted to the Deanery of Christ Church, Oxford, of which he was deprived at the end of three years, for refusing to wear the habits enjoined. Gilby was one of those who objected to hear the English liturgy, and left the Refugee Church at Strasburg in consequence, undertaking to publicly defend his departure.

The others who assisted in the Translation were *Bartholomew Traheron*, formerly Dean of Chichester, and Royal Librarian to Edward VI.; *Christopher Goodman*, Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford; *Thomas Cole*, afterwards Archdeacon of Essex; *John Bodley*, and *John Pullain*. Bodley was a man of considerable means, the father of the well known founder of the Oxford Library that bears his name, and it is probable that the chief contribution towards the expense of the undertaking was made by him.

The translation was begun, as the preface says, when "the time was dangerous, and the persecution in England sharp and furious," in January, 1558. But, before it was half done, the "rough wind" was stayed "in the day of the east wind;" and on Elizabeth's accession, many of the exiles returned once more to England.

There then remained to complete the work, Whittingham, Sampson, and Gilby, with perhaps Bodley in con-

* "Memorials of Miles Coverdale." Bagster, 1833.

stant communication. The brethren who returned exhorted these "not to spare anything for the furtherance of such a benefit and favour of God towards His Church." Accordingly they say in the preface, "God knoweth with what fear and trembling we have been for the space of two years and more, day and night, occupied herein." The last sheet was put to press on the 10th of April, 1560, the whole being printed in a convenient quarto, on a much cheaper scale than formerly, by Rowland Hall.

THE FALL OF PETER.

FROM THE MSS. OF A LATE EMINENT
MINISTER.

THE fall of Peter is an instance of strong and successful temptation. Satan had "desired" to have him and his fellow apostles that he might "sift" or winnow them "as wheat." The agents employed in assailing St. Peter were a number of pert, rude, and ignorant people; but the entire plot was contrived and managed by the devil, and he doubtless claims all the credit of the temporary advantage obtained over this venerable and honoured Apostle. According to St. Paul, if we would not have Satan to gain an "advantage" over us, we must not be "ignorant of his devices." He who tempted St. Peter, will, sooner or later, and in one form or other, make an attack upon ourselves. If we mean to resist, and if we hope to overcome in the conflict, we must acquaint ourselves with the wiles and tactics of the enemy. For this and other reasons the history of St. Peter's temptation and fall is entitled to our serious attention.

When Jesus was led away from the garden by the men who had arrested Him, the disciples were suddenly seized with a panic, and

"all forsook Him, and fled." After a little time the courage of Peter and John appears to have rallied; and, drawn by an ardent love to their Master, they followed Him, but "afar off," and went on to the High Priest's palace, and finally gained admittance there, to witness the result of the examination. As it was then probably about midnight, the servants felt chilly, and gathered round a fire which had been kindled in the room. Peter went towards the fire, and seems to have been treated with a little civility and respect, for he "sat...and warmed himself."

At this time Peter is said by the Evangelists to have been "without" and "beneath." Perhaps our Lord and Peter were at two ends of the same spacious room. At the one end sat the High Priest with some members of the Sanhedrim, surrounded by the lawyers, witnesses, and persons actually taking part in the examination. In reference to them Peter was "without," that is, he was at the outside of this circle, away from this company, and with the servants and other parties who were employed in a very different manner. For a similar reason he might be said to be "beneath," as we speak of the upper end and the lower end of a large room. Where the High Priest sat on his seat of judgment would, of course, be the upper end of the room.

When Peter was in this situation, the maid who had the care of the door came to him, and in a confident, and perhaps angry tone charged him with being a disciple of Christ. On hearing this, Peter was suddenly seized with an overwhelming terror. He thought that his connection with Christ, if discovered, might very possibly cost him his life. At first he affected not to understand what she meant, and in the end proceeded

to deny before them all that he had any connection with Christ, or knew anything of Him.

Respecting the fall of Peter, many foolish things and many unkind things have been said. All must admit that he was now exposed to a very powerful temptation. It has been said that Peter was assailed only by one of the weaker sex, and that it is a proof of very great cowardice to be so very much agitated and alarmed by the words of a little maid. But all this is wide of the mark. What Peter dreaded was *detection*. A man who has committed a murder or robbery, is often more afraid of a little child than of a full-grown man, provided that child happens to know something about it, and is likely to say things which may lead to his discovery and conviction. The damsel appeared to know something about Peter, and it was her knowledge, not her age or size, that filled him with alarm.

Under the circumstances of the case, he thought it likely that a discovery of his connection with Christ would be followed by death. Concealment appeared to be necessary to save his life. There is reason, indeed, to believe that in this respect he was mistaken; but he was persuaded that as the Sanhedrim had arrested the Master, and were about to put Him to death, the same fate awaited all who were known to be His disciples. He therefore thought that if he told the truth he should be put to death, and that he must tell a lie to save his life. This, it must be admitted, was a hard necessity. Men have often acted on the same principles when placed in similar circumstances; and though it is quite certain that they were all wrong, yet it is not our place to censure them in terms of very great severity, when it is not impossible

that were we placed in the same circumstances, we should act in the same way.

Still, it is a sin for a man to tell a lie. A man had better die than sin. When this great Apostle began to fear and tremble, and tell a falsehood in order, as he thought, to save his life, it was probably followed by a shout of triumph in hell, as if a warrior had fallen, and a mighty victory had been gained.

According to St. John's account, it would appear that after his first denial Peter continued for some time warming himself at the fire. At length, probably his inward agitation began to appear in his countenance, and thinking it might lead to some further discovery, he withdrew, and went out into the porch or open court-yard, hoping there to escape observation. Then, for the first time, he heard the cock crow. Soon after another maid saw him, and began to say to them that stood by, "This is one of them." Then he went further than he had even gone before; for "he denied with an oath." In the same place a man who saw him said, "Thou art also of them;" but to him Peter replied, with great solemnity and earnestness, "Man, I am not."

All this was done at the instigation of the devil, and is in perfect accordance with his usual mode of proceeding. Having gained an advantage over his victim in the Palace, he followed him into the court-yard, determined to pursue this advantage, and, if possible, ruin the poor fallen man utterly and for ever. When Eve began to listen and parley with the enemy, it only made him more eager to effect her destruction.

Sennacherib, king of Assyria, sent his ambassadors to Jerusalem to persuade the inhabitants to submit to his dominion, and place them-

selves at his disposal, until he should come and take them away to a land flowing "with milk and honey." Had they listened to his proposals, or acceded to them in any degree, it would only have made this vain man still more insolent in his demands, and more oppressive in his measures; and therefore Hezekiah's commandment to the people was, "Answer him not," nor pay him the slightest attention. On the same principle we are told to "resist the devil, and he will flee from" us. Jesus promptly met and resisted the tempter, and soon drove him from the field. To yield a little is to tempt him to tempt us. When Peter began to tremble and give way, the enemy became still more fierce and formidable.

After some time Peter returned into the palace, and again stood and warmed himself at the fire; but he had not been long there before several parties, doubtless at the instigation of his old enemy, assailed him again. A kinsman of Malchus said, "Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?" and when he denied it, a number of the persons who stood by united in saying, "Deny it as thou wilt, most assuredly 'thou art one of them: for thou art a Galilæan, and thy speech agreeth thereto:'" the provincial dialect which differed from the more polished pronunciation of Jerusalem. Peter, finding himself in this manner pressed on all sides, and that nobody believed what he said, now went a step further to give some colour of truth to the lie he had told, and convince them he was not a disciple. Then "he began to curse and to swear, saying, I know not this Man of Whom ye speak."

The Psalmist says respecting one particular period of his religious history, "As for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well

nigh slipped." It was well for him that his feet had not altogether slipped; for if he had once begun to slide down the steep of sin, it is impossible to say to what a depth he might have fallen. Peter's feet began to slide as soon as he uttered the first lie; and he continued to dash from precipice to precipice, down into the lowest depths of guilt and dishonour. Whenever we yield to the tempter, though but in a thought, a word, or a look, our feet begin to slide; and, without a miracle of grace, we are in danger of falling into hell itself.

No sooner were these dreadful words out of Peter's mouth, than the cock crew, and he remembered how Jesus had said unto him, "Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny Me thrice." Startled from his dream by the sudden rush of thoughts into his mind, he turned to the other end of the room to see if Jesus was taking any notice of his conduct, and just at that instant "The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter;" so that the eye of the servant met the eye of the Master. That glance fell like a hammer upon his stony heart, and broke it to pieces: He "went out, and wept bitterly."

Let us never forget that if Peter was brought to repentance and salvation, it was altogether through the gracious agency of our Lord Jesus Christ. Had the Redeemer left him on this sad occasion, he had been for ever hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, and perished in impenitence.

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE
ARE IN DEATH."

BY W. R. BURGESS.

In the course of my holiday rambles last summer, I visited one of those pretty bays which may be found in



The Swallow Waterfall, North Wales.

many parts of Wales. The scenery was striking and attractive. In the distance, mountains reared their hoary heads, cloud-capped and majestic. At their feet lay a series of valleys, with towering woods, rippling streams and sprightly waterfalls, rich meadows and waving corn-fields. It was one of those landscapes—

"Where order in variety we see,
Where all things differ and yet all agree."

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The wild goat sported among the crags, the homely cow grazed in the pasture, and the birds made merry music around and above us. We took a walk up the hill-side. Leaving the main road, we passed along a well-kept carriage drive, presently terminating in a lane, rough under foot, but gratifying to the eye. On the banks, wild-flowers and ferns abounded; overhead, the spreading branches of the trees met, forming a

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verdant and continuous archway; the air was fragrant with honeysuckle; the trees clothed the hill-side far above our head. At the top of the ascent a glorious prospect awaited us. Below lay Colwyn Bay, with its beautiful sweep, with scarce a ripple. A gentle breeze but just propelled the pleasure-boats which dotted its surface; yonder are the fishing craft, lazily awaiting the stronger breeze which shall carry them to their cruising-ground. Further out might be seen the smoke of the steamer, or the white sails of the sailing-vessels, as, richly laden, they entered or left the Mersey. The bold and massy Orme's Head, whose caverns are the haunt of the wild-fowl, projected far into the bay. Away on our left was the old town of Conway, with its ruined castle, its famous bridges, and its river winding its way down the lovely valley of the same name. Above was a gorgeous sky, purest blue, with rich streaks of amber and green and violet; masses of graceful clouds rising ridge upon ridge; and in the west the sun looking more glorious in his setting than in his meridian; whilst the pale moon peeped timidly out, as if afraid to display her silvery rays in so august a presence. It was just the spot for quiet enjoyment; a place to escape to away from the bustle and business of the world after the work of life was done, and one was entitled to rest one's worn-out body, and in quiet contemplation to prepare for the eternal rest.

"To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose."

But though those who came hither came not to prepare for death, but rather to enjoy life, yet here it would sometimes meet them in awful suddenness. A day or two before my visit, a young Spaniard, in full health and vigour, and bent on pleasure, had come to spend the day. After calling at the hotel, he proceeded to bathe in the bay, the water being within a hundred yards of the hotel. Being a good swimmer, no fears were entertained for him. After

a while, the friends whom he had left in the hotel heard loud cries for help. Passing quickly outside, they found that the cries came from the young Spaniard. With all speed they rushed over the brief space which separated him from them, in the hope of being able to rescue him. But it was all in vain. Cramp had seized him, and he sank for the last time, in the presence of those who would gladly have saved him. His body was immediately recovered, and conveyed to the hotel which he had left full of health and hope a quarter of an hour before, and there giving one heavy gasp he expired.

During the same week I went to see one of the sights which are the pride and the boast of North Wales, the great Swallow Waterfall. Indeed, it is something to boast of, especially as seen under such favourable circumstances as then existed. It is not one steep, perpendicular fall, but rather a succession of falls. It is as if mighty steps had been cut in the rock for giant feet to tread, down which the water comes leaping, and breaking as it falls into a thousand gems, which sparkle in the sunlight and dance upon the rocks below, and then after one mighty plunge, it pursues its headlong course. Viewed from the bottom, its appearance is very impressive, reminding one of Southey's "Lodore":—

"Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting and strong;
Now striking and raging
As if a war waging,
The caverns and rocks among."

The precipice down which the river falls is from eighty to a hundred feet in height, bounded on either side by wooded rocks.

There is a peculiar fascination in the sound of the waterfall, as it comes "boiling and toiling, recoiling, turmoiling." It is a sight to enjoy, but who would go there to die? Yet some have met death even there. At the time of which I speak, two young ladies had gone, intent on taking their fill of the

pleasure it affords. They were venture-some, and determined to see it to the best advantage, so were not content to view it from the place of safety to which visitors are usually conducted, but climbed on to a rock, from which they might obtain a better view. There they sat for some time, reading or working, according to their mood. At length they prepared to return, but on retracing their steps one of them slipped, lost her footing, fell, and striking with her head upon a projecting rock, plunged into the foaming depths below, to the horror of her companion and the spectators around. The merciless torrent poured down upon her, and it was not until after two hours that her fair but disfigured form was recovered.

These two events happening so closely together, and both of them to young persons in the full enjoyment of health, and in the midst of holiday pleasures, seemed to say to me with a startling voice, "In the midst of life we are in death." And those solemn words of the Saviour in the parable of the Ten Virgins came home with a power I have seldom felt:—"Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."

My brother, my sister, what message do these events convey to you and to me? Is it not that oft-repeated one, "Prepare to meet thy God?" "Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."

"O! to be ready when death shall come!
O! to be ready to hasten home!
No earthward clinging, no lingering gaze,
No strife at parting, no sore amaze,
No chains to sever that earth hath twined,
No spell to loosen that love would bind."

HANNAH SMITH'S FRIEND.

"I HAVE not got a friend in the world who knows how to sympathize with me," said poor afflicted Mrs. Smith, to her daughter Hannah.

Hannah did not answer, for she had heard the same remark so frequently that she was quite at a loss how to meet it; so she stitched away busily, and presently in low tones sang,—

"With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

"Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same."

"For goodness' sake, Hannah," interrupted Mrs. Smith, "do not begin another verse."

Hannah put down her work, and shook up her mother's pillows, saying as she did so, "I am so sorry, dear mother; sometimes my voice soothes you, and I hoped it might do so now."

"Ah, never mind," said Mrs. Smith, fretfully; "I suppose it is my lot to be misunderstood. There are so few who know what it is to have the nerves shattered as mine are, and they come bothering me with all sorts of gossip when my head is ready to split."

Hannah had again taken up her work, and she remarked,—

"I have often thought how Job's friends must have understood his sorrow, when 'they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him.'"

Mrs. Smith was startled out of her usual fretful, whining tone, and with energy exclaimed,—

"Why! do you call *that* friendship and sympathy?"

"Yes, mother, I do indeed; and I think that silent sharing of his grief was perhaps more comforting to him than all the words they said afterwards."

"You are a strange girl, Hannah," was the reply; "but save me from *silent* friends. They would be more trying than gossiping ones, for I should have to think of something to talk about, and my poor brain would get more weary than it does with the talkers."

A smile just flitted across Hannah's

placid face, and she mentally prayed that her dear, suffering mother might be convinced of the patient, unwearying love of her Heavenly Friend. Mrs. Smith closed her eyes, and after a short time fell asleep. Very carefully Hannah shaded her mother from the glare of the sun, and very lightly she spread a thin handkerchief over her face that she might not be disturbed by the flies; and for a full hour the girl was able to go on with her needlework. Her heart was very full of praise for this unexpected opportunity of pursuing her employment, and she hoped that when her mother awoke she would be refreshed, and consequently more cheerful than she had been for the last week.

It was nearly time for Smith to come home, and Hannah rose and quickly and quietly prepared the tea; then, after an anxious look at her mother, she slipped out at the back door of the cottage, and went round to watch for her father. She had not long to wait, and soon made him understand that he must come in very quietly, as mother was asleep. In the small back kitchen he took off his boots, and washed and tidied himself; then gently entered the front room, and sat down by his wife's chair. Presently an uneasy movement of the poor woman gave notice that she would soon wake, and Hannah deftly removed the handkerchief, and then sat down by the tea-table. Again and again Mrs. Smith opened and closed her eyes, but gave no sign that she wished to move; at length her husband ventured to take her hand, and press a kiss on the pale cheek. Then she roused herself, and remarked,—

"I seemed to have gone back in my life, Fred, and could fancy I was just down-stairs after Hannah was born. I have a recollection of waking from just such a sleep then, and finding you sitting by me, and *your sister Hannah* at the tea-table, only you know that *she* had our babe in her arms."

"That was more than eighteen years ago, mother," said Hannah, "and dear aunt Hannah has been gone to her

eternal home twelve years. I say twelve years, but—

"They reckon not by months and years, Where she is gone to dwell."

"You have grown very much like her," remarked Mrs. Smith.

"O, mother! I am so glad! she was such a good woman, I hope I may be like her in that."

"Then you must not *talk* so much," replied Mrs. Smith. "Aunt Hannah's motto was, 'Deeds, not words.'"

Hannah blushed, but like a wise and dutiful daughter she said nothing, but Smith remarked,—

"The wise man certainly said, 'There is... a time to keep silence;' but he also tells us there is 'a time to speak.' The grand thing is to have an understanding of the times."

During the meal but little was said, both Smith and Hannah being absorbed in watching and waiting on the invalid; and when the meal was concluded, the girl carried the things back to the little kitchen, and put them carefully away. When the man and wife were alone together, they began to converse about Hannah, and Mrs. Smith rather reluctantly acknowledged that during the last twelve months the character and temper of Hannah had much improved.

"Since her conversion," said Smith.

"O, I don't know about her *conversion*," was the reply, given with a slight sneer; "you know, Fred, I don't believe in that."

"You have never heard how the grace of God came to Hannah, through her instrumentality bringing salvation also to me. I wonder Hannah has not told you."

"Well, Fred, I would not let her; *you* were always good and kind, and I did not think you could be better, and I do not know that you are; only I suppose it is right to have more reading and prayer than we used to do. *I never oppose it.*"

"I think, my dear," he said, with the intention of ignoring her last remark, "when Hannah comes in, she and I between us can tell you something

that will interest you. You are a little better to-night, thank God!"

Mrs. Smith neither assented nor dissented, and when Hannah returned, and had comfortably placed her mother's cushions, she resumed her needlework.

"Hannah, my girl," said her father, "mother is a little better to-night, and we should tell her about our silent friend. You must begin."

Hannah looked with tearful eyes at her mother, and having received a nod of assent, she said timidly,—

"My part of the story is very short. Just in front of our seat in church, there was always a benevolent-looking gentleman sitting; he seemed to take a good deal of notice of us; nearly always shook hands, and smiled so kindly, but he never spoke. Father and I took to calling him *our silent friend*, and father said one day, 'That gentleman has got a face that bespeaks a kind heart. If I wanted a friend I could trust him.' One day when I went into the town to market, I saw some one giving away tracts, and at first I thought I would not take one, but I glanced at the gentleman, and recognised him as 'our silent friend.' He offered me a tract, and as I took it, he evidently knew me, and his kind smile lighted up his face. I felt glad to be known, and I went on cheerfully. I put the tract in my pocket without even looking at it, and kept thinking and wondering about *the giver*. When I got home, mother, you were worse, and it was not till late that I went to my own room, and then I did not feel disposed to go to bed; so saying to myself, 'Now for my silent friend,' I took out the tract and read the title, 'Do you want a Friend?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I want some one who can tell me what to do for dear mother;' but as I read, I read of *Jesus, the sinner's Friend*, and I saw how much I needed Him. When I knelt down to say my prayers, I was obliged to *pray*. I told Jesus my need, and asked Him to come into my heart, and be my Friend. Mother, it was such a delicious feeling I had when I asked Him to let you have a good

night, and I thought if He answered that prayer I would believe Him a Friend. You had a good night, mother, and I thanked God for silent friends. I thought first of the gentleman, then of the tract, then of Jesus. I have learned, and am learning more and more, how great the love of Jesus is, 'Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' But, mother dear, I have tired you."

"I am not too tired to hear the rest," said Mrs. Smith, as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Father will finish," said Hannah, "even a change of voice will rest you."

"One of your sweet verses, my dear," said her mother, significantly, and with a little sigh.

At once Hannah took up the same hymn that had been so abruptly stopped in the afternoon, and sang,—

"He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name."

Then Mr. Smith took up the narrative:—

"When we were coming out of church on the Sunday morning after Hannah had the tract, I was surprised by my little modest daughter saying, 'Father, I must speak to our silent friend;' and in a moment she was by his side. I did not hear what she said, but I noticed a great and happy light both in *his* face and the girl's, and they came together to me. 'Mr. Smith,' he began, 'I rejoice with you; your daughter has found out she has a true and faithful Friend.' 'Thank you, Sir,' I said, not in the least catching his meaning; 'we have often said you were very kind and friendly, and I have myself wished you would talk with us, but, I fear me, the girl has taken a liberty in claiming your friendship.' 'Not at all,' he replied; 'it is just this, Mr. Smith, I have long had a loving and gracious Friend Who supplies my every need, and allows me to use His Name when I have any requests to make to my Father God. I have often talked with Him about you and your

child, and I knew He would hear me. Now, glory be to His holy name! He has revealed Himself to this dear girl as Jesus, the Friend of sinners.' Then, grasping my hand for a moment, he hurried away. I and Hannah came home, but we did not talk, and there was no time afterwards, for we were all aches and sevens when you were so ill. On Monday morning Hannah got my breakfast as usual, but as she was busy with you, I had it alone. There by the side of my plate was the little tract with its simple question, 'Do you want a Friend?' What the good gentleman had said had sunk into my heart, and now to that question I responded, 'Ay, Lord! I want Jesus, the Friend of sinners.' I began to read, but my almost bursting heart forced me to put down the book, and pour out my soul in prayer. No words but 'Jesus, Friend of sinners,' would come. I was obliged to go off to my work, but I seemed to have the sinner's Friend with me, and many a precious passage of Scripture that hitherto had no meaning to me, seemed to be clear and easy. You see, wife, I had a good deal in my memory, and it all helped me. Day after day went by; Hannah and I did not speak of what was passing in our hearts, but we understood each other; and when I found the girl's Testament lying by the side of my plate, I thought, 'Here is a friend that has been too long silent;' and I have searched it daily since. But on the Sabbath-day we broke the silence, for I could not help exclaiming to our former silent friend, 'Jesus has found me, Sir. I was a stranger to Him, and my sins seemed in the way when I would approach Him. They were not a hindrance to Him, though, for He showed me how He 'put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.'" But I am growing prosy, my dear. Let us praise God together."

Then arose in that little cottage a joyful hymn of gratitude.

I need add but little more. Often after this, when Hannah entered the room where her mother had been left

a short time alone, she saw that she hurriedly put something down by her side. Well she knew it was her own little Bible, and within it was also the tract now precious to all, "Do you want a Friend?" When Hannah shook up the cushions ready for her mother, she never omitted to put down the little Bible. Evidently Mrs. Smith was learning in silence; Jesus was again proving Himself the Friend in need, and at length, having "with the heart believed unto righteousness," she confessed with her lips, "Jesus is mine. Never more shall I say I have no sympathizing Friend."

LILLIE M.

MYSTERIOUS ATTRACTION OF MUD.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

THERE is a very singular phenomenon connected with some lakes. The mud which lies at the bottom has an attractive power of considerable force. This is the case at Lake Rose, in Canada. It is with difficulty that boats are urged by strong rowers over the place, and boats which are heavily laden are not only in danger of being retarded in their course, but of foundering. Modern investigation has authenticated the statements of those who crossed the lake at an earlier date, but has failed to explain the phenomenon in a satisfactory manner. A credible writer states that he found difficulty in crossing the lake in a boat, although he employed six strong and expert rowers. It is also affirmed on good authority, that on the Lake Saginaga it is neither easy nor safe to attempt to take a loaded boat across, although the passage is only about four hundred yards in extent. What is the origin of this attractive power of mud? In some places the mud has been ascertained to be very deep and very soft. A pole has been thrust twelve feet into it with almost the same ease as though the mud had been water. But this does not explain why boats should be retarded and in danger of foundering. No really satis-

factory explanation has been furnished by scientific writers, and any mere guess would be worthless. So we will leave the mystery, and only endeavour to extract therefrom suggestions which may prove practical and profitable. We are not personally engaged in the navigation of Lake Rose, Lake Saginaga, or any other lake, nor in the navigation of any river or sea. But there is a navigation in which we are deeply interested, and must take a part. We voyage across the ocean of life, and hope to arrive at the quiet and blessed haven. Now, in this navigation which we are unable to avoid, there are hindrances and perils that may, nor inaptly, be represented by this mysterious attraction of mud.

We are in danger of being numbered among those who "mind earthly things," so as to forfeit the glorious inheritance which has been provided for us on the celestial shore. We need not be afraid of fulfilling our daily tasks too earnestly, or skilfully, or successfully, if only we become holier by doing so, and not more earthly-minded. Those who are really intent on reaching the happy haven, have to struggle daily with an attraction which seems mysterious.

How is it that earthly things exert such an undesirable influence? Of course we can easily perceive that, situated as we are, we are sure to be stimulated to secure food and raiment; but such effort need not retard us in becoming Christ-like. The mischievous attraction of which we now think, is felt quite as much by those who have already accumulated money enough to buy them coats and shoes, bread and beef, for a thousand years, if they could stay so long in this world, as by those who have parted with their last shilling. This hurtful influence is not the healthy wish to provide things needful for ourselves and those dependent upon us, though it often strives to assume that disguise. Nay, it often happens that those who are in most fearful peril from this power, have accumulated heaps of money, and have no person whom they love sufficiently to give a handful to, and no

acquaintance who loves them sufficiently to wish for their prolonged life. Thus the royal preacher declared, "There is one alone, and there is not a second; yea, he hath neither child nor brother: yet is there no end of all his labour; neither is his eye satisfied with riches; neither saith he, For whom do I labour, and bereave my soul of good? This is also vanity, yea, it is a sore travail." The souls of men are endangered by the lust for more money, as boats on Lake Rose are imperilled by the mud.

Let us mark our twofold danger.—Boats on these Canadian waters are liable to these two evils,—that of becoming stationary, and that of going to the bottom. A boat laden with valuable merchandise, for which shopkeepers and their customers are waiting, would be in an awkward predicament if detained in the middle of the lake, to say nothing of the boatmen whose provisions are exhausted and their oars useless; but, of course, all concerned would suffer greater loss if the boat actually sunk. Our peril from the unreasonable hankering after worldly good is thus twofold. Though now actually on our way to the heavenly coast and blissful haven, we are liable to be detained and also to make shipwreck.

The danger of *being retarded* is constant.—Demas was once a companion of the Apostle Paul. It then seemed probable that his name would appear in the annals of Church history among the noblest; and would not only be found written in the Lamb's Book of Life, but would there be associated with those who had done and dared much for the sake of Christ and for the world redeemed by Christ, and who thus secured pre-eminence in renown and reward. But, unhappily, Demas so "loved this present world" as to forsake Paul. It soon became apparent that their courses lay in different directions. In the voyage of life they could not sail far in company unless one or other changed his course. They separated. There are too many who now so "love this present world" that

they are making little, if any, advancement in the Divine life. This is apparent to others. Some in their own consciences know that their case is yet more deplorable. There was a time when they were diligently laying-up "treasure in heaven," but such is no longer the case. Their delight in the fellowship of saints has been lost; their relish for secret prayer and the private reading of God's Holy Word is gone; their endeavours to lead those around them to Jesus, or to help the fainting disciple, have ceased. They enter into few engagements now, unless they think there will eventually be a money recompense, or public opinion demands the sacrifice. Formerly they were as voyagers swiftly gliding over the waters, and intent on reaching the haven, but now they are stationary, if not actually sinking. They arrived at the perilous place. They were successful in business; money accumulated; they took not "counsel of God," and their heart became enslaved to the senseless lust of having. They are now as voyagers despicably detained by mud.

The danger of *actually foundering* is great.—The Apostle Paul writes of two persons, named Hymenæus and Alexander, who, having cast away "faith" and "a good conscience," had "made shipwreck." Lamentable indeed is such shipwreck of the soul. It not unfrequently happens that the earthly treasure, for which religion has been sacrificed, is never really attained, or, if for a season grasped, is speedily forfeited. In such case the folly of the unhappy man is the more startling. But, however great and continuous a blackslider's prosperity may be, he has made a sad blunder, if "concerning faith" he has "made shipwreck." A merchant of Portugal was standing on the deck of his richly freighted vessel. The ship was his own; the stores in the hold were his own, and included much costly merchandise; above all, in his estimation, the gold in the cabin was his own, and was abundant. He had neither spared toil nor avoided risk in the accumulation of the

treasure. He was, at length, entering the desired harbour, having what he thought would satisfy his soul for life. He looked, however, towards the pilot with some degree of solicitude, for those who have large earthly treasure are liable to painful anxiety where others would not be so troubled, and asked, "Have we passed the White Stone?" The rock so named was in the very middle of the strait through which the ship was passing; and, being at times covered with water, had proved fatal to many navigators. The pilot, rendered impatient by the question having been several times put, replied, "Yes." The merchant was transported with thankless joy, and impiously exclaimed, "Then God Himself cannot now make me poor." Possibly the merchant's frequent questioning and the pilot's consequent irritation had rendered the latter less observant of landmarks than on other occasions. Anyhow the merchant's godless gladness was short-lived. The wicked utterance had scarcely been completed, when the ship struck on the concealed rock. The lives of those on board were spared. But the gold, and other stores, went down with the ship to the deep caves of ocean.

Let us ensure safety by suitable conduct.
—We learn that the Canadian lakes to which we have referred are navigated by many in safety. It seems needful that boats, with passengers and merchandise, should cross these places where the attraction of mud is most powerful, and they do so with no damage when suitable caution is employed. Now, we are engaged in the voyage of life, and need to reach the heavenly haven. Indeed we had better never have been born than, casting away a good conscience, so make shipwreck of faith as not to reach the celestial coast. It is therefore of unspeakable importance that we should ascertain and bear in mind how this navigation may be safely performed, and comport ourselves accordingly. Doing this, we shall come to neither loss nor harm.

Be sure that you do not overload.—

On Lake Rose those boats were in greatest peril which were most heavily laden. A boat which, before it reached the dangerous part, was pressed down by its freight so that the water reached the gunwale, would necessarily have small chance when the mysterious power began to exert itself. If any sudden squall came on the catastrophe would be hastened. Now, it is not well, although the practice is so common, to take on board and retain all the freight which can possibly be secured. A man may really have far too much money for his peace of mind as well as for his safety. Rich men have, as a rule, more unsatisfied wants than those who possess nothing beyond a mere competence supplied day by day. The influx of money frequently calls into existence more desires than it gratifies. If therefore those are the poorest who have most wishes unsatisfied, men who have much gold and silver may be among the poorest. Were it otherwise, we must be cautious about our lading. Whatever gratification we find in the stores, we shall come to lamentable loss if our progress towards the blessed haven be hereby retarded, and to irretrievable and awful loss if we are thus brought to shipwreck. We had better make haste, judiciously but most resolutely, to transfer our superabundant wealth where it is needed.

Be sure that you *avail yourself of help*.—One voyager employed six strong and expert rowers, and found that he had not an oar too many. With the freight he carried, the attempt to cross alone would have been extremely perilous. Now it so happens that one of the illusions to which those are very liable whose boats are heavily laden, is to regard themselves as qualified to cross with little or no help. Some to whom much has been committed, have very wisely overcome this illusion. Some years ago, the man who, for the time, was honoured as "The Right Honourable, the Lord Mayor of York," was constantly seen during his mayoralty in the Saturday evening prayer-meeting in

New-street vestry, and did not find it needful to neglect his Class-meeting. Heavy freighting of money and honour and worldly good in general had been placed in his boat; but there was in due time a most satisfactory landing in the "desired haven." An entrance was ministered unto him abundantly. Sometimes those whose boats are almost empty of anything which can be handled, seen or scheduled, may afford the most efficient help to those whose boats are so full that they must either be vigorously lightened, or they will first stand still, and then founder.

Be sure that you *look towards the haven*.—The attempt to accumulate treasure seems so deeply rooted in our nature, that nothing can eradicate it. Because of this, if we seek not after that which possesses sterling worth, we are sure to grasp at the mere counterfeit. If we desire not that which is eternal, we shall lust after the corruptible. When our hearts are set on heavenly things, the things of earth will easily be kept in their proper place.

In olden time a young man, belonging to the working-class, but skilful and energetic, had been made overlooker at some public works. He was one day walking alone, having just left the city, and crossing the fields, when he was met by one who was justly believed to have some insight into the future. The young overseer had on a new cloak. We can hardly suppose that a man of his energy of character attached undue importance to fine clothes, yet we may believe that he prized his new cloak. The prophet treated it very rudely. When the two met, the seer seized the garment and tore it in pieces, counting the fragments. There were twelve portions. Ten of these he gave to the owner of the cloak. It does not seem as though this would greatly compensate him. No tailor, if all the pieces had been committed to him, could have made the cloak look respectable. Of what use would the ten fragments be? Yet we do not read that the owner of the cloak uttered one word of

complaint. The young man Jeroboam evidently knew sufficient of Ahijah the prophet neither to fight for his cloak while it was whole, nor interrupt the seer until he had done and said all he wished. When the message was delivered, it was not likely that Jeroboam would complain. He was to become the anointed king of Israel. The new garment had been irretrievably injured. But what is a cloak compared with a kingdom! Jeroboam was evidently well content. (1 Kings xi. 29—31.) Often look towards the celestial shore, that your hearts may be drawn thither.

HARD WORK.

SOME time since a preacher of the Gospel entered, under the guidance of Providence, a miserable Irish cabin, in a corner of which the afflicted "head of the house" lay a-dying on a wretched "shake-down." His sallow complexion, sunken features, and emaciated frame marked the progress of a dangerous disease, while the squalid surroundings betokened plainly the presence of poverty. Sometimes those who have not this world's goods are yet "rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which" God "hath promised to them that love Him." It was not so in this case. Faithful inquiry about the sufferer's religious state and prospects, showed him wanting peace with God and the hope of heaven. He realised that the day of his departure from this world was at hand, and yet confessed that he was unprepared for entering the unseen world; but he seemed at first in a state of spiritual torpor, and it was difficult to excite him to intense feeling about his sinfulness and need of God's salvation. He was exhorted earnestly to "repent...and be converted," that his sins might be blotted out. The preacher afterwards prayed with him, and again spoke to him a few simple, hearty words, chiefly on the duty of at once sincerely seeking the Lord's pardoning mercy.

A few days after he received a second visit. A very noticeable change had

passed upon his appearance. Death had marked him more evidently as his own. Moreover, his brightened, happier face anticipated his tongue in making known what he felt. He could hardly speak, but said slowly, in reply to a query,—

"It's nearly over; I'll soon die; and I'm glad of it."

"Why are you glad; do you think you are going to heaven?" asked his friend.

"Yes," he said; and added, "I 'know that if' the 'earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved,' I 'have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

"But," rejoined the preacher, "is not this a recent experience? You could not say so the last time."

"No," said he, "but I asked God since to pardon me."

"And He heard your prayer and gave you forgiveness?" said the other.

"O yes!" replied he, feelingly; "*I was pushin' hard for it.*"

He asked sincerely, and received. Soon after he "passed through death triumphant home" to heaven.

This poor man's experience reminds one of the common teaching of the Bible, that if people wish to secure God's favour and the meetness for heaven, they must exert themselves to obtain it; must seek it earnestly, ardently.

My friend, are your sins forgiven? Have you the sure hope of heaven? If not, what are you doing to "make your calling and election sure?" Are you trifling away your time in apathy and carelessness? Are you neglecting the "great salvation?" Sickness may soon come upon you; death may not be far distant. Suppose you were now laid low on a bed of suffering, are you prepared for that? If your death were now a realised fact, how would it be with you? O, if you are not in possession of God's pardoning mercy, if you are not ready to die, do not be idle, unconcerned, but bestir yourself, and make diligent efforts to "work out your own salvation." Be up and doing. Repent of your sins; turn to God; cry earnestly, "God be

merciful to me a sinner." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

THE MISSION OF THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. R. BAYLIS.

THE Bible stands supreme amongst all books, not only in its origin, its teaching, and its effects on human life, but also in its grand design. The battles of the Bible have been fought in order to produce moral conquests, more especially for the benefit of mankind as intellectual and moral beings, and they have accomplished such victories as human weapons never won and human power never achieved. It is one thing to overcome the human body; it is a very different thing to subdue the human mind and spirit, and place the conquered in willing subjection to the victor. The Bible, when it confronts the ignorance and sinfulness of man, always aims at that, and its history is a record of such triumphs. What the Bible has done for Britain, it is intended to do for other nations over all the face of the earth. The glorious mission of the heavenly Book is THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD, to change a world of foes into a world of friends.

We are not left to speculate or calculate probable results from existing events. But did the history of the Bible ever present prospects of its universal triumphs equal to what we see at the present day? Is it not now the recognised religious teacher of the most advanced nations on the face of the globe?

Was it as easy for the Apostles, when standing amidst the difficulties which surrounded them, to anticipate the state of things in the year 1874, as it is for us amidst existing facilities to expect the universal supremacy of the Bible? It has already accomplished that in this life which no other book ever did. It has triumphed where other powers have

failed; it has subdued those who scorned the idea of ever bowing to any other conqueror. "What has come over us?" said the weeping warriors in the South Sea Islands, as they saw each other in tears on account of the weighty personal teaching of the Bible. "We would have disdained the thought of submitting to our foes on the battle-field, yet notwithstanding that here we are weeping and subdued, like children, in the presence of our neighbours." Its mission is to raise the whole world to knowledge, information, wisdom, freedom, peace, religion, God, and heaven: thus we see where it begins and where it ends.

The Bible has great literary and religious battles yet to fight.—The critics have put the Bible as a book in the crucible, but the gold has endured the hottest fire that the mind of man has been able to make to test its truthfulness. What has yet to come in that way, will be only a repetition of old tests in new forms. One may make a fire of straw, another of sticks, another of wood, another of coal, but in each case it will only test that which has already gone through the hottest flames.

Then there are the religious books of Brahma, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Mohammed, and others; and will not each come out of its supposed security to fight against the Bible that threatens its life, before it consents to die? The nations now ruled by these books look down on us with disdain, and call us "Barbarians," and "Christian dogs." Do we not thus see that a time has yet to come when Book will be placed against book, and be tested? Did not the late king of Abyssinia think himself supreme till he met the British army on the battle-field? After that we know he changed his mind. The sight of Henry Martyn sitting and discoursing with Mohammedan doctors on the respective merits of the Bible and the Koran, Jesus Christ and Mohammed, is a scene of the contest on a small scale. In such a test of truthfulness, every kind of evidence will be valuable, and it will be important in proportion to its directness,

appropriateness, and force. Now the hope for the Bible is in being placed in such circumstances. In many countries as yet it has not had a fair field. It has not been in the language of the people, or its reading has been forbidden by law; it has been "under a ban," or it has been accessible to few. But such a state of things has had its day, and, as we have reason to believe, will soon come to an end. The barriers that once separated nations are being broken down; science, commerce, and other influences are bringing nations closer together; and the time is at hand when the religions of the nations of the globe must look each other in the face. They will be talked about by their respective adherents; then, probably, will be a gentle challenge of the merits of the books that teach them; then a comparison, then a judgment, and then a doom! Are not the Christian nations leading the world in knowledge, commerce, wealth, and moral influence? And will not such considerations have their influence over thoughtful and candid minds?

Place the Koran, for example, beside the Bible. You feel you are standing between a Divine and a human book. The good sentences in the Koran are borrowed principally from the Bible; but where it has not taken its teaching from the holy Word, how pitiable it appears as a religious teacher! May we not say the same of every other professedly religious book? All other religious books must and will retire before the advancement of the human mind. But the Bible: it invites inquiry and encourages examination, because it is embraced and yielded to in proportion as it is studied and understood.

The Bible will end slavery throughout the world.—We see what it has already done in this respect throughout the British Empire, the United States of America, and other professedly Christian countries. The same thing will yet be done in Cuba, in Africa, and wheresoever the practice has an existence. Slavery is doomed even in Brazil, and

after a while the Bible will have made it a thing of the past, having an existence only in history.

The Bible will become the peacemaker of the world.—At the present time nations may seem far enough from that, but the Book which tells us of what "shall be hereafter," says the time shall come when men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." What a blessed world when war shall cease to be a "profession!" when expensive "standing armies" will not be needed; when national differences shall be settled by arbitration, and nations shall see and own that it is to their mutual advantage to live without war. Will not the Bible thus become the support and safeguard of nations? Surely nations like France will soon be brought to see and own that war is a losing game, that they must give it up or perish; that the only safe guide to nations is the Bible, and that they must fall back on its teaching as the only means of their own preservation. As we sometimes see individuals in affliction giving themselves to the teaching of the Bible who neglected it when in health, let us hope that it will yet be so with nations.

The Bible will yet exist in all living languages.—Here again we will mention its own prophetic language in defence of our statement. "And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for they shall all know Me, from the least to the greatest." To produce such a state of society, will it not be needful to translate the Bible into every language? It is characteristic of Protestantism to labour in every needful way to give the Bible to all "peoples and nations and tongues." See what it has already accomplished. Look at the doings of Morrison, Milne, Carey, Marshman, Ward, and other Protestant missionaries. The precious Book is now in nearly two hundred languages, and the prospects of other translations were never so bright

as now. Christian missionaries know that it greatly facilitates their designs to give the Bible where it does not already exist in the language of the people amongst whom they labour. Thus outpost stations become centres of operations for the benefit of those in "regions beyond," and the movement will go on till the religious light will, like the atmosphere, encompass the world.

(To be concluded.)

CONVERSION OF THE LATE REV.
ALFRED COOKMAN.*

DURING the month of February, 1838, while a protracted meeting was in progress in Carlisle, I concluded, "now is the accepted time, . . . now is the day of salvation." One night, when a social meeting was held at the house of a friend, I struggled with my feelings, and, although it was a fearful cross, I urged my way to a bench which was specially appropriated for penitents. My heart was convulsed with penitential sorrow, tears streaming down my cheeks. I said, "Jesus, Jesus, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do." For some hours I sought, without, however, realising the desire of my heart. The next evening I renewed the effort. The evening after that the service was held in the church; the altar was crowded with seeking souls, principally students of Dickenson College; there seemed to be no place for me, an agonized child. I remember I found my way into one corner of the church. Kneeling all alone, I said, "Precious Saviour, Thou art saving others; O! wilt Thou not save me?" As I wept and prayed and struggled, a kind hand was laid on my head. I opened my eyes, and found it was a Mr. James Hamilton, a prominent member, and an elder in the Presbyterian Church in Carlisle. He had observed my interest, and obeying the promptings of a kind, sympathizing, Christian heart, he came to encourage and help me. I remember

* Life of the Rev. Alfred Cookman, by Dr. Ridgway.

how sweetly he unfolded the nature of faith and the plan of salvation. I said, "I will believe; I do believe; I now believe that Jesus is my Saviour; that He saves me—yes, even now;" and immediately,—

"The op'ning heavens" did "round me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
And Jesus" showed "His mercy mine,
And" whisper'd "I am His."

I love to think of it now; it fills my heart unutterably full of gratitude, love, and joy.

"Happy day; happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away."

"CALLED TO BE SAINTS."

THE greatest saints who ever lived, whether under the Old or New Dispensations, are on a level which is quite within our reach. The same forces of the spiritual world which were at their command, and the exertion of which made them such spiritual heroes, are open to us also. If we had the same faith, the same hope, the same love which they exhibited, we should achieve marvels as great as those which they achieved; not, indeed, the marvels which change the outward face of nature, but those higher marvels whose field is the heart and soul of man. A word of prayer in our mouths would be as potent to call down the gracious dews and the melting fires of God's Spirit, as it was in Elijah's mouth to call down literal rain and fire, if we could only speak the word with that full assurance of faith wherewith he said it.—*Dean Goulburn.*

STAR-DUST.

LIBERALITY REWARDED.—It is related that after preaching was commenced at a cottage at Hale-Common, Isle of Wight, near to that of the "Dairyman's Daughter," John Damp, a blacksmith, joined the class that was formed there. Ardently did he desire to see a little chapel erected, but years passed away ere that desire was realised. At length a site offered directly opposite the

dairyman's cottage, and so strongly was John's heart set upon the settlement of this object, which had been the ambition of his life, that he not only walked through the island to beg money for it, but actually mortgaged his small property for £70, and built the neat little chapel which has been the scene of several gracious visitations of the Spirit, and the birthplace of a goodly number of souls. The chapel was opened on the 19th of May, 1837; shortly after this noble act of liberality, to his great surprise, John received the sum of £75, which had been left him by one from whom he had no expectations. With this money he was enabled to pay off the mortgage and the law expenses, and thus his homestead was once more his own.—*Dyson's "Methodism in the Isle of Wight."*

WORK AND WAIT.

A HUSBANDMAN who many years
Had plough'd his field and sown in tears,
Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

"I toil in vain! These rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.

"My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds among its branches sing.

"My flock is dying on the plain,
The heavens are brass, they yield no rain;
The earth is iron—I toil in vain!"

While yet he spake, a breath had stirr'd
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice he heard:

"The germs and fruits of life must be
For ever hid in mystery,
Yet none can toil in vain for Me.

"A mightier Hand, more skill'd than
thine,

Must hang the clusters on the vine,
And make the fields with harvest shine.

"Man can but work; God can create;
But they who work, and watch, and
wait,
Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to heaven! Behold and hear
The clouds and thunderings in thine
ear;
An answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing from a distant star;

And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain;

And on the clouds he saw again
The covenant of God with men,
Re-written with His rainbow pen:

"Seed-time and harvest shall not fail,
And though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail!"

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

ELIZABETH PLATTS.

ELIZABETH, the wife of George PLATTS, and the eldest daughter of Joseph Hadfield, was born in the year 1831. Her parents were connected at that time with the Primitive Methodist Connexion. At an early age, Elizabeth was taken to the house of prayer. The rudiments of her education were acquired in the Carver-street National School: the knowledge she gained here, and in the Sabbath-school, soon bore fruit, which could not

fail to be observed by those with whom she was surrounded. The care she manifested in the pursuit of knowledge, and her love for the sacred Scriptures, induced her teachers to place her in the highest class in the school. Here the teacher and scholar were soon bound together by a loving attachment to each other, but this bond was soon to be broken.

In 1844, her father obtained employment from the late T. Newton, Esq., of Staindrop Lodge. After the settlement

of the family in the new sphere of labour, Elizabeth's parents joined the Wesleyan-Methodist Society at Mount-Pleasant, and the children were admitted into the Sunday-school. Miss Bennet was the conductress of both the Bible and catechumen classes. Elizabeth proved these to be rich feasts. But amid these pleasures a yet higher joy was to be found. It was sought for and obtained—a knowledge of the Saviour; and through the power of the Holy Spirit her heart was opened to accept the truth.

In the year 1847 a series of special services was held in Mount-Pleasant Chapel, conducted by the Rev. R. Felyus, and others. These services proved to be awakening to many. At this time Elizabeth sought and found pardon, and was "born of God." She became a member of the Society, and so continued till her death. Self-conquest was much needed by her; she constantly feared lest her natural tendencies to warmth of temper should become too much for her.

In the year 1858 she lost her mother. At the request of her father, she took the place her mother had filled as the spiritual and domestic guide of the family, and none but the Great Father in heaven knows the influence she exerted there.

In the year 1861 she was married. She gave herself afresh to God, asking His aid, that she might devote herself to her family. This devotion was a

sense of comfort to her in her dying hours.

In the autumn her youngest sisters and her eldest daughter visited the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Platts kindly undertook to superintend her father's home during their stay on the island. Here it was that disease broke out in its worst form, a severe attack of brain-fever. The skill of doctors and the constant attention of friends failed to give her what the Great Author of life had determined should no longer be hers. She became sensible that her end was nearing. Prayer became her chief comfort; her outward frame shook, and she longed for the haven of rest.

The surface of the ocean is often agitated by the wild winds, while deep down there is calm. So was it with our dear sister. She looked to Him Who had thus far been the Captain of her salvation, and His voice seemed to re-utter those cheering words, "Peace, be still." Repeatedly were her eyes upturned, and her hand gently waving, as she exclaimed, "My Saviour, I am waiting!" "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Shortly before her death her five children were permitted to enter her room, when she besought the continual protection of the Great Shepherd over the lambs.

On Thursday, October 16th, 1873, she calmly passed away, having a few moments before expressed her "trust in her Saviour."

WILLIAM BARNES.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR APRIL, 1874.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISEING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.
1874.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
April 1	5 36	6 33	5 1m	7 21a	9 2a	5 27m	3 52m
11	5 13	6 50	4 40	7 53	9 5	4 46	3 15
21	4 52	7 6	4 24	8 26	9 6	4 5	2 37
May 1	4 32	7 23	4 8	8 58	9 7	3 25	1 59

PHASES OF THE MOON.

1st, Full Moon	11h. 19m. after.	16th, New Moon.....	1h. 52m. after.
9th, Last Quarter	10h. 20m. after.	23rd, First Quarter ..	0h. 4m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 1st	9h. MOON., Apogee ;	distance 252,503 miles.
" 15th	11h. after., Perigee ;	" 222,337 "
" 28th	4h. after., Apogee ;	" 252,243 "
Mean distance for the month		237,355 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 1st	91,673,060 miles.
May 1st	92,428,430 "
Increase of distance for the month.....	755,370 "

An eclipse of the Sun will be visible on the 16th, in the South Atlantic Ocean : in Africa, southward of the parallel of ten degrees north latitude ; and in the extreme south of South America. It will be total near a line crossing South Africa about the latitude of twenty-eight degrees. At the Cape of Good Hope, a partial eclipse is visible, beginning at 2h. 38m., and ending at 4h. 56m. in the afternoon, mean time at the Cape. The eclipse will there be nearly total.

It begins on the Earth generally at 11h. 48m. in the morning, a few degrees southward of the most southerly point of America, and ends at 4h. 13m. in the afternoon, Greenwich mean time, in the interior of Africa, at a point whose east longitude is twenty-five degrees thirty-two minutes, and south latitude six degrees eleven minutes.

Mercury will cross the ecliptic, going southward, on the 2nd, at two o'clock in the afternoon ; on the 12th it will be at its greatest actual distance from the Sun ; and on the 15th at its greatest apparent angular distance, twenty-seven degrees west. On the 14th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, it will be very near the Moon. It rises, during the month, about half an-hour before the Sun.

Venus is barely visible in the evening twilight. On the 17th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, it will be quite close to the Moon's disc on the southern side. The Moon will then be a very thin crescent ; the planet nearly round, with an apparent diameter of ten seconds.

Mars will be easily distinguished in the west, setting a few minutes after nine o'clock every evening throughout the month. It will be very near the Moon on the morning of the 16th at four o'clock.

Jupiter will be very near β Virginis at the beginning of the month ; the distance on the 1st will be less than a degree. The diameter of the planet is forty-four seconds, the star is $3\frac{1}{2}$ magnitude. The apparent motion of Jupiter is retrograde. At midnight on the 1st, the second and third satellites will be on the disc of the planet, the first behind the disc, the fourth alone will be seen separate from the disc. On the 15th, at midnight, all the satellites will be grouped close to the primary ; on the 16th, three will be grouped together at some distance to the west, the first satellite being at that time on the disc.

Saturn is the morning star. It is now in Capricorn, quite close to the star marked *delta* in that constellation. The greatest length of the outer ring is thirty-seven seconds, the breadth ten seconds. The diameter of the globe is sixteen seconds.

Uranus will be on the meridian on the 16th, at seven o'clock in the evening ; altitude, fifty-eight degrees. On the 14th the apparent motion changes from retrograde to direct. At midnight on the 26th it will be in quadrature with the Sun.

Neptune will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 18th.



SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

JEDBURGH is a small town in Roxburghshire, noted in the annals of Border warfare. It was frequently attacked by the English, and the broken arches and scarred towers of a fine Abbey still testify to the violence of their assaults. The scenery of the neighbourhood combines somewhat of the ruggedness of the Highlands with the delicate beauty of a Devonshire landscape. The old red sandstone

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presents itself in numerous bare precipices; the background, of picturesque interminglings of dark woods, apple-orchards, meadows and corn-fields. Nor is the charm of water wanting. The Jed, which has given its name to the ancient burgh, flows by hazel copse and cultured slope, and in the shadow of firs "that crown the heights with tufts of deeper green." This stream has gained a poetic celebrity, for on its banks Thomson first watched the procession of the "Seasons;" and Leyden, who sleeps in distant Java, has sketched its beauties with a loving hand in his "Scenes of Infancy." SIR D. BREWSTER was born in Jedburgh, in the year 1781. His father was rector of the Grammar School, a position to which he had been appointed, partly through the influence of the minister of the parish, Dr. Macknight, whose learning and acuteness found scope in the famous works on the Gospels and the Epistles.

David was educated by his father. His mind was naturally quick and retentive, and though never seen toiling over his school-books like the other boys, always had his lessons ready. Genius is often started on its career by trifling circumstances, and David's early bias towards natural science was occasioned by seeing the prismatic colours thrown out by some peculiarity in a window-pane in his father's house. The beautiful hues thus made visible, led him to eager inquiries as to the refraction of light. He was aided in his investigations in reference to that and cognate subjects, by acquaintance with several individuals who had a local renown for scientific research or mechanical ingenuity. His principal teacher was James Veitch, who resided about half-a-mile from Jedburgh, in a valley gently sloping towards wooded banks and red scaurs. His cottage, standing on a small patrimonial estate named Inchbonny, is described as "pleasant to sight and sound, with its walls covered with pear-trees, its sunny little garden, its hives of bees, its song-birds and its murmuring brook." He was a carpenter by trade, but was able to construct telescopes, microscopes and other instruments with a precision not surpassed by the workmen of Edinburgh or London. He delighted in astronomical pursuits, and was the first to discover the great comet of 1811. Men of eminence in science and literature courted his society; and Sir Walter Scott frequently said to him, "Well, James, when are you coming amongst us in Edinburgh to take your place with our philosophers?" The leafy dwelling, the workshop with its mechanical curiosities, would have been an attraction to almost any boy, but were specially so to one so eager for information as David Brewster. Though he had afterwards teachers of greater name, it was from the philosopher of Inchbonny he received the lessons which prepared him for his scientific achievements. Nor did he forget his obligations, for when honoured

by a European reputation and by the diplomas and medals of many illustrious institutions, he turned fondly to the sequestered valley in which his early preceptor pursued the even tenor of his way.

When twelve years old, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself as a laborious and successful student, and took his degree of M.A. while yet in his teens. Though he entered the Divinity Hall, being intended for the clerical profession, he abated nothing of his enthusiasm for natural science, and employed all his available time in astronomical observations and experiments in electricity and optics. After leaving the University he preached a few times, but excessive nervousness and a number of discouraging circumstances, induced him to abandon the plan of ministerial life which had been formed for him. It is evident he could have had no deep conviction of duty in reference to the work of the ministry. He had been simply designed to it, as to a profession, without regard to conversion or a Divine call. There may be instances in which in childhood predilections and qualifications for the ministry are manifested, which ought to be sacredly cherished by parents. But what kind of ministers are likely to rise up, when boys of twelve or thirteen, who have never been affected by the love of Christ, and have never thought of the grave responsibilities of the ministerial calling, are sent to College as Divinity students, and then, with no more than the cold outlines of a system of Theology in their minds, are ordained to the care of churches? Who can wonder if Religion languishes, and Rationalism comes with axes and hammers to break down the carved work of the old beliefs, when pulpits are occupied and sacraments administered by men without experience of the first elements of Christian life? Happily there has not been in the past, nor is there now, the slightest tendency to this mode of procedure in Methodism. No one can be received as a candidate for our ministry, in reference to whom the following questions cannot be answered in the affirmative: "Has he grace? Has he gifts? Has God given him fruit of his labours?"

In 1810, Mr. Brewster was married to a daughter of the Macpherson who gained both applause and obloquy by his real or pretended translations of Ossianic poetry. For some time after his marriage the philosopher resided in Edinburgh, and then removed to a small estate he had bought in Roxburghshire, not far from Melrose Abbey. Allery was the name he gave to his new abode, which commanded a fine stretch of country backed by the Eildon Hills, and had the additional advantage of being favourably situated for intercourse with Abbotsford and other seats of distinguished literary men. This picturesque spot was held by him until 1838, when he was made Principal of the United College of St. Salvador and St. Leonard,

in St. Andrews; an appointment which necessitated his removal to that city. He occupied the house in which the famous George Buchanan once studied and wrote, and was in the midst of antiquities replete with the interest of great names and startling events. He could scarcely have gone to a place more suitable for a man of studious habits than St. Andrews. The long, parallel streets are almost cloister-like in their quietness; the wide beach, the sands of which glisten in the sunlight as if strewn with particles of silver, with the blue sweep of the noble bay, afford an ample scene for meditation or recreation; the stern masonry of the old castle, the fragmentary glories of the Cathedral, and the gaunt tower of St. Regulus, carry the mind back to days when prelates vied with kings in power and pomp; and in the cathedral yard are numerous historic tombs, one of which bears the honoured name of Samuel Rutherford, which cannot be seen without a throb of emotion by those who have yielded to the lovely charm of his "Letters."

Whether in Allery or St. Andrews, Mr. Brewster was ever busy with his scientific labours, and by his success in them won distinctions from almost every part of Europe, and the honour of knighthood from William IV.; while geography took charge of his name, giving it to a cape in the Arctic and a river in the Antarctic region. He could almost have said with Lord Bacon, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." Few subjects, relating either to the heavens or the earth, escaped his attention; but it was in the domain of light and optics that he found his most congenial tasks, and made discoveries which were hailed as new glories for science. While engaged in his favourite studies, he invented an instrument which, though of no utility unless to pattern designers, has given pleasure in tens of thousands of dwellings. This was the kaleidoscope, the appearance of which caused immense excitement. The tube, with its endless varieties of form and colour, was sought by all ranks and ages, from peers to peasants, from grave philosophers to little children. Kaleidoscopes could not be made with sufficient rapidity to meet the demand. Shops were besieged, and people left their money in order to insure the coveted article. But the inventor gained no pecuniary advantage; means were adopted to evade the patent he took out, and though it was said he ought to have realised one hundred thousand pounds, he was not profited to the extent of a single farthing. Sir David Brewster also gave to the stereoscope its present form, for though the principle of binocular vision had been long understood, and though instruments had been made by which two pictures had been brought into one view, and their objects set in apparent relief, he was the first to bring out the instrument now in universal use. One of these he took to Paris,

where its adaptation to photography was at once appreciated. Crowds flocked to see the wonders effected by the twofold lens, and the instrument soon became extensively popular. His optical researches also led him to make considerable improvements in the illumination of lighthouses. Great difficulties were placed in the way of the adoption of these improvements, and even his claim as the originator of the dioptric apparatus was acrimoniously denied in favour of a Frenchman; but his services were recognised after, if not before his death, and a high authority has said: "Every lighthouse that burns round the shores of the British Empire is a shining witness to the usefulness of Brewster's life."

Sir David Brewster was not only a scientific but also a literary man. His first great work, projected while he was comparatively young, was the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, for which he wrote many articles. He was involved in immense troubles by want of punctuality, and even utter neglect, on the part of numbers who had promised articles, and pecuniarily the work was a failure; but it remains as a fine monument of the editor's daring and intellectual energy. Thomas Chalmers was asked to be a contributor. At that time he was but little interested in the themes proper to his ministerial office: Mathematics had greater charms for him than Theology, and he made choice of Trigonometry as his subject for the *Encyclopædia*. But the death of a beloved sister touched his heart, and he requested permission to write the article "Christianity." This article has interest as being his first purely religious composition for the press, and as indicating an important crisis in his spiritual history. Though it has reference more to the buttresses than to the inner glories of Christianity, the studies necessary to its production brought him into closer contact with truths on which he had hitherto looked with philosophic disdain.

An Essay on Whewell's "Plurality of Worlds," written by Sir David Brewster for the "North British Review," was expanded by him into the volumé so well known as, "More Worlds than One:" a work to which he applied himself with the caution of the philosopher, the imagination of the poet, and the faith of the Christian. While free from the extravagant rhetoric, it has much of the splendour of Chalmers' "Astronomical Discourses." The glories of the heavens blaze over the great argument; and the writer in a masterly manner shows the unlikelihood of the magnificent worlds which appal our minds with their sublime distances and stupendous magnitudes, being mere wastes without sentient occupants. In his own vigorous way he suggests the thought, that if we could rise to the orbs which gleam afar, if we could glide from planet to planet and from sun to sun, we should witness most wonderful manifestations of intellect and

moral power, and mingle with beings having lips melodious with lofty psalms, and vision bright with prophetic radiancy, and hearts ever intent on doing the bidding of their Creator.

Sir David Brewster's most elaborate work is the "Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton." He spared no trouble in the execution of the task he had set himself, visiting Woolsthorp, where he saw the tree from which, it is said, the apple fell which turned Newton's thoughts to the law of gravitation, and Grantham, where he saw the venerable school-house in which he was educated: he also obtained access to papers in the archives of the Earl of Portsmouth, which hitherto had only been cursorily examined, but were found by him to be of great value, as clearing Newton's character from imputations of unworthy conduct in his differences with Flamsteed. He would willingly have proved Newton perfectly orthodox in religious belief; but though he was not able to do this, he was convinced that his deviations from Trinitarian doctrine were not so wide as they are usually stated to have been. Other works were also published by Sir David Brewster; "The Martyrs of Science," "Natural Magic," a popular "Life of Newton;" while of miscellaneous articles he contributed three hundred and fifteen to various philosophical journals, and seventy-five to the "North British Review."

(*To be concluded.*)

THOUGHTS FOR WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. COLWELL.

"And after him was Shamgar the son of Anath, which slew of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox goad: and he also delivered Israel."—JUDGES iii. 31.

FROM all observation, experience and history, especially sacred history, we may gather lessons of wisdom; lessons that, rightly improved, will make us better men and better workers in the vineyard of our Lord. How true is this remark when applied to what may be called the *by-ways* of Scripture, those less prominent names and actions that lie off the track of the great highway of revelation! For as many sweet flowers and rich fruits are to be found in the retired places of the field, or in the background of the

garden, in those out-of-the-way places where the eye is not very likely to see them, so it is in the Word of God. The text chosen as our motto is an illustration of this fact. How many of us are familiar with the name of Shamgar? What poet ever sang his praises? What choir ever chanted his victory? And yet he was a man of valour, a man of God, a patriot, a brave and noble lover of freedom, who by one signal act of mighty daring freed his fatherland from a tyrant's yoke. One verse, however, is all the inspired penman gives him, great as he was. Surely then we, who are privates in the ranks of Christ's great army, may be content to die unnoticed and

unknown. But let us "turn aside" to see this great sight of holy bravery, and to gather some of the lessons it teaches.

The first lesson taught is, *Always take the very best tools you can get with which to do your work.*—It may be thought that this is not the lesson taught by this fact, but rather the reverse. It may be said, "O, Shamgar only took an ox goad, he had no two-edged sword, no ponderous battle-axe, no warlike weapon at all, and yet he was wonderfully successful; therefore anything will do." But is it so? What are the facts? If we refer to the First Book of Samuel, the thirteenth chapter, and the nineteenth and following verses, we shall see what the Philistines did when they were masters of Israel. With a policy wise after the wisdom of this world, they collected the weapons out of all the land, and then took away the smiths, lest any more should be made. So the people were left without weapons, and without the power to obtain any. This was, no doubt, Shamgar's case.* Gladly indeed would he have taken his trusty sword to meet the uncircumcised, but this could not be, for it was gone. Therefore he must take what was left, and the best of what was left; which he did. If the Philistines showed their wisdom in taking away the weapons and smiths, they showed it none the less in leaving the agricultural implements, such as mattocks, coulters, and ox goads, and files to sharpen them with; had they taken these away, they might indeed have ruled the land of Israel, but they would have ruled a wilderness. This, then, was Shamgar's only chance, to look

over the implements of husbandry, and to make his selection from them. And if we are at all acquainted with the implements in question, we shall see that he made a wise choice. The mattock was not the thing to be chosen, and no man would use it, either in offensive or defensive warfare, unless in the last extremity. The coulter was entirely out of the question, and the axe was objectionable in many ways; and, moreover, not the kind of weapon to use against soldiers armed with spears, or to keep the foe at bay. But the ox goad was long, and strong in the handle, and might have its point sharpened with comparative ease, either by the use of the file or the sharp points of some neighbouring rock. So that was chosen as the best substitute for a warrior's weapon, and was, no doubt, duly prepared before Shamgar started upon his desperate mission. Herein he showed his wisdom, and proved himself worthy of the victory the Lord afterwards gave him.

What confirmation of this principle is given to us in the case of David's fight with the giant? Saul loaded him with armour, and put into his hands the warrior's sword, and so David essayed to go. But he had not proved them, and feared to enter so dreadful a contest with untried weapons. So he divested himself of his coat of mail, and threw aside his sword. Shamgar took no sword, because none was to be had; and David took none, because he was ignorant of its use: but both Shamgar and David took the very best weapons they could find, and that is the principle for which we contend. We have seen what Shamgar did, now mark what David did. He did not, having thrown aside armour and sword, go to meet the blaspheming giant unprepared. No, he took his

* See also 2 Kings xxiv. 14, and Jeremiah xxiv. 1.

own sling, which he well knew how to use, and then he *chose*, carefully selected, smooth stones from the brook, stones that would fit the sling, stones with which he could take good aim, and stones that would do their work. This was the human element in the success of both,—they were careful in the selection of their weapons, and took the best they could find.

This might be illustrated copiously from history, but we forbear. Let us at once apply the principle to Christian work, by noting its action in the life and work of the Apostle Paul. In the ninth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians we see this principle applied: to the Jew he was a Jew, to the Greek a Greek, yea, "all things to all men." What is this but a careful selection of tools with which to work, of weapons with which to fight? He took the most likely weapon to conquer a Jew, the most likely instrument with which to unlock the cultured mind of a Greek. He, so to speak, *sorted* his tools and appliances, and, like Shamgar, took the very best he could obtain, those with which he was most likely to be successful in his work. How widely might this principle be applied! to the minister of the Gospel, the Sabbath-school teacher, the tract-distributor, to every worker in every department of Christian labour. Alas! what blundering workers many of us are! and no wonder, for we charge upon the foe in obsolete armour, with rusty weapons that have long been hung up in ancient halls, and have lost their power either to hurt or alarm the enemy. We are careful enough to have the best system of book-keeping in our counting-houses, the best tools and the best workmen in our shops, but any tools

will do for use in the Master's workshop, and any weapons will do to fight His foes. So we think, if our actions are to interpret our thoughts.

Is not this one of the most serious hindrances to the success of Christian work in the present day? If we manifested no more thoughtful care in preparation for business, than in preparation for religious work, would not many of us become bankrupts? And, on the other hand, if we manifested as much care in making ready for spiritual labour, as we do in making ready for earthly labour, would not the triumphs of our Lord's Gospel move on at a swifter pace? And should we not do so? If Arkwright spent a lifetime in improving machinery, and Stephenson in perfecting the steam-engine, is it too much for the followers of the Lord to be thoughtful and careful in selecting their tools for Christian labour? or ought they to grudge the best talent, the most patient study, the most exact and finished working, in winning immortal souls and extending Christ's kingdom among men? There is but one answer.

We feel intensely on this point, and would fain convey what we feel to every Christian worker, not in the spirit of censure, but of love. Is there not much lost opportunity in the Church of Christ? Not lost so much in the sense of not being used, but in the sense of not being *well* used. Men rush into the pulpit often with sermons only half digested; into the class-room on the Sabbath afternoon with lessons but half understood; into the sick chamber, to minister to the dying, with minds filled with worldly things, and so our work fails. Every man who conquered against gigantic odds, every worker who has left his mark

upon the ages, every saint whom God has commended to our notice, from David, down to the woman who poured the ointment upon the feet of our Lord,—all did what they could, did their best, and so God has helped them. O, let us be “wise in our generation,” let us make conscience of our work, let us dwell in the light which the Spirit sheds upon life’s responsibilities and truth’s demands, and then we shall select our tools and weapons wisely, and make the very best preparation for our work.

Another lesson is, *That success depends much more upon the cause, the man, and the way in which he does his work, than upon the tools he uses.*—So this case proves. The cause was right. It was the cause of freedom, of the true worship and the true God. The Philistines were invading the land, freedom was being crushed beneath their iron despotism, the uncircumcised were triumphing over the chosen race; and as Shamgar looked around upon the sufferings of his fellows, he was well assured that God and man would smile upon him if he unfurled his banner in a cause so holy. Cowards may be half-heroic when they fight for liberty and for home, for their wives and daughters, and for peaceful possession of their native land; and in such a cause heroes will be heroes indeed. The strength of Shamgar’s cause made Shamgar strong. The *man* was right. He must have been physically strong, or this feat of valour could never have been performed. He must have been intellectually strong, or he would not have conceived, and could not have executed, such a daring deed. And he must have been morally and spiritually strong, or he would have failed in so desperate an undertaking. If we think the

matter over, we shall see that this was not a chance victory won by a rude and savage rustic, but an act of great valour which could only have been performed by a man whose intellectual and spiritual natures were in vigorous exercise.

From whence it follows that the *spirit* in which Shamgar did his work was right. No doubt there was humble dependence upon Almighty God, a strong faith in His protection, a true recognition of the principle that “the battle is the Lord’s,” and that He could “save” either “by many or by few.” Not impelled by unsanctified ambition did Shamgar go upon his mission, but with a heart bleeding for his country’s woes, and faithful to his God, and with a determination to win freedom for part of his fatherland or to die in the attempt. The cause, the man, the spirit which actuated him being right, he succeeded in spite of disadvantages and overwhelming difficulties. True, the weapon was only an ox goad, but behind it there was an arm of iron, a big, brave heart, and a mighty will, and these made the ox goad more terrible than a hundred broadswords wielded by weaker hands.

How many illustrations of this principle might be culled from the doings of the brave and the good of all ages, doings that are our richest inheritance and strongest inspiration to-day! When Marmion lay dying, he cursed his “failing hand” and his “failing sight.” Far more need to have cursed his wicked life, which unstrung his mental and physical frame, and left him helpless in the time of his direst need. Yes, if we are to be successful workers or soldiers, for ourselves or for God, we must look even more to ourselves than our weapons or our tools. If

the cause, the man and the spirit within him be right, he will fulfil his mission, and win success at last.

To illustrate this from a religious point of view, may we again refer for a moment to the life of the Apostle Paul? Had he not very poor tools to use in his evangelistic labours? Else what does he mean when he quotes the remark of his enemies, and seems to admit its truth, that "his bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible"? or when he refers to that "thorn in the flesh" which was evidently so great a trouble to him? Doubtless he pursued his work under great difficulties, and yet how much he accomplished! Simply because these three elements of success were found in him. The cause in which he was engaged was most noble and blessed, the cause of the spiritual emancipation of a race. The man himself was right for his work, cast by nature and grace in the mould of a missionary. The spirit that actuated him was right, a spirit of self-sacrificing love and of intense devotion to his Master and his work.

The practical outcome of this thought may be put in a few words.

Select your cause wisely, see that it be a good one.—Do not "labour for that which satisfieth not." We would not spend a farthing to insure the success of some things for which some men spend their lives.

Look well to yourself.—You may not be able to gain many talents, but you can make the best use of those you have; and you can, by Divine grace, keep your own heart right with God, your motives pure, and your whole being in good condition for the work you have to do.

Take care that the spirit animating you is a right one.—While we ought not to labour for worldly objects alone,

we ought not to labour for spiritual objects with worldly views. It is quite possible to do that. Let us guard against it, and let the spirit that is in us, the moving and controlling power, be of God.

And then *let us be hopeful and courageous*.—What if our weapons be feeble, and we have failed in our efforts to obtain better? Let us not be dismayed. Shamgar did his work, so shall we.

(*To be concluded.*)

"THE BROOK CHERITH."

"BUT what must we do now, father, for we cannot leave mother's grave?" The words were delicately, hesitatingly spoken, as though the speaker were aware of a tender chord their utterance would touch.

"True, child," and the tone of the voice sounded as if from a wounded heart-string.

"I could work, father, for I am tall and strong, and shall be twelve to-morrow; only Jennie, in spite of her quickness and willingness, is but seven, and not old enough to have charge of the house and little Jamie."

"We must trust in the Lord, Beth, and wait patiently for Him, and He will direct our paths. But mind you, child, I do not mean that we are to sit idly here, and expect the Lord to miracle the food into our mouths. No, no; it will be sent, as sure as the bread and flesh to Elijah; but then, we must go to Cherith to receive it. You remember what David said, 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

"Where is Cherith, think you, father? is it that big, babbling brook that turns Mr. S—'s mill-wheel?"

James B— started as though surprised by a strange voice, and there was something strongly emphatic in his reply, "May be it is, Beth." All through the week while under notice to quit his master's service, he had wondered in what direction he must turn his steps; and to-night, as he had sat a full hour in the bright red firelight, his mind had wandered from farm to farm without seeing a probability of obtaining even temporary employment. Beth sat diligently knitting a pair of little socks from the rovings of her own foot-worn stockings, and B— gazed at her, long and earnestly, and thought whether or not it were the voice of Another speaking to him through his child, an answer to the petition which had been the burden of his prayers for the last seven days. And he found himself mentally repeating, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles."

"Now, Beth, we will praise God."

The girl immediately wrapped up her work, and deposited it in the fireside cupboard, thinking while she did so that her father's tone was somewhat brighter than before. And Beth's clear treble rose encouragingly above her father's broken bass, as together they sang of God's mindful goodness:—

"He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry."

"Father, it is a year to-day since God took mother; is it good that He did so?" Beth whispered after the early morning meal on the following Monday.

"We must not doubt it, Beth, for there is always wisdom in the way in which our Father deals with us,

but we cannot see how He is leading us on to bright and happy days."

"Father, may I go with you to the mill, and Jennie and baby too? We can sit on the bridge while you settle with Mr. S—; I want to know if he can take you, and then you can tell me at once. Is it time we were going?"

And through the fresh morning air went the father with his motherless bairns, one on his arm and one by his side; Beth taking the precedence with a firm, resolute step, leading—as before she had pointed—the way to "the brook Cherith."

But Mrs. S— observed the children halting on the bridge, and sent for them to come to their father, who, having stated the purport of his errand, was invited in to wait while Mr. S— was summoned from the mill. Though themselves unaware of it, the little ones were no strangers to Mrs. S—, nor was B— to her husband; the latter had been marked as a man of unswerving integrity, of high moral and Christian principles, and one who strove to bring up his children in the fear of the Lord; while Beth had unconsciously won admiration by her steady, thrifty ways, and the considerate, self-denying care which she evidenced in acting a mother's part to the wee things, who continually required maternal oversight and fostering. And now the boy Jamie sat upon Mrs. S—'s knee, and laughingly played with her cap-strings, and calling Beth's attention, took Mrs. S—'s chin in his chubby hand, and looking into her face said in his winsome baby tone, "Mover."

The colour rose quickly to Beth's brow and cheeks, as she felt in very deed responsible for her brother's infantine liberty; and she drew near

to bear him away. "Please, ma'am, excuse"—

But Mrs. S— smilingly interposed, "I have nothing to excuse, my dear; the little fellow has not said anything to vex me;" and then, with her arms folded closely around him, and her lips pressed to his small white brow, she seemed for some time to be lost in deep meditation, while at intervals the baby voice droned dreamily, "Mowver, Mowver."

In the same room sat Mr. S—, in steady conversation with James B—, and at length the former rose to his feet, and bringing his hand with marked emphasis upon the table, said, in a voice strong with determination, "B—, you have my highest respects and confidence, for worthy is he who shuns not poverty, rather than act against his conscience and sin against his God. I am proud to receive you this day into my service."

And then spoke Mrs. S—, while her eyes watched the wee Jamie toddle to his father. "I, too, have decided to receive your daughter Beth into my service."

But Beth, standing near, raised her eyes with surprise, and then modestly drooping them said, "I should like it very, very much; but the children cannot be left, nor father."

Mrs. S—'s countenance indicated pleasure at Beth's reply. "I have made provision for that, Beth, on condition that it is agreeable to you, B—. Our foreman and his wife live alone in the mill cottage, which is very roomy and comfortable; they are people of sterling character and piety, as you are probably aware. Since their children's death they have been anxious to meet with one or two respectable lodgers, or to have the care of some little orphans.

Now, if Beth were to come to me, I believe you and your two younger children would find a suitable home beneath the roof of Stephen M—."

"Just what I want," cried B—; "for though I said naught to Beth there until the Lord should make my way plain, I have to be clear off my master's premises by the end of this week, and, save beneath the roof of Stephen M—, there is no other home for us in the village, as I can see;" and with profuse thanks to his new benefactors, coupled with an acknowledgment to the Ruler on high, B— and his children proceeded to the mill cottage, where arrangements were made with Mrs. M— according to Mrs. S—'s proposition. And within the walls of Mr. S—'s dwelling, Beth grew in stature and knowledge, and neither she nor her father ever regretted, but rather blessed, the day when the Lord sent them to "the brook Cherith."

Uttoxeter.

M. A. H.

AN UNLOVELY FEMALE ACQUAINTANCE.

BY W. R. BURGESS.

THERE are few places more favourable to the study of human nature, than behind a counter; and if a man have, out of doors or indoors, been irritated, he has only to get there, when he may at once experience a counter-irritation, which is, I suppose, very beneficial.

Amongst my acquaintance, I reckon many types of female character. I am not about to expatiate upon the qualities of those who constitute, as is generally allowed, the better half of the human family. I am proud to honour, for their many excellencies, some whom it is my privilege to know. I esteem them

for their grace, their gentleness, their womanly feeling; for the charm they throw around the domestic circle, for their tender sympathies, for their powerful but unobtrusive influence for good. I like to see the winning smile which illumines their countenances; I like to hear the musical cadence of their voice. And when I observe them going about doing good; when I notice their kindness, their intuitive perception of what is right and fitting, as they soothe the sorrows, and tend, in weakness and in pain, the suffering and the tried, I exclaim, with Scott,—

“O, woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!”

But I wish to introduce another and less favourable member of the sisterhood. It is, I believe, generally acknowledged, that when a female is bad, she is bad indeed. Whether she is really worse than the other sex, or whether badness is a thing repugnant to our ideal of woman, and the contrast between what she is and what we conceive she should be, is so vivid, I must not now pause to consider. But that there are such beings we must sorrowfully allow. The one of whom I am about to speak is one of the most repellent. Most of us have met her; most of us have suffered from her. However assiduous our efforts, we cannot, unfortunately, always avoid her. In all sorts of places, and from unexpected quarters, she exhibits herself. Sometimes she is gay and trifling, sometimes bitter and revengeful. She may have a jaunty, offhand manner, or may be sullen and morose. Now we suffer from

her carelessness and flippancy, then from her malice and vindictiveness. She has many kinsmen and kinswomen. They often act in concert; they do much to excite mistrust and dissatisfaction, to give pain, to make life miserable. Do you ask her name? Allow me to introduce our old and common acquaintance, *Misrepresentation*.

Who is she? and what? I will try to express my opinion of her. Let me alter the pronunciation of the word, and that may perhaps give a clue to my idea. Speaking rapidly, we say *Misrepresentation*. Suppose we speak slowly, and divide the syllables accurately, *Mis-re-presentation*. Dictionaries tell us that etymology is that part of philology which explains the origin and derivation of words. Let us etymologise a little; and to be successful, we must take the last part of the word first. *Presentation*, what is that? The act of presenting. And what is it to present? Taken in all its meanings, it is to do many things. Thus you may present me a cheque for a thousand pounds, and if you do I shall be truly grateful. Or you may present me with a vote of thanks; I hope I should duly appreciate it. But taken in the sense with which we have to do, it signifies to exhibit to view or notice. Thus if I were to state my views on the present price of butchers' meat and coals, (and I assure you I hold very decided views on both those subjects,) I should be presenting my opinions; and I dare say all, at any rate all who are housekeepers, would pretty much concur in them. Or on Sunday next a number of ministers will, with their wonted eloquence and power, proceed to unfold certain passages of Scripture, placing what is obscure in the fullest and clearest light. Or a

doctor may be waited upon by a patient, who does not quite know what is the matter with him. After making a careful diagnosis, the doctor presents his opinion to the patient, who in return presents him with a guinea, and they are mutually satisfied. This, I think, will give you the idea contained in the word Presentation, as we are now regarding it.

Now what is it to re-present? Simply to present again. A representative is one who stands in the place of another, and presents again that which has been already exhibited, it may be in the form of words, or goods, or actions. He may be authorised to do so, or he may gratuitously and officiously assume that function. In a verbal point of view the latter is very frequently the case. But if one faithfully repeats what he has heard, or relates what he has seen, he re-presents or represents. He does not originate, he re-produces; and if he is honest, he neither adds to nor takes from. He nothing extenuates, nor aught sets down in malice.

To mis-represent is to do the opposite of this. It is so to set forth a thing as to convey an impression more or less differing from that conveyed by the originator. It is so to distort, to alter, to vary, that an erroneous idea is suggested. The truth, the circumstance, the act, is shown through a medium which makes it appear unlike the reality. Some time ago there appeared a sea-side sketch. A "gent" was parading on the promenade. He was "got up" in the first fashion. He owed much to his tailor, probably in more senses than one; he owed something also to his barber. He fancied he was very fascinating, and flattered himself, as he paced to and fro,

that the young ladies who were gazing through the windows were smitten with admiration. But he forgot that they were looking through lodging-house windows, which were glazed by contract, but not with plate-glass. The sketch showed him as he was outside, and as he appeared to those within. Viewed from the outside, he might pass in a crowd; viewed from within, he looked long, lean and lanky. His symmetrical nose was sharpened to a point; his legs had become spindleshanks; his calves had "gone to grass;" his graceful form resembled an animated lamp-post; his rotundity was transformed into angularity. The miserable glass had done it all. He was seen through a distorting medium.

And through such a medium the sayings and doings of our fellow men are often exhibited. They are not presented truthfully. Mis-representation is one species of lying. It may be done in a variety of ways, and may arise from various causes. It does not need direct falsification. It does not always need words. A look, a tone of the voice, a shrug of the shoulders, silence, will do it. It may arise from maliciousness, from carelessness, from misunderstanding, from ignorance, from the love of fun or mischief. It is always to be condemned, but not always with the same severity. When it is the result of malice, when it is intended to injure, it demands the sternest reprobation. It does not require great ingenuity or skill, but is, indeed, a very easy thing. Let me give a few illustrations of it. Here is one. A certain "Brother John" wrote to the "Manchester Guardian," professing to describe the Methodist Class-meeting. He first called it a sham confessional, and

then exhibited it as a convenient place for flirtation. He did not portray, he simply caricatured. As from his experience and opportunities he knew, or ought to have known, better, his effort was but a mis-representation. He did not present the thing as it is, but as he wished it to appear. He did not in so many words directly falsify, but he put the Class-meeting in such a light that it looked like something which really it is not. Again: a minister addressing a Society for the first time, expresses his desire to be personally acquainted with all its members, but intimates that, owing to an optical infirmity, he may pass some of them without recognition, and requests that in such a case they will make themselves known to him, If I wish rightly to represent him, I say to my neighbour, "Mr. So and So is shortsighted. If you meet him, introduce yourself; he will be glad to know you." But suppose some one thus interprets his invitation: "Minister says he wants to know us all. I'll take care he has the chance of knowing me. I'll call some day about tea-time, and tell him I'm come. Will you go with me?" I think that man would be regarded as mis-representing what the minister had said.

I will give an instance which will make utter nonsense of the sentence I quote: "Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light." The meaning is obvious. Modest retirement or obscurity is better for some men than prominence. I will not alter a letter, and yet will make nonsense of it. I only omit a comma, and it reads thus: "Some men like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light." Here a pregnant sentence has been rendered meaningless. You see how a trifling

variation involves a complete mis-representation.

Take this as a specimen of one who is unable to understand or appreciate irony, and insists upon a strict literal interpretation of words, regardless of the meaning and intent of the speaker, "None but a fool is always right." It is intended to say that none but a fool thinks himself always right. But Mr. Limejuice, to whom the words are addressed, exclaims, "Did you ever hear anything so monstrous as that a fool is always right, when in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he is sure to be wrong? I wonder men can talk such stuff." He does not see that he is giving a fresh illustration of the proverb.

I was once present at a discussion, the subject of which was "Genius v. Talent." In the course of it this passage was quoted, "Few minds are sun-like, sources of light in themselves and to others. Many more are moons, that shine with a derivative and reflected light." A perverse critic remarked: "It appears, then, that Genius is a sun, and Talent a moon; that the light of the one is sunshine, but the light of the other is all moonshine." Of course that was not the meaning of the author from whom the words were quoted.

I once heard Mr. X— preach on Baptism. I will mis-represent him in two or three particulars. He argued at some length against the notion that immersion was the ancient method. It is well known what a close and cogent and guarded reasoner he is; but I will make him contradict himself. "How," he asked, "are we to baptise the sick? Immerse them?" I wont change a letter of his answer, but will give it with a different emphasis. "How

are we to baptise the sick? *Immerse* them." That is the very thing he has been arguing against. By putting what was a question in the form of an assertion, I totally misrepresent him. Again: I suppose we are all acquainted with the methods known as the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi*; suppressing the truth, and suggesting falsehood. He quoted this sentence: "The Councils never decreed Infant Baptism." By stopping here, I suppress truth and suggest falsehood. I make it appear that the opinion of the Councils was against Infant Baptism. But if I complete the quotation, it is evident why the Councils never decreed it, "because it was already in the Church." To quote a text and omit the context, is a very common way of misrepresenting. Once more: Mr. X—remarked, "The Church of Jesus Christ is like the ostrich-mother. She leaves her young to take care of themselves." Taken alone, this is a very ugly and very false statement. It means that the Church of Christ cares nothing, and does nothing for the young. But all who know the reverend gentleman, or who heard the sermon, know very well that such was not his meaning. It is astonishing how utterly the sense of a plain and simple sentence may be perverted by careless reading. I have heard a minister thus render a verse in the one hundred and eighteenth Psalm: "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear what man can do unto me." This reading admits that man can do something. But in the text it reads, "I will not fear; what can man do unto me?" There his power to harm is denied. The whole force and comfort of the passage is destroyed by transposing two little words, thus converting a question into an admission.

I have given a few illustrations of the art of mis-representation. It would have been easy to present the subject in its more malicious and repulsive aspects, but I fancied that you would prefer a lighter treatment of it. But do not say that I make light of mis-representation, or you will mis-represent me.

THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf!
 A voice in every rill!
 A voice that speaketh everywhere,
 In flood and fire, through earth and air;
 A tongue that's never still!
 'Tis the Great Spirit wide diffused
 Through everything we see,
 That with our spirits communeth
 Of things mysterious—Life and Death,
 Time and Eternity!

I see Him in the blazing sun,
 And in the thunder-cloud;
 I hear Him in the mighty roar
 That rusheth through the forest hoar,
 When winds are raging loud.

I feel Him in the silent dews,
 By grateful earth betray'd;
 I feel Him in the gentle showers,
 The soft south wind, the breath of
 flowers,
 The sunshine, and the shade.

I see Him, hear Him *everywhere*,
 In *all things*—darkness, light;
 Silence, and sound; but most of all,
 When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
 I' th' silent hour of night.

THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

THOMAS GUTHRIE was born in Brechin, in the year 1803. Bearing the name of the famous martyr of the Covenant, who also sprung from Forfarshire, he would gladly have established a relationship with him, but though he was not able to



do this with certainty, the probability that he was a branch of that heroic stock had a beneficial influence on his life, determining him to uphold at all hazards what he believed to be the truth. His grandfather on the paternal side was a farmer, who lived to the age of eighty-seven. He was a devout man, and gave to the house something of the sanctity of a church, by the solemn and fervid manner in which he conducted family worship and besought a blessing on the daily meals. He showed great kindness to his grandchildren, who were frequently at the farm; but the grand-

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mother was a stern woman and had an unpleasant dread of spoiling her young visitors by over-indulgence. When she washed them, she rubbed their faces with a rough towel, as if she thought they were as hard and as destitute of feeling as her oaken tables; and once when they asked for mustard at dinner, they got from her a reproof much sharper than that condiment, for presuming to think of such a luxury. But with a heart that seemed as incapable of producing kind deeds and genial words as a block of Aberdeen granite is of producing primroses or violets, she had

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a deep sense of what she had been led to regard as religious duty. She fasted one day in the week, and spent the greater part of it in prayer, commonly retiring to one of the outhouses of the farm that she might be undisturbed in her communion with God.

Thomas Guthrie's father was a merchant in Brechin, and was for some years Provost of the town. He was a worthy, godly man, but it was from his mother that Thomas inherited the finest features of his mind and character. She did most in preparing him for his high and useful career. He never forgot what he owed to her influence, and when eminent and honoured as a leader in the Christian and philanthropic movements of his time, said, "It was at my mother's knees that I first learned to pray; that I learned to form a reverence for the Bible as the inspired Word of God; that I learned to hold the sanctity of the Sabbath; that I learned the peculiarities of the Scottish religion; that I learned my regard to the principles of civil and religious liberty which have made me hate oppression, and whether it be a pope, or a prelate, or a patron, or an ecclesiastical demagogue, resist the oppressor."

The Sabbath was strictly observed in the home at Brechin; whistling on that day was reckoned a deadly sin, and Thomas and his brothers were accustomed to show their feeling as to the difference between the Sabbath and the fast-day in point of sanctity, by indulging in one short whistle on the latter. It was too much to expect children to be as serious as grown-up people without finding weariness in the Sabbath; but it was no small advantage to the future preacher that so many hours were spent in reading the Bible, for he then became familiar with its stirring incidents, its glowing poetry, and sublime doctrines, and had large portions of it indelibly impressed on his memory. The only other book for which he had any affection, that was available on the Sabbath, was a rudely-illustrated copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," but this he could not always

have, for one of his brothers often contested the possession of it with him. Though not a dunce, he did not show any special aptitude for study in the different schools he attended in Brechin, but he was not behind any of the boys in fighting, swimming, climbing and other athletic sports. In boyhood he had some narrow escapes from death, one of which may be mentioned. He and a brother went one Saturday to their uncle's farm at Maison-dieu, about a mile from Brechin. They found their uncle's gun, and not supposing that it was loaded, amused themselves by pointing it at each other and snapping its flint-lock. While they were so doing, the gun went off; the charge struck deep into the wall, and their boyish fun was changed to horror as they saw how, but for the watchful care of God, one of them would have been at that moment a bleeding corpse.

When twelve years old, Thomas set out, under the care of a young man who acted as his tutor, for the Edinburgh University. They had one apartment for bed-room, parlour, and study; and cultivated science on oatmeal, fresh herrings and potatoes, though this plain fare was occasionally varied by richer viands supplied by a chest sent from Brechin, and showing by its contents how tenderly the mother thought of her distant boy. During some of Thomas' later sessions his younger brother lodged with him, and the mistress of the house was frequently drawn to the door of their room by what was to her unusual with students, audible reading of the Scriptures and prayer. Memories of their godly home clung to them in the great city, and they continued the household worship to which they had been accustomed from infancy.

While in Edinburgh, Thomas occasionally attended the Old Greyfriars' Church. With some of his fellow-students he used to sit on the unoccupied space in the elders' pew, a raised platform in front of the pulpit. This was thought an intolerable presumption, and the youths going one

Sabbath to their usual place in the church, found the pew-door locked. Most of them were retreating down the aisle, when Guthrie sprung over the door, and the others took courage and followed him. Years after, when he preached his first sermon as minister of the Old Greyfriars, one of the members of the church felt sure he had seen the face before, and whispered, "That's the same long student who jumped into the elders' seat." His college course was continued through eight years, four of which he spent in literary and philosophic classes, and four as a Divinity student; but still being too young to be licensed as a probationer, he spent two additional years in Edinburgh, studying chemistry, anatomy and natural history. When he had nearly completed his stay in Edinburgh, he was suddenly called to Brechin to see his father for the last time.

By the death of his father the awful realities of eternity were brought near to him, and he was impressed by what he saw of the power of faith in Christ to sustain the soul in nature's extremity. It has been well said, "His heart was awed and made tender by affliction just when his hand was on the pulpit-door." Before being licensed as a preacher, he had to preach a trial sermon in the old Cathedral church in Brechin. As he was well known in the town, a large congregation assembled to hear him, and he was abashed and almost petrified when he looked from the pulpit on so many faces, but secured himself from the ignominy of a break-down by reading his sermon. But he had determined not to be a mere pulpit-reader, and the following Sabbath, after much anxiety, succeeded in delivering a memoriter discourse in the parish church of Dun.

The high position his father had held in Brechin, secured for him such influence that he had the offer of one of the best livings in Scotland, but as his acceptance of it would have brought him into slavish relations with the Moderate party, he manfully declined it, and was ever after thankful that he had been able to

make such a sacrifice to principle. No suitable opening presenting itself, and being in easy circumstances, he went to Paris as a student at the Sorbonne. Returning thence to Brechin, but still without a call to a church, he took charge of a Bank Agency which had been held by his father and a deceased brother. His purpose was to fill the vacant place until his brother's son should be old enough to take it; and so efficiently did he go through all its duties, that one of the bank authorities said to him, "If you only preach, Sir, as well as you have banked, you will be sure to succeed."

At length he was able to enter on his ministerial course. In 1830, he was ordained as minister of Arbirlot, a pariah near to Arbroath. He succeeded a minister named Richard Watson, who boasted that he had challenged John Wealey to a public disputation in Arbroath, and never forgot to add that the latter had declined the challenge, "which," says Dr. Guthrie, "he might have good reasons for doing other than the fear of Richard Watson." He was very penurious, but perhaps scarcely made so forlorn an appearance as another minister of whom Dr. Guthrie writes, who working one day in his garden in ragged clothes and battered hat, was startled by seeing the carriage of the proprietor of the pariah driving up to the manse. He could not retreat, and dare not be recognised in such a plight, so pulled his hat over his shoulders, struck out his arms, and improvised himself into a scare-crow. He stood still enough while his visitors passed up the garden-path, then slipped in at the back-door, and quickly appeared before them in his Sunday clothes.

Though the manse and church were in a ruinous condition when Mr. Guthrie went to them, he was soon able to effect improvements; and with a bright, affectionate wife by his side, healthful sea-breezes to invigorate his body, beautiful scenery to charm his eye, and pastoral duties to call out all his mental powers, his Arbirlot life was a succession of as

happy days as have ever fallen to the lot of a country clergyman. His parishioners were on the whole decent people, but he had trouble with a few of them. A farmer, who in wealth, intelligence and social influence was the principal man of the parish, had insisted one rainy harvest on his labourers working in the fields on the Sabbath. As members of the church they were amenable to discipline, and though on explaining the circumstances, and expressing regret for what they had done, the Kirk Session dealt leniently with them, their master made a great stir, and talked largely about ecclesiastical tyranny. But he was silenced by the loss which befell him; for while the farmers who waited till Monday got in their corn in good condition, his, being damp, heated, and was much damaged.

The Sabbath was a great day in Arbirlot while Mr. Guthrie was there. In the morning numerous groups of people, with Bible and Psalm-book in their hands, were seen walking along the roads leading to the church. From cottages and farm-houses in the parish, from the shadow of the old abbey in Arbroath, from Boysack Muir four miles and from Panbride five miles away, they gathered to hear the man who was able to stir their deepest emotions, and give them thoughts to make music in their souls through the week. The preacher stood before them in the pulpit, no puny weakling, but over six feet in height, and with genius in his eyes, and holy fire on his lips. His sermons were not tame descants on the beauty of virtue, or cold statements of doctrine given in "lang-nebbed words," but representations of evangelical truth instinct with feeling, and illustrated by telling anecdotes, and by figures drawn from earth and sea and sky. As he went on from topic to topic, the faces of the people were now in a glow of exultation, and now wet with tears. When they left the church, they were all prepared to endorse the verdict of the blacksmith, who was thought a great critic, but was heard saying after hearing Mr. Guthrie

for the first time, "That's the preacher, lads; that's the preacher!" At night he had a class in the church for young people, when there were examinations in the Catechism, and a review of the morning's discourse, concluding with a lecture of about a quarter of an hour long. This class excited great interest, and there was a large congregation, consisting not only of young people, but of parents and others, who found the meeting as profitable for themselves as for those for whom it was specially intended.

But it was not likely that a man of such powers would be allowed to stay long in the comparative obscurity of Arbirlot; and Thomas McCrie, the accomplished biographer of John Knox, after spending a day with him, remarked to a friend, "He will not belong there." It was in connection with the Voluntary Controversy that he first became prominent. A meeting of Voluntaries was held in Arbroath, and Mr. Guthrie, with some of his brethren and the Wesleyan minister then stationed in Arbroath, were present. Dr. Ritchie, a clever antagonist of the Established Church, spoke with great force and humour, and concluded a little after midnight by challenging any one to reply, an easy way of assuming that his arguments could not be answered, as no one was likely to take up the matter at that hour. The Wesleyan minister protested against this as unjust. He was invited to the platform, and was soon engaged in sharp discussion. Mr. Guthrie and his friends felt bound to stand by him, and followed him to the platform. The former refused to go into the subject that night, but pledged himself to call a meeting in Arbroath, when he would refute Dr. Ritchie's statements. Several years after Dr. Guthrie was in London, and was lunching at a chop-house in the Strand with an eminent Wesleyan layman, who crossed the room to speak to a minister. "Who is your friend?" said Dr. Guthrie to him on his return; "I have surely seen his face before." The name was given. "Was he ever

in Arbroath?" inquired the Doctor. He was told that he was, and on hearing this said, "Why, Sir, that is the man who made me."

The meeting was held according to notice in Arbroath, and one of its effects was his translation to the Old Greyfriars, in Edinburgh. He spent seven happy years in Arbirlot, and it was not without a pang that he left the people among whom he had laboured so successfully,—the wooded banks, the stream of the Elliott, the cottages overshadowed by ancient trees, the manse from which he could look on the sea in its varying aspects of storm and calm, and the white sails passing to and fro. But he had not hasted to go, and had there not been a clear intimation of Providence, he would have thankfully remained in his rural parish. Henceforth Edinburgh was his home, and its romantic features and historic glories accorded well with his imaginative spirit. He delighted in it himself, and delighted in showing it to visitors. "Ere the heat of the day," he said, "has cast a misty veil upon the scene, I take a stranger, and, conducting him to yonder rocky rampart, I bid him look. Gothic towers and Grecian temples, palace, spires, domes, monuments and verdant gardens, picturesquely mingled, are spread out beneath his eye; wherever he turns, he finds a point of view to claim his admiration. What rare variety of hill and hollow! What happy combinations of ancient and modern architecture! Two distant ages gaze at each other across the intervening valley."

But the city has its darker side, and vice in its most repulsive forms, and misery to fill the heart of the spectator with dismay, mingle strangely with those grandeurs of precipice and pinnacle, storied rock and stately streets. From the first, Mr. Guthrie threw himself into earnest efforts for the neglected and heathenish thousands which throng the dark wynds and alleys of this Northern Athens. He was appalled by the wickedness and destitution which made themselves known to all his senses; but

he had confidence in the power of the Gospel to transform and elevate the vilest and lowest in those foul and crowded neighbourhoods. On one occasion, looking from the George IV. bridge on the dingy houses, the filthy street and squalid people below, he felt sad as he contrasted the scene with the one he had left, "its singing larks, daisied pastures, decent peasants, and the grand blue sea rolling its lines of snowy breakers along the shore." While thus musing, a hand was laid on his shoulder. Turning round, he saw Dr. Chalmers at his elbow. The great man looked on the scene, and then with enthusiasm glowing on his face, and arm raised as if in exultation, exclaimed, "A beautiful field, Sir; a very fine field of operation." Mr. Guthrie applied all his powers to the culture of that field, and had the satisfaction of seeing that his labours were not in vain.

Greyfriars was a collegiate charge, but he went to Edinburgh with the understanding that as soon as arrangements could be made he should have his own church and pastoral district. The new church was opened in 1840, the pews and aisles were filled every Sabbath, and people even sat on planks placed on the rafters near the ventilating apertures in the roof. The right of the people of the district to sittings was strictly observed: this was necessary, for otherwise they would have been crowded out of the church by visitors to the city, and people from other parishes, intent on hearing the eloquence of the now famous preacher. The poor sat comfortably in pews, while noblemen and great ladies and representatives of the wealth and genius of Scotland were standing in the passages, and were thankful even in that way to participate in the benefits of Mr. Guthrie's ministry. He had the good sense not to spoil himself when he went to Edinburgh by shrinking his broad poetic nature and his simple energy of speech into the dimensions of a classic model. He believed that what reached the hearts of the people in the village, would reach the hearts of the people in

the city, and he would not clip the forest-like exuberance of life which characterized his sermons, to the formal pattern of a Dutch garden. He studied the art of preaching thoroughly, but he preached in his own way; yet we must not think of him as a mere pulpit-artist, caring only to fill up an hour with a succession of word-pictures, or to stir the Scottish blood of his hearers with anecdotes of Scottish heroism. Picture and anecdote were made subservient to the enforcement of Christian truth, and he sought, and often rejoiced, in the salvation of those who heard him.

J. M.

HONEY FROM ACONITE.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

CERTAINLY it is not prudent to have aconite in the kitchen garden. Assuredly it is perilous to allow it to grow near to the horse-radish. Should the aconite root be placed on the dinner-table in the place of horse-radish and be partaken of, the taste not being distinctly perceived in consequence of other flavours, the result may prove most disastrous. Life has been sacrificed in many cases, and might be in our case, or that of some one we love. Of course in summer-time all associated with us, including children and maid-servants, may be easily taught to distinguish the one plant from the other. But winter will come. Then the roots are not so readily known. Besides, "the new servant" may not have been duly instructed, and yet may be sent in a hurry to dig for the root needed to garnish the roast-beef. Thus sickness, or even death, may be occasioned. Let aconite, known to many as "Wolf's-Bane," have no place near horse-radish, nor in any part of the kitchen garden.

Yet we cannot deny that it is possible to extract honey from aconite. The honey thus obtained shall be as harmless, and of as delicious flavour, as any that can be bought in the market. To secure the sweet and innoxious luxury, it only requires that operators sufficiently skilful should be employed. We trust

that no unqualified practitioners will make any attempt at this task. They had better by far keep to the strange mixtures which those who live in towns are constrained too often to accept as honey. But honey can be extracted from wolf's-bane as readily as from rose or violet, fuchsia or geranium, blue-bell or hawthorn, if not more readily than from any of these. It is observable, also, that the wonder is, in one respect, greater than that with which Samson puzzled the Philistine guests assembled at his wedding. "Out of the strong came forth sweetness," said the Hebrew champion. The guests did not think of honey from the carcase of a lion, until they were made acquainted with the secret. But in order that honey should be taken from the carcase, it had first to be put in by the little busy bees. But from aconite, that deadly poison-flower, honey may be extracted without any ready-made honey having been conveyed thither. Possibly it may be better to announce distinctly, lest there should be mischievous attempts made by unqualified practitioners, that the only operators who can accomplish the feat, are the bees. They, however, evidently believe, and they are the best judges, that from this deadly plant honey may be extracted as readily and largely as from any flower in field or garden.

Can we in any respect imitate these skilful toilers? Is it desirable that we should try? Certainly not in any literal sense. But we are surrounded by evil in multiplied forms. We cannot during our earthly sojourn escape from this. Sometimes the evil is only bitter; at other times it is not bitter, yet is deadly; and occasionally both bitter and deadly. What shall we do? What has been rendered possible for us to do? In our frequent contact with evil in its endless forms, must we necessarily be losers? Is it possible to escape entirely from real and permanent loss? Are we so favoured that we may become absolute gainers? Can we thus extract honey from aconite? We are at once encouraged to expect this if we consider such declarations as

that made by the Apostle: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." In the biographies of Christ's disciples, and especially in those records of the lives of godly men contained in Holy Scripture, we are instructed concerning this cheering truth that good may be gained from evil, in any of its aspects, if we ourselves seek and use the grace of God. We are certainly brought into frequent and close proximity to that which is distressing and might prove hurtful and fatal, can we obtain from thence that which is really good, and which will therefore prove eventually and permanently pleasant? Bees extract abundant honey from wolf's-bane. What can we do?

Good may be obtained *from distressing trial*.—This has certainly been accomplished by some of God's saints, and the feat may assuredly be repeated by those who have the heavenly skill required. The troubles endured by the patriarch Job were inexpressibly severe and appallingly accumulated. After the lapse of ages, and knowing that we are not personally concerned, we can scarcely in mere imagination behold the entrance of those successive messengers and listen to the sad burden of their declarations, without a chill horror taking hold upon our souls. Poor Job might well be filled with anguish. Still more was he to be pitied when sore disease assailed him, rendering his person loathsome to observers and existence a burden to himself. When, in addition to all that had happened to him, his friends took a harsh view of his case, and openly pronounced him to be a hypocrite who had deceived men, but had been detected and stricken by God, Job's cup of sorrow seemed full. Yet even in the midst of the unparalleled calamities, the patriarch, with all his perplexities, held fast his confidence in God's goodness, and the certainty that good would result from his distress. Job declared when everything was at the darkest: "He hideth Himself... but He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as

gold." He did thus come forth. Job was a wiser and better man when his sorrows had passed away, than he was when he was led into their midst. The calamity found him fearing God and eschewing evil, but it left him humbler. Now it is an advantage for gold, much prized as well as precious, to be purified. We may gain such advantage. It certainly will not result from the mere endurance of trouble. There is a "sorrow of the world" which "worketh death." This, indeed, would be the natural consequence of sore trouble. But if we secure and use the grace proffered to us, we shall be wiser and holier after suffering. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.) That which otherwise would prove bitter and deadly as aconite, will through the grace of God's Holy Spirit produce results pleasant as honey.

Good may be obtained *from alluring temptation*.—This form of evil is more dangerous even than that to which reference has been made. The beauty of the flower is here employed to attract the incautious and inexperienced onlooker, whilst the root is divested of none of its deadly poison. Joseph when in the house of Potiphar was exposed to grievous peril. But he was enabled to overcome. His reply to the siren voice which would have led him to ruin was, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" We cannot doubt that the young man was all the stronger in soul, and better fitted to achieve future conquests by this victory. When a youth, though amiable and well-meaning, he was far from being equal to resist the evils by which he must necessarily be assailed if made Viceroy of Egypt. The lad who was manifestly delighted with the distinction suggested by mere dreams, and these his own dreams, would most likely have been utterly ruined had he then been clothed in royal vestments, and a gold chain played around his neck, and been made to ride in

one of the King's chariots, while men cried before him, "Bow the knee." Before Joseph could live to God, walking humbly before Him, while using the delegated power of Pharaoh, it was needful that he should be subjected to varied discipline, that the good within him might be strengthened. As a champion for God, his arm was invigorated by exercise. There is advantage in this. We may so gain spiritual strength by resisting evil.

Good may be obtained *from stern opposition*.—We cannot but lament that the enmity of the carnal mind to God and to the things of God is still so frequently manifested. This is to the faithful disciple exceedingly distasteful. We have need to be on our guard lest it should prove to us hurtful or even fatal. Yet it need not so prove. We may, through God's grace and goodness, derive positive advantage from this form of evil also. The antagonism to which we have referred assumes sometimes the shape of persecution, and on other occasions that of scepticism. In both cases it is unreasonable and evil. Yet the Church of Christ collectively, and loving disciples individually, have found that this also has turned to their advantage, and the furtherance of God's work. When the claims of our holy religion have been assailed, it has led to a re-examination of the Foundation. This has ever had one result. The stability of that Foundation has been more fully manifested, and the saints of God have exulted therein with a joyous confidence excelling what they would have possessed if the assault of the foe had never been made.

Good out of everything! None but a Christian can reasonably cherish such a hope. But he, undoubtedly, may do so. It is needless to dwell on other particulars. Those just mentioned may serve to suggest the sad variety of evils, natural and moral, by which we are encompassed, and from which we may derive advantage. There need be no exception whatever to this desirable result. "All things are yours; whether

Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

BY POMFILIUS APEX.

CHAPTER IV.

"And it shall come to pass in that day, *that* the light shall not be clear, *nor* dark."—ZECHARIAH xiv. 6.

In this life "we see through a glass, darkly; . . . we know in part." The inherent weakness of our mental vision limits the field of our observation to a very small fragment of the great universe in the midst of which we dwell: and much of what we do see is incomprehensible to us, because there are strangely interwoven therewith so many of "the secret things" which "belong unto the LORD our God."

This dimness of the spiritual atmosphere is intended to serve as one of the great tests of man's faith. We cannot read the Gospels and Epistles without being deeply impressed by the prominence which is given to faith. The eternal interests of each individual are more seriously affected by his *belief*, than by any other act. But this *belief* does not consist so much in a cheerful admission of the truth of doctrines which seem in complete accordance with the laws of matter and of mind, as in the resolute confidence that certain declarations are true, in spite of many apparent indications to the contrary. *Faith* is to be rewarded. But surely the faith which goes no farther than the evidence of the senses, deserves no reward! In writing to the Romans, the Apostle waxes warm on this subject, when he says, "We are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?" The hope which saves a man is the strong assurance which he cherishes in defiance of every form of contradiction; the hope of the shipwrecked mariner on his sinking bark that the life-boat which has just put out

from shore will reach him before the last remnant of strength should depart, and he fall exhausted into the foaming jaws of death. Against the contending elements which unite to shake our trust, we must struggle even to agony, for the reward is "to him that overcometh;" and there cannot be a victory without a fight. St. Paul, whose words we have just quoted, gives us some notion of the anguish to be endured before the warfare comes to an end. There is the beleaguered garrison looking and longing for deliverance. "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." But the delivering army comes not, and the case seems desperate. The desire for speedy help grows intense. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only *they*, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves." By capitulating to the enemy, the starving garrison may be provisioned and relieved; but the firm conviction that help is nigh induces it to hold out still; and when the conquering hosts arrive, the strong faith which has been inviolate under the deepest trial, is "found unto praise and honour and glory." So that faith may thus be tested, God has declared the decree: "It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear."

It is to this curtain of obscurity which Jehovah has thrown over so great a part of the work of His hands, that Professor Tyndall objects; and he comes magnanimously forward to clear the moral universe of fog and all other unhealthy vapour. Unfortunately for himself, he is not the first of his race who has tried to discover the chemical properties of the film through which man looks on spiritual things. When the world was yet young, the patriarch Job entertained the notion of solving all the difficulties which appeared to be the groundwork of his doubts, and the great obstacles to his faith in God. He devoted himself earnestly to his work,

setting himself as a watchman on his watch-tower. He met with small success, for after many vigils, he cried: "Lo, He goeth by me, and I see *Him* not: He passeth on also, but I perceive *Him* not." Still yearning after satisfaction, he started in pursuit of the "Passer-by," but was soon evaded and outgone. Baffled and confounded, his cry of bewilderment still lingers in the air: "O that I knew where I might find *Him*! that I might come even to His seat! . . . Behold, I go forward, but He *is* not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive *Him*: on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold *Him*: He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see *Him*." Fortunately, Job had a logical mind, and it occurred to him to look within; to examine himself whether he possessed all the requisite qualifications for his self-imposed task or not. He soon discovered his own weakness, and has recorded a conclusion which reflects great credit on the nobleness and honesty of his character: "If I had called, and He had answered me; yet would I not believe that He had hearkened unto my voice."

Although the Divine fiat, that "in that day the light shall not be clear," is firmly established on the foundation of "the secret things" which "belong unto the Lord our God," the concluding clause of the declaration, "*nor* dark," is as certainly assured to us through "those things which are revealed," and which "*belong* unto us and to our children for ever." The Shepherd-King of Israel proclaimed that "The Lord God is a Sun." But at the same time, he admitted that whilst he remained on earth, he could not bask in the unchecked brightness of His beams: for "clouds and darkness are round about *Him*." "Dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto," and having "His way in the whirlwind and in the storm," He cannot be seen. Yet David murmured not. He did not give way to a repining spirit on discovering that God was in possession of many "*secrets*" which He was not

disposed to make known to him. He did not grow fretful and turbulent on account of the existence of motives and designs in the Infinite Mind too complicated and mysterious for his weak intellect to understand. He did not refuse all intermediate and subordinate illumination on finding that he could not be permitted to live in the full splendour of the noonday sun. But gladly taking "those things which are revealed" as a "goodly heritage" from his Father's hand, and as a welcome substitute for the hidden daylight, he exclaimed, with gratitude and joy, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." To him "the pillar of the cloud" became also "the pillar of fire," and he was rewarded with the fulness of the prophecy of the aftertime, "the light shall not be clear, *nor* dark."

It is to be regretted that all are not equally ready to receive "small mercies," and to be thankful for them. "Now *men* see not the bright light which is in the clouds," but are found proudly declining to accept "those things which are revealed," and to make use of them, except on the condition that God shall make over to them full possession of "the secret things" which belong exclusively to Himself. They despise "the lamp;" they must have the unclouded sunlight, or nothing. With these men Professor Tyndall has associated himself, in giving to the world his suggestion on the subject of prayer.

One of the most remarkable features exhibited by the opponents of the doctrine of faith is, that none of them has yet succeeded in discovering an ample substitute for prayer, or of leading the Christian world by "a more excellent way." The Jews, in days gone by, were told that God would not help them, and the Lord could not deliver them. Hence the prophet Isaiah challenged the people: "Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up, and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee." He waited in vain for a reply. "For I beheld, and there was no man; even

among them, and there was no counsellor, that, when I asked of them, could answer a word." If we seek guidance of such men, ours will be but another instance of "the blind leading the blind," and both eventually "falling into the ditch."

We shall find more trustworthy counsel in the Eastern proverb:—

"To seek relief from doubt in doubt;
From woe in woe; from sin in sin;
Is but to drive a tiger out,
And let a hungrier tiger in."

"AT THE HOUR OF PRAYER."

A PLEA FOR THE PUNCTUAL.

BY THE REV. J. BUSH.

It is our nature and our practice to stand by the minority. As every one knows, it is much easier to think with the many and to go with the multitude. It does not cost much to take the popular side of a question, or to blow the trumpet when the battle is won. We incline, nevertheless, to take the part of the few, and to plead for what is right, until the right becomes the rule and not the exception.

Now, there is a question upon which good people are divided. Some think it is well to be in their place at chapel before the time announced for commencing the service; others think it best to leave home at that time, and arrive at the chapel from five to fifteen minutes after the service has begun. This is not a case in which an opinion is privately held, but public expression is given to it once or twice every week; and by the action taken, both parties challenge scrutiny of their opinion. As no one is likely to indulge in a habit which he cannot justify to himself,—especially on the Sabbath-day and in the house of God,—it follows that those who come early and those who come late have what they think good reasons to give for their opinion upon this question.

In many chapels, it is the majority who come into the temple after the hour of prayer. No doubt, they could give a

reason for their regularity. We can see many advantages bound up with late coming to chapel. Let us begin at the beginning:—

A quarter of an hour late in the pew gives a quarter of an hour longer in bed. And where a man has had not much more than eight hours of unbroken sleep, fifteen minutes extra is a boon not to be lightly rejected. With all our regard for minorities, we must allow that sometimes a minority is captious and critical; and when the few see the many come into chapel late on Sunday morning, and are perhaps inclined to judge them harshly, let the minority remember that, as compensation for missing the opening hymn and the first prayer, their late friends secured probably quite fifteen minutes more of sleep. It is, of course, an open question which is worth most—the song or the slumber: an open question, we mean, inasmuch as opinions vary, and practice differs even to contrast. A few prefer the song, and are there in time to profit by it; but many choose the slumber, albeit they know that, beyond a given hour, slumber means "the more of this warm bed the less of worship."

A further advantage of late coming to chapel is this: people escape from the galling yoke of keeping time. To many, punctuality is painful. They do not like to be tied up to doing a thing at a set time. Of course, on the week-day there is no help for it. Business men, who travel much by train, have to study the time-table, and be at the station to a minute. Artisans must be at the post of duty when the bell rings or the gong sounds; and clerks and shopmen have to keep time—if they would keep their place. Now, to some natures this is very trying; it frets and galls; and others think that to be unpunctual is the mark of an uncommon mind. And there are many who hail the return of Sunday as a season of liberty. On that day they make much of their freedom, and seem to count it both duty and privilege not to know what o'clock it is. To persons of this sort it is a com-

fort to be free to choose their own time for setting out to chapel, instead of having, as on week-days, to leave their homes at a time set for them. They use and enjoy this liberty; they value the power to be unpunctual; and on Sunday they "forget all time," as well as all "toil and care."

Any one who knows human nature—when it is only human, and untouched by the Divine—will feel how such advantages as these are likely to be valued by the majority. It is a quarter of an hour that is in question: there are two competitors for it—the bed and the pew: what marvel that the bed wins? It is further a question of freedom or fixedness; free to do a thing now or put it off a while, or shut up to do it just now: and when punctuality is so much the rule on week-days, what wonder that, when only God is concerned, men should, when Sunday dawns, shake themselves free from the trammels of punctuality?

But is there anything to be said on the other side? Have the minority anything to say for themselves? Can any reason be given for the habit persevered in by a few—the habit of being in their pews before the service begins?

It is practicable. This seems not much, and yet carries with it a great deal. For if to come early be practicable, then it is clear that those who come late might come early if they would. Of course, to all rules there are exceptions. A mother with very young children, a household where there is affliction, a family where there is no union of heart and hand, a house where there is neither watch nor clock—these suggest reasons which may well account for late coming to chapel. But these are the exceptions.

Let the minority speak for themselves. Take three representatives of the punctual worshippers, and hear what they have to say in support of their practice of coming early to the house of God.

Number one says, It is bad manners to come late.

A man is invited to dine with a friend at two o'clock. He knows it is the

habit of the family to sit down at two-precisely; but he loiters about, and dawdles away the time, and reaches the house at ten minutes or a quarter past two. He interrupts the dinner, and disturbs everybody at the table. Such a man would be set down as ignorant of the first principles of good manners, and his friends would soon cease to invite him. Everybody knows that to come to a dinner-table after dinner has commenced, is reckoned so grave a breach of the courtesy due to a host, as invariably to call for apology or explanation.

In this mountain hath the Lord of hosts made a feast. All are invited, and all are welcome. A time is fixed for the feast to begin. Yet many, with nothing to hinder them, leave home late, and come to the feast ten minutes or a quarter of an hour after it has commenced. And when the King comes in to see the guests, He finds quite half of them dropping in carelessly, and regular in nothing but in being late at the feast. Now, the King takes notice. On one occasion, He saw a man who had broken one of the rules of the feast, by not putting on the proper garment; we know how the King dealt with him. It is not difficult to guess how the King feels towards those who break another of the rules of the feast—coming late when He bids them come early. Certain it is that they who deliberately come late to chapel treat God with less regard than they would a neighbour; and behave towards Him with a rudeness which, in ordinary society, would cost them every friend they had.

Number two says, To come late to chapel is not doing as we would be done by.

We have feelings, and do not like to be disturbed during the time of worship. And late comers are disturbers of our peace. The repeated opening of the door, the passing up the aisle, the pushing past into a pew—and all this aggravated now and then by rustling dress, or creaking boots, or heavy footsteps—it is little short of torture to those who desire to worship in godly

quietness. Then, too, there is the rankling sense of injustice. What right has any one wantonly to disturb others? None. There is the feeling of helplessness. What can any one do to put a stop to this? Nothing. It is a grievous, grinding wrong, without a remedy. And there is generally a superb indifference on the part of the offenders.

Number three says, Turn the service round, and let the going away of the people proceed upon the same principle as their coming to chapel. Let those who came in after half-past ten remain after twelve; how would this look? When the benediction is pronounced, let all depart who were present when service commenced. And then, for the next twenty minutes, let all late comers depart in the exact order in which they came in. First, one by one, those who entered during the singing of the first hymn; then, let those rise in a body and go who, after waiting in the lobby, walked in after the first prayer; and then, one by one, the incorrigible stragglers who came during the chant and the lessons—the last to come in being the last to go out.

We do not suggest this as a penalty, but only as it would show the absurdity of the habit of coming in just at any time between the proper time and twenty minutes after. If it be the right and seemly thing for a congregation to leave at once and in a body, it is not less right and seemly to come in the same way. As none would like to remain after the benediction is pronounced, why should any wantonly come after the service has commenced? As the chapel empties in the ten minutes after the service closes, why should it not fill in the ten minutes before service begins?

We have dwelt upon the lighter and less important aspects of this question. If the need should arise, we shall in a future article deal with the higher and graver considerations which ought to lead us into the temple "at the hour of prayer"—not ten minutes after.

**"LORD, WHAT WILT THOU
HAVE ME TO DO?"**

ONE reason why Christ is so unbending in His requirements, is because He knows that many of the difficulties and dangers attending His service are more seeming than real. Although they look very formidable at a distance, when we get near them they vanish away. Ananias had heard by many people of the terrible character of the man he was commanded to visit. Frightful stories had been told him of men and women dragged to prison, and of others who had been compelled to blaspheme. He thought he was going into the presence of a roaring lion who was likely to tear him to pieces. But he found the lion changed into a lamb; and his visit was welcomed as that of an angel from God. There are many duties of which the followers of Christ are very much afraid, and which they often greatly dislike, but which, when undertaken in a right spirit, prove to be pleasant and profitable, both to ourselves and other people.

Whenever we are prevailed upon to submit to Christ, that hour is to us the beginning of good days. Never till then shall we have any power with God; but when He sees that we have submitted to Christ, He will begin to pay attention to our prayers. Saul was a Pharisee, and had doubtless offered many prayers to God; but it does not appear that these had ever been noticed in heaven. When he had said to Jesus, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" then it was said of him, "Behold, he prayeth." After his prayers had been heard in heaven, he soon received an answer of peace. We are sure to receive a message from heaven in answer to prayer. That message may be brought by some disciple, or it may be conveyed directly to the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost; but it will undoubtedly come. Let Christ hear from us the language of submission, and we shall soon hear from Him the language of

pardoning mercy.—*From the Manuscripts of the late Rev. S. Jackson.*

SATURDAY NIGHT.

PLACING the little hats all in a row,
Ready for chapel to-morrow, you know
Washing wee face and the little black
fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be
kiss'd;
Putting them into clean garments and
white—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.
Spying out holes in the little worn
hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through
the toes;
Looking o'er garments so faded and
thin,
Who but a mother knows where to
begin?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.
Calling the little ones all round her
chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their soft
evening prayer,
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loves to gather the lambs to His
fold;
Watching, they listen with childish
delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.
Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are
warm,
Tucking the blanket round each little
form;
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.
Kneeling down gently beside the white
bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her
head,
Praying as only a mother can pray,
"God guide and keep them from going
astray."

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

FRANCIS WRIDE.

FRANCIS WRIDE died at Kettlethorpe, October 27th, 1873, aged twenty-nine years. Being the child of Wesleyan parents, he was taken in early life to the sanctuary, and taught the duty of obedience to the Divine commands. As a youth, he was remarkably steady in his habits, and exemplary in his general conduct. At the age of twenty-one he gave his heart fully to God, and joined the Wesleyan Church in the village of South Cave, with which he remained identified until his death. The event of his conversion was perhaps not so striking to the outward world as it is in the case of such as have been openly immoral and defiantly wicked, but it produced a blessed effect on his own inner life and experience. Hitherto he had known the "form of godliness," but now he understood its "power," and rejoiced in a conscious fellowship with God.

His Christian career was thoroughly consistent with the profession of Christ's name. He was of an amiable disposition, and his daily demeanour was gentle and unobtrusive; yet he was "not slothful," but felt deeply interested in all that concerned the Cause of God, and ever ready to undertake any work in connection with it of which he was capable.

The Cause at South Cave had become somewhat enfeebled by deaths and removals; and Mr. F. Wride, being settled on the farm formerly occupied by his father, the late Mr. W. Wride, the Methodists of the neighbourhood naturally looked to him, and cherished

the hope that for years to come he would be a prominent and useful official of the Church in that place. But, alas! when he had just put on the harness, and fairly commenced a career of active service for Christ, his work was suddenly brought to a close.

His last illness was brought on by exposure to cold and rain, and although nothing serious was apprehended in the outset, it soon assumed the shape of typhoid fever, which in about sixteen days completed its fatal work. In his removal the Church has suffered loss, and bereaved friends have been filled with sorrow, but our holy religion has won another triumph. His complete submission to the Divine will could only be accounted for by the sanctifying grace of God. His surroundings were such as made it most desirable for him to live. His youthfulness, his relation to the Church, his temporal prospects, his happy marriage and three dear little children,—all this was calculated to make him long for life; and yet nothing could surpass the resignation with which he acquiesced in the painful providence, and left all to the disposal of Him Who judgeth rightly.

Not only was he resigned and free from the fear of death, but he was filled with joy in the near anticipation of heaven's glory. As long as physical strength would permit, he spake exultingly of angels ministering unto him, of soon wearing the white robe and waving the palm. His last conscious utterance was literally, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb."

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

The Life of James Dixon, D.D. Written by his Son, RICHARD WATSON DIXON, M.A. London: Published for the Author at the Wesleyan Conference Office. 1874.—There are two reasons, either of which justify a biography. The subject of the memoir may be so

celebrated that any information concerning him is eagerly welcomed. The interest and worth of the book centre in the individual whose life is written. Or the value of a biography may be chiefly didactic; the author designing that the career of his hero should illustrate cer-

tain principles, teach certain lessons, serve as an example for imitation. The intention of the writer necessarily determines his treatment of his subject; details suitable for the one class of biography, must be rigorously excluded from the other; in the first case, the story is left to point its own moral; in the second, the author is always at the reader's elbow, indicating what he wishes to be specially noted. Both kinds of memoir are instructive; in the latter the teaching is direct, in the former indirect. Mr. Dixon has written his father's "Life" from the first-mentioned point of view. He has endeavoured to portray Dr. Dixon's personality as completely as possible. Three portraits, taken at different periods, together with various brief descriptions of his appearance, amply suffice to convey a general idea of the Doctor's physique. To the delineation of his character his biographer has devoted all the strength of a superior intellect and practised literary skill. The son has attempted to show what manner of man the father was in public and in private, in the pulpit, on the platform, at home, and among friends:—has tried to reveal his habits of mind, to indicate his opinions on matters of peculiar importance, to lay bare the foundation-principles on which his life was based. In one respect his success is unusual, namely, in the clearness, boldness, and unity of the effect produced. Many memoirs leave behind them a

number of more or less faint, hazy, divergent notions of the persons they describe. This makes an impression, definite, sharply-cut, permanent, like that of a die upon coin. Perhaps there is also a little of the hardness of outline and absence of detail that the process of stamping involves, and this notwithstanding the spirit of love, tenderness and filial reverence which evidently animates the biographer. To some extent, however, Mr. Mason's "Jottings" remedy this defect.

Truly the acquaintance of Dr. Dixon, even after death, is no small possession. The secret of his power, as unfolded in this volume, was, first, the realising intensity of his spiritual convictions and emotions; then, the oneness of his devotion to the work of preaching the Gospel; and lastly, the wondrous gift of speech with which the Almighty had endued him. His letters, addresses, "Notes on Books and Authors," all bear witness to the firm hold, the deep root, which evangelical doctrines, as presented by Methodism, had taken in his soul. With him, words represented things—eternal verities. Contact with so noble a nature, even through the medium of printed pages, must shame and stimulate us all. No Christian minister can study it without searchings of his own heart, and earnest yearnings after Dr. Dixon's singleness of purpose. To our mind, it is a grand biography, whether we regard its contents or its tone.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR MAY, 1874.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.
1874.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
May 1	4 32	7 23	4 8m	8 58a	9 7a	3 26m	1 59m
11	4 15	7 39	3 56	9 28	9 6	2 44	1 20
21	4 0	7 53	3 51	9 54	9 4	2 5	0 42
31	3 49	8 6	Sets. 8 58a	10 11	9 0	1 26	0 2

PHASES OF THE MOON.

1st, Full Moon	4h. 9m. after.	15th, New Moon.....	10h. 17m. after.
9th, Last Quarter	7h. 12m. morn.	23rd, First Quarter ..	3h. 19m. morn.
31st, Full Moon..	6h. 46m. morn.		

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 14th.....	6h. morn., Perigee; distance 224,460 miles.
„ 26th	7h. morn., Apogee; „ 251,655 „
Mean distance for the month	238,058 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 1st	92,428,430 miles.
June 1st	92,999,690 „
Increase of distance for the month.....	571,260 „

The Moon will be partially eclipsed on the afternoon of the 1st, between 1h. 9m. and 6h. 57m., Greenwich mean time. The entire of the phenomenon will be witnessed in Australia, and the greater part of Asia; the concluding portion in parts of Africa and Europe. The Moon will have completely emerged from the Earth's shadow before it rises to the inhabitants of Great Britain.

Mercury is in the remoter part of its orbit, and will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 24th, at nine o'clock in the evening. It will be at its greatest distance southward from the plane of the Earth's orbit on the 3rd, at four o'clock in the morning, and will be in that plane on the 22nd, at four o'clock in the morning. On the morning of the 15th it will be near the Moon, and on the evening of the 26th in perihelion.

Venus is now conspicuously the evening star. On the morning of the 4th it will be in conjunction with Mars. The least distance is about twelve minutes; but the nearest approach takes place below our horizon: they will be very near to one another, however, on the evenings of the 3rd and 4th. It will be interesting to watch on successive evenings how *Venus* outstrips Mars in their eastward progress through the heavens. *Venus* will be near the Moon at noon on the 17th, Mars at the previous midnight. On the morning of the 31st it will be in perihelion.

The Sun is gaining on *Mars*, but will

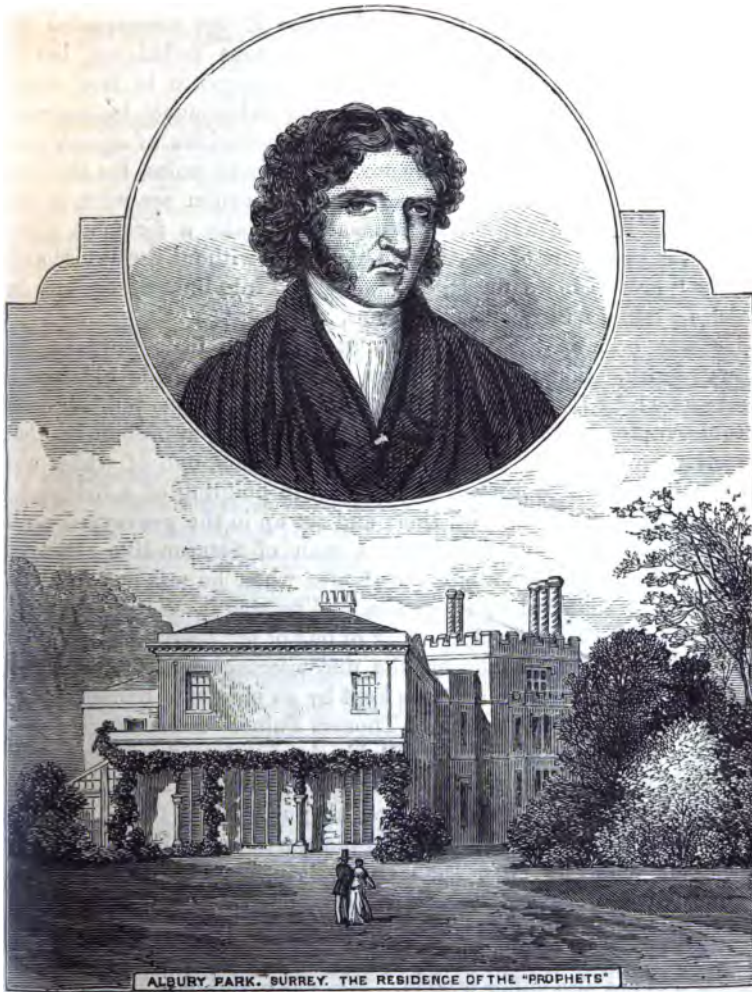
not overtake it till early in July. The planet is comparatively lost in the evening twilight, and in the superior splendour of its brilliant rivals, *Venus* and *Jupiter*.

Jupiter's greater elevation after sunset gives it an advantage over *Venus*, and the latter is, moreover, in the remoter part of her orbit. The apparent diameter of *Venus* is eleven seconds; that of *Jupiter*, forty-one. *Jupiter* will be stationary on the 19th, when the apparent motion changes from retrograde to direct. On the 24th it will be near the Moon. This planet will be due south on the evening of the 15th at eight o'clock, and on the 30th, at seven o'clock; altitude, thirty-three degrees. It is situate on the boundary between the constellations *Leo* and *Virgo*.

Saturn rises at midnight on the last day of the month. Its meridian altitude is only twenty-one degrees. On the 26th, the apparent motion changes from direct to retrograde. On the 4th, it will be in quadrature with the Sun; and on the 8th, in conjunction with the Moon; the apparent distance from which, at nine o'clock, is five degrees, or rather more, for parallax lowers the Moon. The greatest diameter of the outer edge of the ring is thirty-nine seconds, the least between ten and eleven seconds.

Uranus crosses the meridian on the 16th, at five o'clock in the afternoon. On the 29th, it sets at midnight.

Neptune is still near the sun.



EDWARD IRVING.

GENIUS involves its possessor in increased danger as well as increased responsibility. The height to which a man of great intellectual powers may aspire is the measure of the depth to which he may fall. He has in himself the possibility of conspicuous glory, and also of conspicuous ruin. Without moral restraint, superior mental gifts are developed in forms of more gigantic wickedness. The flame which might have irradiated a nation with beneficent

light becomes an illumination for the orgies of vice. Genius, even in a godly man, will lead to disastrous errors if not accompanied by prudence. Sails may be unfurled and pennons rolled out, but if discretion be wanting, there will be sad submergence or fatal crash on the rocks. EDWARD IRVING had princely endowments, but through defect of judgment he fell into mournful eccentricities of speech and action. By his fine bodily presence, his majestic voice, his elevated sweep of thought, his language, gorgeous as a calm sea when it has caught the hues of sunset, he was able to take a foremost place among the preachers of his time; but he was without the "wisdom" that is "profitable to direct," and deviated into lines of conduct in which he found misery and abasement.

He was born in the year 1792, at Annan, a little town on the Solway Frith. Some of his relatives on his mother's side obtained a local renown by their peculiarities. One of his uncles published an autobiography in the form of a tombstone; for, apprehensive that posterity would not do justice to his achievements, one of which was a lawsuit with his brothers and another the building of a bridge, he had the stone inscribed with them and set up in the graveyard while he yet lived. Another uncle was a man of Samson-like strength. Being once annoyed by a number of men when he was on a visit to Liverpool, he snatched up the poker, and twisted it, as if it had been but a green sapling, round the neck of one of his assailants, who had to get a blacksmith to take off the uncomfortable cravat. The first school that Edward attended was kept by an old dame named Peggy Paine, a relative of the notorious Thomas Paine. From Peggy, with her alphabet and words of one syllable, he was transferred to a more important school kept by Mr. Adam Hope, who had also the honour of numbering Thomas Carlyle among his pupils. The future preacher was more intent on splashing among the waves of the Frith, exploring glens and climbing hills, than on applying himself to his school-books; yet he evidenced considerable interest in mathematics, and hailed as a kind of holiday the day on which the master taught that branch of science. The time spent in wild rambles over his native county was not altogether wasted. His early intimacy with natural objects,—the tangled copses, the lonely uplands, the waters dashing their foam at his feet, the sky with clouds floating like golden argosies, or shadowed by the dark sweep of the thunderstorm,—were important elements in his education. The pleasure he then found in the aspects of the outer world influenced him through life, and even in the dingy streets of London he was able to renew in fancy the Arcadian charms which expanded and gladdened his boyish heart.

His out-door exploits were on one occasion nearly brought to a

sudden end. He and his brother John were on the sands of the Frith; the tide rushed in and out with great fury, but the beach, with its glistening pools, its sea-weed and shells, had so captivated them that they became unmindful of the swift and stealthy waves. Happily a horseman came galloping along, snatched up the lads, and rushed at full speed, not knowing who they were, until he got to a place of safety, when he found that they were his own nephews. A little longer and the voice that was to make music grand as that of golden organ-pipes would have been silenced by the impetuous surges. When thirteen years old, Edward was sent to the University of Edinburgh. He lodged with his brother on a lofty flat in one of the many-storied houses of the city. The lads were left very much to their own devices in the matter of housekeeping, and had to make their bed and cook their food; the latter not a very difficult operation, as their diet consisted principally of the national oatmeal, with its variations of cake, porridge and brose.

In college as in school, Edward's predilection for mathematics was manifest; but his mental development owed most to his careful study of the great masters of British literature. His soul grew larger by contact with their stately thoughts and imagery, and at a later time, when the antique splendours of his diction were assailed by a cold and narrow criticism, he thus nobly vindicated himself: "I fear not to confess that Hooker and Taylor and Baxter in theology, Bacon and Newton and Locke in philosophy, have been my companions, as Shakespeare and Spenser and Milton have been in poetry. I cannot learn to think as they have done, which is the gift of God; but I can teach myself to think as disinterestedly, and to express as honestly what I think and feel; which I have in the strength of God endeavoured to do. They are my models of men, of Englishmen, of authors. My conscience could find none so worthy, and the world hath acknowledged none worthier. They were the fountains of my English idiom; they taught me forms for expressing my feelings; they showed me the construction of sentences and the majestic flow of continuous discourse. I perceived a sweetness in every thought, and a harmony in joining thought to thought; and through the whole there ran a strain of melodious feeling which ravished the soul as a vocal melody ravisheth the ear."

Irving attended classes four or five years in Edinburgh, and was then employed as a school-teacher, but still went to Edinburgh at intervals as a Divinity student. About this time he began a friendship with a man who has outlived him many years, has thrown his rugged power into numerous books, has severed himself from the faith in which Irving found his joy and glory, and in his old age makes no sign of hope for himself, and seems to have no hope for the

world but in its subjugation by red-handed despots. The reference is to Thomas Carlyle, who after Irving's death thus wrote of him: "One who knew him well," meaning himself, "and may with good cause love him, has said, 'But for Irving, I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with: I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or now hope to find. The first time I saw Irving was six and twenty years ago, in his native town, Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, high character and promise; he had come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his. We heard of famed professors, of high matters, classical, mathematical, a whole wonderland of knowledge; nothing but joy, health, hopefulness without end, looked out from the blooming young man.'"

We can scarcely help wishing that we had a record of one of those *Noctes Ambrosianæ* in that secluded, wave-dashed Annan. There, while the breakers moan on the sands, and Orion shines grandly above the Frith, and the lamp burns on the table, and the old clock in the corner sounds the swiftly-gliding hours, what glowing, eloquent and poetic discourse from the youth destined to pour a new light on the pulpit, and what intensity of interest in the youth who has since wielded the pen with surpassing but often misdirected power! Irving was only eighteen years old when he became master of a school in Haddington, and had scholars nearly as old as himself. His government of the school was severe and imperious, and he let the biggest lads know, by unmistakable sensations on their backs, that he was dominie or lord; but out of school he walked and talked and sported with the scholars in a manner that won their affection and esteem. While he was in Haddington, Thomas Chalmers, who was just beginning to shake Scotland with the thunders of his stormy yet magnificent eloquence, was announced to preach in Edinburgh. The schoolmaster and a number of his pupils went to hear him, starting after school-hours and returning the same evening, walking altogether thirty-five miles for the sake of a single sermon! When they got to the church, they went up to the gallery, and were going into an empty pew, when a man told them it was engaged, at the same time stretching his arm across to prevent their entering. Irving reasoned with him, but in vain, and his patience exhausted, he raised his hand and exclaimed, "Remove your arm, or I will shatter it in pieces." The man was awed by Irving's manner, took away his arm, and the wearied lads followed their master into the pew.

Irving was two years in Haddington, and then accepted the charge of a school in Kirkcaldy, where, as in his previous school, he was

unsparing in the use of the rod. One day, when rueful sounds were coming out of the room, a joiner appeared at the door, axe in hand, and asked, "Do ye want a hand the day, Mr. Irving?" ironically intimating that he was able to supplement the birch with a more effective weapon.

But if stripes were frequent in school, kindnesses were equally frequent out of school. He taught the boys to swim in the Frith of Forth, not seldom gliding through the water with a lesser one on his shoulders, and at night took them out for astronomical observations. Once when they were busy with a telescope, meteors darted from the sky, and some of the townspeople imagined that Irving was drawing the stars down, or at least knew when they would fall.

In 1815 he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy, and occasionally occupied the pulpit of that town, but was not much appreciated, for the people said he had "ower muckle gran'ner." One man kicked open his pew door and stalked indignantly out of the church when he saw the tall schoolmaster in the pulpit.

The first time he preached in Annan there was a large congregation, drawn by curiosity to hear the youth so well known there as a boy. He was reading his sermon when he raised the Bible too high, and his manuscript fell over into the precentor's desk. It was an exciting moment to the congregation. What would the preacher do without his paper? He leaned over the front of the pulpit, laid hold of the fallen leaves, crushed them up in his hand, and went on as fluently as before. The people were proud of a townsman who could thus assert his independence of paper.

He stayed seven years in Kirkcaldy and left in the year 1818, being then in the twenty-sixth year of his age. After waiting in vain for a call to a church, he began to prepare for a mission to Persia. He would leave the land of his nativity, the Frith shores, the banks and braes by which the burns and rivers wended on their romantic way, the heathery moors, the fir-crowned ledges, the snowy scalps of the ancient mountains, the green retirements of the woods, the lochs dimpled by the Highland breeze, the towns and hamlets so dear to him; and in Ispahan and Astrabad, and where Persepolis once stood the queen of the East, he would preach the everlasting Gospel. He would go not as the agent of any society, but strike out boldly and alone, like one of the primitive evangelists, and he would roll out his commission and announce a Saviour in regions covered with darkness and the shadow of death. Irving's project never got beyond the region of dreams, but more than twenty years since we saw the magnanimous daring with which he meditated his Persian scheme worked into fact by the Methodist youth who went from Yorkshire to China on his own responsibility, to grapple with the heathenism of that huge empire.

While Irving was looking across to Asia as the scene of his future movements, he was invited by Dr. A. Thomson to preach in St. George's, Edinburgh, at the same time receiving an intimation that Dr. Chalmers would be present, that he was looking out for an assistant, and might make choice of him. After some waiting he had an interview with Dr. Chalmers, and the conclusion was, "I will preach to your people if you think fit, and if they bear with my preaching they will be the first people who have borne with it." He was diligent in his visitation of the Doctor's parishioners, and when he entered a house, no matter how mean or poor it might be, he began with the salutation, "Peace be to this house," and ere he left he laid his hands on the head of each child of the family, and said in tender and affectionate tones, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee." But though he won his way to the hearts of the poor, it was not easy to content those who could only see excellence in Chalmers, and when it was discovered that he was to preach, numbers left the church with disappointment on their faces, saying, "It's no himsel' the day."

Irving was quite as wonderful in his own way as the great "himsel'," but it was not then the fashion to admire him; his name was still in obscurity, and not, as it became, a charm to draw multitudes together. Besides, to say nothing of the power which Chalmers found in a direct and faithful evangelicism, he was better fitted to gain immediate popularity than Irving. Chalmers at once stormed his way to the hearts and electrified the souls of his hearers; Irving appealed by the slower processes of argument and reason to the intellect of the congregation. Chalmers' discourses had the quality of suddenness and startling grandeur, resembling avalanches thundering down an Alpine precipice; Irving's discourses were characterized by a less tumultuous yet broader magnificence, and might be likened to a stately river sweeping through a luxuriant valley, and reflecting the grim masonry of lone keeps and the pinnacles of great cities.

J. M.

(To be concluded.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WESLEYAN MINISTER'S WIFE.

No. V.

THE solemn Watch-night Service is associated in my mind with the memory of a beloved friend who long since entered into rest. Her consistent life and bright example were of great benefit to many. A brief sketch of her somewhat romantic history will possess an interest for those who knew her,

while the peculiar circumstances of her illness and death loudly enforce the admonition, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Annie R.—'s parents were at the time of their marriage members of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society, but from some unremembered cause

soon ceased to be so. Their two daughters at an early age were converted to God, and at the invitation of the venerable Rev. J. Entwisle, began to meet in Class. Annie, the younger, was unusually attractive in appearance, winning in manner, possessing great mental capabilities and decision of character. At the recommendation of Mr. Entwisle, she, when little more than eighteen years of age, obtained a situation as governess to the young daughters of Mr. F—, of London. Here she enjoyed many advantages which she valued and improved: a rich spiritual ministry and frequent intercourse with faithful servants of our Lord, who delighted to shepherd the lambs of their flock. It was to the young teacher a season of spiritual growth, often gratefully referred to in after life. In training the children placed under her care, she evinced so much gentleness, firmness, discernment of character, judgment in action, and above all such a loving interest in their spiritual welfare, that she secured the esteem and affection of the whole family circle. Their motto as a Christian household was, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness."

It was with mutual regret that, at the end of six years, it became necessary that Annie should seek another engagement. One soon presented itself where her position would have been equally favourable, but during the vacation spent in her home she discovered that duties and cares pressed too heavily on her sister. With the decision that marked Annie's character when the path of duty lay clear before her, she at once wrote requesting to be allowed to decline the proffered situation, although this involved a

sacrifice little understood by the parents, but thankfully appreciated by her sister. Finding, however, that the loss of her former help in a pecuniary way troubled her mother, she sought and soon obtained an engagement as morning governess in a highly influential family belonging to the Church of England. Here, too, she won the love and respect of her pupils; her light as a witness for Jesus shone so brightly and consistently, that she had the happiness of seeing them in early life choose the better part, and enter the service of Christ with the full approbation of their friends.

It was on Annie's settling down in B—, after her sojourn in London, that our acquaintance commenced. Her Leader invited me to join one of three Classes which she had under her charge. The first time I went, my future friend at the close of the meeting grasped me warmly by the hand, exclaiming,—

"O, Miss S—, I am so glad to see you here!"

"I am pleased to find you meet in this Class," was my rejoinder. "I have much wished to be introduced to you."

"How strange that I should have felt the same towards you," she replied. "Well, perhaps the guiding Hand that has brought us to the same Class, may render us useful to each other in our journey heavenward. Shall we pray that it may be so?"

From that evening we sought opportunities for frequent intercourse, arranging to meet as often as possible on her way to or from the place of her morning engagement; for her hours at home were fully occupied in sharing with her sister the burden of household toil. As far as practicable, she secured for herself attendance

on one of the Sabbath services, her Class, and the alternate week-night service. She looked upon these hours as consecrated to God, and felt that she needed the help and refreshment they afforded. Many a time as we met at the Class-room door, she would press my hand, saying, "It has been such a struggle to get here; but five minutes within, and I shall forget it all."

Would that all those whose names are entered on the rolls of Church membership valued this means of grace so highly! If they did, greater regularity in attendance would be secured, and a perceptible heightening in spiritual enjoyment, growth in grace and knowledge, would follow. Leaders and ministers would be relieved from much of the discouragement that too often accompanies their efforts.

So bright and joyous was Annie's usual deportment, so reticent was she respecting her trials, that few persons were aware of the heavy load daily resting upon her. One evening she remarked in Class that she felt much cast down and dispirited. Conversing with her the next day, I inquired,—

"Did anything particular happen yesterday to trouble you? It was so unusual for *you* to be cast down, although your path is so strewn with difficulties."

"Ah, dear," she replied, "that is true! My daily cares and troubles are so heavy that I *could not* bear them myself, and I learned long ago to cast them on Him Who has promised to bear them for me; but yesterday I was tried by what seemed such a *little* vexation, that I did not take it to my Burden-bearer, and it proved too heavy for me. I forgot the precious word, 'all,' and was taught the lesson that in inviting us

to cast *all* our care upon Him, Jesus is willing to take the little as well as the heavy ones. To-day I *have* taken all my burden, all my cares, and even my little vexations to Him, and the depression is gone. I feel as happy as a lark."

"You certainly look as bright as a sunbeam, Annie." She smilingly replied,—"'Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.'"

The ministry with which we were favoured at this time strongly dwelt upon the fulness of the grace of God, and the power of the Holy Spirit to eradicate evil from the hearts of believers. Our Leader stimulated her Classes to follow after holiness of heart. Annie was among the faithful few who entered upon this higher life.

One evening many sought the anointing power which would consecrate them afresh to the service of God. The following afternoon I received a little note from Annie, begging me to be sure to meet her, for her heart was too full of joy to delay telling me of the blessing she had received. I went as was requested. The remembrance of that conversation is fresh in my mind. With tears of joy she told of her hallowed communion with God in the early hours of that day.

"I came," she said, "in the course of my daily reading, to the account of the first poor leper that came to Jesus, crying, 'If Thou *wilt*, Thou canst make me clean.' The thought arose in my mind, That poor leper could not have known half as much of the willingness or the power of Jesus as I do. Jesus had done nothing for him before, He has done much for me. To *him*, Jesus was a Stranger; to *me*, He is a loving Elder Brother. I know His willingness

and His power. Immediately I was enabled to rest in Him for a full salvation, the words were applied to my heart, 'I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean.' I cannot describe the sweetness, the blessedness of that hour. You must feel it to understand it. Mary, you must not rest without this fulness of blessing. It seems so easy now to trust in every promise Jesus makes."

From that time she was enabled to maintain a close walk with God. Her growth in grace was observed and felt by her Leader and Class-mates, who profited by the rich and clear statements of her happy experience, and gave thanks to God on her behalf. In her home the deepening influence was felt, and some years after, the widowed mother exclaimed, "No one knows the gentleness and sweetness of Annie's daily life; I was fierce as a lion, she was tender as a lamb. I used to feel she was ripe for heaven, and wondered God didn't take her out of the way of such as I was."

The year in which my friend obtained this rich baptism of the Spirit drew to a close. December 31st fell on a Monday, and it was our Class evening. We attended it together, and as there were two hours to spare before the Watch-night Service, we proposed to remain behind in the vestry after the other members had left, and spend the time in relating to each other the remembrances we had of God's gracious dealings with us from our very early years. The review was profitable, and filled our hearts with adoring gratitude. We entered the sanctuary to pay our vows of loving obedience to Him Who had guided our feet into the path of peace. We were somewhat early for the ensuing

service. Opening her hymn-book, Annie pointed to the three hundred and seventy-third hymn, proposing that we should learn it and repeat it to each other at our next meeting. We did so, and she remarked,—

"How beautifully these verses express the desires of my heart! God is answering most of them in my daily experience, except, perhaps, the last."

After a pause, she added, sadly and thoughtfully,—

"It seems to me that before long that also may be appropriate language."

The verse alluded to is this:—

"In suffering be Thy love my peace;
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be Thou my Guide,
And save me, Who for me hast died."

"Annie," I exclaimed, "why do you speak like that?"

"Because," she replied, "I feel such a strange foreboding of the events of this new year. I try not to yield to the impression that haunts me; when it comes upon me (as it does again and again) I try to repel it with David's triumphant words, 'I will fear no evil.' Did we not yesterday realise that we could 'Praise Him for all that is past'? so now as regards the yet untrodden pathway of the future, I'll 'trust Him for all that's to come.'"

"You have no reason for this shrinking of heart?" I inquired.

"None whatever, so let us dismiss the subject; but it will be well for both of us to remember the admonition of Cecil, 'If you prize any object too highly, think of it too frequently, love it too fondly, a jealous God will take it out of the way.' We must seek more watchfully than ever to render our close

friendship a sanctified one, and daily to surrender ourselves and each other to God."

Knowing that her nervous system had received a severe shock from a sudden fright a week or two previously, I attributed her remarks to this cause, and trusted that by the end of the Christmas vacation her health and spirits would recover their usual tone. This seemed likely to be the case. Her natural cheerfulness was returning, when a gentleman residing at some distance wrote to a friend in B—, requesting her to recommend him a suitable governess for his children. This lady, thinking Annie was overtaxing her strength at home, and that change of scene, with country air, would be beneficial, strongly urged her to accept the situation, but found her resolute in her determination to make no change.

Mr. D—, the gentleman referred to, having, however, received strong recommendations of Annie B— from the lady, came to B—, and sought an interview in the hope that he might induce her to alter her resolution. They were accordingly introduced to each other, but no sooner did she understand that Mr. D— was a widower, than she declined any farther conversation on the subject. The effect of the meeting on Mr. D— was to make him resolve, if possible, to secure her loving care for his motherless children, not as a governess, but as a wife. To those who knew Annie at this time, it was not surprising that such should be the result of an interview. Her intelligent countenance and gentle deportment were calculated to produce a favourable impression. Mr. D— returned home to make the wish that had arisen in his heart subject of earnest prayer. Feeling directed to

take the step, he soon after wrote, making a proposal of marriage. She was not long in communicating to me what had occurred, and I playfully remarked, "So much for your strange foreboding, for your shrinking from the future. I expect you have already thought of our hymn, and begun to pray,—

'Still let Thy love point out my way!
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!'"

"Those lines occurred to my mind as soon as I read Mr. D—'s letter, and seemed the expression of my heart when I fell on my knees and spread the letter before the Lord; but the whole affair is so strange, so unexpected, that I don't know what to think about it."

"'Light is sown for the righteous;' your path will be made plain; you won't be left without guidance, Annie," was all I could say, for the prospect of separation was bitter. Little more was said on either side then, but we talked the matter over more freely afterwards.

The gentleman who sought her hand was a Local preacher and Class-leader; he had a comfortable home for her reception, and his position in life was superior to that in which she moved, but she sought that no apparent advantages should induce her to take any step which was not clearly indicated by God. Her parents, sister, and friends, all advised her to accept the offer. After much prayer and some correspondence on the subject, Mr. D— came to B—, and this interview resulted in an engagement. The bridal day came at last, a bright, beautiful May morning. I see her now, as she stood before the altar: a tall, graceful figure, with clear, lofty brow, bright hazel eyes, fair

complexion, and a deep blush mantling her cheek. She was attired with her usual neatness and taste, her only ornament a beautiful brooch, the gift of her loving pupils. The ceremony over, she entered the carriage, and, leaning forward for a parting look, waved her bouquet of white spring flowers as a last adieu. And was it such? It was. I never saw her more. The newly-married pair proceeded to Oxford to spend their honeymoon. From this place Annie wrote the next day, complaining of such severe headache and fatigue, that she stated their intention of postponing all sight-seeing till the following morning, after which she would write again, and give particulars of what interested them. No letter came on the day expected, but the next post brought one from Mr. D—, marked "Immediate." It contained a summons for Miss R— to hasten to Oxford. Her sister had been seized with paralysis, and the medical man gave little hope of her recovery. Not an hour was lost; in the evening she stood by Annie's dying bed.

For some hours she had shown no sign of consciousness. During the long night of watching which ensued, the stricken husband and weeping sister pleaded earnestly for resignation to the will of God, yet entreating that the stroke might be lightened by the removal of the unconsciousness, if only for a short time. Their prayers were graciously answered. As day dawned the closed eyes gradually opened, a look of bewilderment passed over the countenance, she gazed at the watchers alternately for some minutes. Their prayer went up for "just one look of recognition." That, too, was answered. As if awakening from a dream, she smiled upon them,

and attempted in vain to speak. "O for a few words!" The compassionate Father heard the cry of His children; as they bent to listen, they caught the whisper, "I'm going home: good-bye: Jesus is precious; don't weep."

In the course of an hour or two the beloved sufferer seemed wonderfully to rally. For several days she remained in a state of utter prostration. A young clergyman who had known her in B—, called to offer his services in accompanying Mr. and Mrs. D— to several places of interest. He was invited to speak words of consolation where he came to offer those of congratulation. Upon entering the sick chamber, he cast one glance at the changed form of the late beautiful bride, then turning away, he wept, exclaiming, "Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth."

"Tell him," whispered Annie, "I am *so* happy; for Jesus is with me . . . Ask him to pray that you may be comforted."

She thanked him for his sympathy, and said, "'Tis easy to die in the arms of Jesus."

The letters of love and inquiry which daily arrived were not read to her on account of her extreme weakness, but when one came containing a single verse, with a request that it might if possible be repeated to her, Miss R—, bending over the pillow, said,—

"In suffering be Thy love her peace;
In weakness be Thy love her power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be Thou her Guide,
And save her, Who for her hast died."

A smile of peace and joy unspeakable illumined her countenance as she said, "Tell Mary, *that* prayer is answered moment by moment. His love was precious in health, 'tis ten

thousand times more so in death. We shall talk of it together above. Bid her farewell."

Exhausted by the effort to say so much, she closed her eyes tranquilly for some minutes; then opening them, she said, "It will soon be over, let me kiss you while I can." In tears, they received her last embrace. Ere the day closed she was in heaven. Far from the home of her childhood, far from the new home prepared by loving hands for her reception, they laid her to rest among strangers. Miss B—, when the next spring gladdened the earth followed her sister to heaven. In less than a year after father, mother and brother joined them above.

M. S. W.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

(Concluded from page 134.)

SIR DAVID BREWSTER was a Christian philosopher. His sympathies had always been with the Evangelical section of the Church of Scotland, and at the Disruption he identified himself with the Free Church. He was too long a stranger to the spiritual life of the Gospel, but he was not a doubter. He never indulged in the haughty scepticism which interferes so much with our admiration of some of the eminent philosophers of the present day. His aim was not to sacrifice religion to science, but to unite them in harmonious labours for the well-being of man.

It was not until late in life that Sir David Brewster entered into conscious relationship with Christ. When he did become sensible of the one thing he lacked, he sought the Lord with his whole heart. One of his daughters had a conversation with him on the plan of salvation,

in which she related her own experience of the love of God. He listened, took her in his arms and kissed her, and said, with child-like simplicity, "Go now, and pray that I may know it too." The light he craved at length filled his soul, and he could say, "I see it all so clearly myself. It cannot be presumption to be *sure*, because it is Christ's work, not ours; on the contrary, it is presumption to doubt His word and His work." On another occasion he said, while tears filled his eyes, "O, is it not sad that all are not contented with the beautiful, simple plan of salvation—Jesus only, Who has done all for us!"

In 1859, he was appointed to the Principalship of the Edinburgh University. His official life in St. Andrews was ruffled by strife and litigation, for which he was to a large extent to be blamed. He was somewhat pugnacious in disposition, and his strong phrases and imperative manner, even in the assertion of what was right, tended to rouse and embitter opposition. But in Edinburgh—and doubtless the mellowing influence of Divine grace may be taken as accounting for it—he worked in harmony with the College authorities, and one who had feared a repetition of the St. Andrews squabbles, said after his death, "Would that Sir David Brewster had lived for ever; we shall never see his like again!" His last public appearance was in Dundee, at the meeting of the British Association. The "old man eloquent," with the beautiful white hair and the expressive countenance, gave his testimony in favour of revealed religion. One who was present wrote, "To see a philosopher like him, of world-wide reputation, vindicating the inspiration of God's Word, and humbly receiving the

truth in the love of it, was most encouraging."

But though the faculties of his mind were well-nigh as bright as in the days when with boyish glee he bounded along the bank of the Jed or climbed the towers of the ruined Abbey, his body was weakened by lapse of years. At one of the meetings he fainted on the platform. On his return home, he expressed himself as feeling every day "an inch nearer the end since Dundee." The closing days of his long and laborious life were spent in his own charming Allery. He employed himself in calmly arranging his affairs; and as each little task was completed, a letter dictated or papers put in order, or books restored to their right place on the shelves, he would say, "There; that's done." The last time he was in his study, his little daughter, the issue of a second marriage, came in, and read to him the twenty-seventh Psalm and the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and then sung to him the hymn he always delighted to hear, "There is a happy land." When he left the study he said, "Now you may turn the key, for I shall never be in that room again." When he undressed he said, "Take away my clothes, this is the last time I shall wear them;" and when he lay down, "I shall never again rise from this bed."

Sir James Simpson visited him when on his death-bed, and told him he hoped that he might yet rally. "Why, Sir James, should you hope that?" he asked; and then added, "The machine has worked for above eighty years, and it is now worn out. Life has been very bright to me, and now there is brightness beyond." A little before he died, he said, "Jesus will take me safe through."

One of the members of his family said, "You will see Charlie," a son who had been drowned many years before. After a pause he replied, "I shall see Jesus, Who created all things; Jesus Who made the worlds; I shall see him as He is." His closing testimony was, "I feel so safe, so satisfied!" And then the blue eyes became dim, the features rigid, and the patriarch was "for ever with the Lord." His body was borne through alternations of storm and calm, snow and sunshine, to a grave near one of the sculptured windows of Melrose Abbey. On his tomb there is an inscription highly appropriate to one who had studied the properties of light with such assiduity, "The Lord is my light." The daughter who has written his life with tender care and in beautiful words, has honoured his memory with a graceful poem, from which the following lines are taken:—

"Under the storm!

Under the storm!

Lift ye gently the aged form!

Bear him tenderly down the stair—

Carry him out to the wintry air!

Let him into the shelter go

Of the plummy pomp of the conquer'd foe.

"Under the calm!

Under the calm!

Bear him along with a victor's palm!

Borrow a glow from the purpled dell,

And a gleam from the river he loved so well;

Let the bells ring out a birthday chime

For a soul new-born from the throes of time.

"Under the snow!

Under the snow!

Into the damps and the dews below!

Lay him down with his long-loved dead,

Weep if ye will o'er his silver head,

We have not an honour to reach him now,

We have not a love that can touch his brow.

"Under the sun!

Under the sun!

Joy! for the saved whose race is run!
 Joy! for the gift of the doubtless trust
 That shall parry many a doubter's thrust
 Joy! for the saint with his fair white stole,
 Of Christ's finish'd work in the glorious
 goal."

THOUGHTS FOR WORKERS.

(Concluded from page 138.)

ANOTHER lesson taught us is, *That we should never neglect our work because our tools are not to our minds.*—When the Indian is on the war-trail or the hunting expedition, he never succumbs to the cold, but with the rudest possible materials kindles a fire, and rejoices in its warmth. The rudeness of his appliances never deters him from making them contribute to his comfort. What a wonderful illustration of this lesson is afforded in the history of the architecture of antiquity! How unfit their appliances! And yet what beauty, grandeur, and perfection we see in their works! Men with better means are striving (often in vain) to imitate them.

No doubt Shamgar could have done better with a spear or a sword than with an ox-goad; but freedom was a blessed thing, and no less blessed purchased by an ox-goad than by the famous sword Excalibur. This great man showed his wisdom by looking at the end rather than the means, and by determining that the prize must be won, even though the ways of winning it were none of the smoothest. But, alas! how few imitate him. We the rather complain of our disadvantages and difficulties, and looking at our blunted weapons or at our rude and unfinished tools, ask how we can be expected to be successful with such

appliances as these. Or else we waste our strength in unavailing regrets, lamenting that we do not labour in some other part of the vineyard, or that we do not possess some advantage denied to us.

O! for more of the spirit of Shamgar! The thing to regard is the *work*: that must be done. If not with such tools as we would, then with such tools as we can find. The servant condemned in the parable of the talents, was a representative of the class of which we now speak. He had but one talent, his master was strict, there were difficulties in the way, how could he be successful? So he did nothing, and to screen himself threw the blame upon his circumstances, and even upon his lord. But in condemning him, his lord judges him by his own words. If he had but one talent, he should have been all the more careful of it; if he knew his master was an austere man, he should have been all the more anxious to give him no just cause of complaint. So if we have but indifferent abilities or many disadvantages, if our tools are rude and our weapons inferior, we must make up for these deficiencies by deeper devotion and more arduous labour. God expects no more than we are able to perform; but few advantages and many difficulties will not excuse us for neglect of our God-appointed duty.

Again, this history teaches us *Never to be on bad terms with our tools.*—This is very essential. For if we are full of complaint and dissatisfaction, of course cheerfulness in our work, love to it, and power over it, will soon be gone; and when these leave us, success will leave us too. How did Shamgar go to his work? Full of murmuring and sorrow because his sword was gone, or full of thank-

fulness that his ox-goad was left? In the last-named state, no doubt; for in the former it would have been impossible for him to fight so as to win. How many fortunes (material and spiritual) has such a spirit made, how many has the want of it marred! Milburn, the blind preacher, of America, tells us that in his early youth his sight began to fail, and that "for more than twenty years, with the shade upon the brow, the hand upon the cheek, the finger beneath the eye, to make an artificial pupil, with beaded sweat joining with the hot tears trickling from the weak and paining organ, to blister upon the page, was his reading done. Nevertheless," he says, "as I have striven to study my native tongue in Shakespeare's dictionary, and eloquence in the well-nigh inspired page of Milton, or endeavoured to look through the sightless sockets yet light-giving mind of Homer upon the plain of Troy, or have sat, like Bartimæus, to hear, if not to see, the Son of Man, I have found that knowledge was its own exceeding great reward." When blindness came down upon Milton he asked, "Doth God exact day labour, light denied?" And however he answered the question, still went on cheerfully working with such appliances as were left him, and as he did so sang,—

"I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate
a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and
steer
Right onward."

How sublime are these two examples! Here is the true philosophy. O, may we learn the lesson! Then we shall not fall out with our circumstances, or complain that our weapons are so blunted and our

difficulties so great that we can do nothing; but rather, with a trustful heart and a cheerful mind, shall make the best of what we have, and go to our Christian work with a will and a song.

Another lesson taught us is, *That God often delivers His people in very wonderful and unexpected ways.*—How wisely the Philistines thought they had managed, and how effectually they imagined they had prevented the Israelites from ever regaining their lost freedom! The swords were all gone, so were the smiths. True, but God could save either with or without swords; either "by many or by few." The Philistines miscalculated: in their estimate they left out the ox-goad; they left out Shamgar; they left out God. So the enemies of God's people miscalculate to-day. They say, "Ah! we will soon destroy your religion. We will pour our critical shot through the bulwarks of your faith till we batter them down, and then in the places where they have stood we will lay the foundations of the new philosophy, so that you can never build the old again." But they miscalculate. If the swords are gone, the ox-goads are left, and God has His Shamgars in hiding, and will bring them out according to His people's need. And He Himself still lives! His Word is still given; His Word is still His oath, and His oath can never be broken. "Hath He said, and shall He not make it good?" "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Our individual salvation and the Church's safety are in His keeping, and He still has "deliverances for Jacob." Wherefore "we will trust, and not be afraid."

Lastly, we learn *That the only way to insure success, is to do our best and*

trust in God.—Do both. That is one of our prime difficulties. Men of an active, energetic, self-reliant disposition are too apt to trust to self, to their own work, and to forget God. Then they either fail immediately because God's help is withheld, or ultimately, because they become proud and harsh, unbrotherly and unsocial, and so fail to keep the elements of success together. On the other hand, men of a trustful, dependent, confiding spirit often allow trust in God to degenerate into inactivity and indolence, and thus doing nothing they accomplish nothing.

But if these extremes are guarded against, and grace is sought to hold the golden mean, to pray the earnest prayer, to look the upward look, to touch God's hand with our own and *also* to strike the blow, to do the needed work, to be forward at the call of duty, success will be ours. Do both *at the same time*.—Here is another difficulty. Our times of labour and faith must be parallel. When did Shamgar need his trust so much as when he was in the midst of his terrible conflict with the six hundred? A "good time" the previous evening was not enough, he needed his faith in the battle. Montgomery asks Spain to rise from the dust of oppression, and exhorts her to "strike for freedom; strike and trust." But, be it observed that the striking and the trusting must go together. The trust must be the vital force that nerves the arm to strike. Let us so deal with all our religious difficulties, and especially with those that beset us in our Christian work, and we shall find that Shamgar's God will help us, and that our "happy toil" will assuredly succeed.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD,

When banished from Anwoth he wrote, "Thus, in haste, I write my palace in Aberdeen."

I LEAVE loved Anwoth's sacred place,
Manse, church and people, and
forth

Must know an exile's weary
Beneath the dark sky of this night

In Aberdeen my lot is cast,
Dumb Sabbaths, and long
mine;

But through the glooms, though wild
and vast,

The light of heaven will softly shine.

For me my gracious Lord will rear
A palace of excelling love,
And porch and corner-stone will bear
The graven show of things above;
And there with me in tryst of grace
He will His secret gifts impart;
And while I look upon His face,
Heaven will o'erflow my panting
heart.

His beauteous face my lamp will be,
Surpassing far the sun's bright flame;
And in the glory I shall see
The larger meanings of His Name.
Though lovely Anwoth be remote,
My lovelier Master will be near,
And I shall raise a cheerful note,
And sing, "My Lord, my Lord is
here!"

J. M.

EARLY LIFE OF BISHOP ASBURY.*

THE following account is that of ASBURY himself, with such superadded details, associated facts, and illustrations as I have been able to gather up by careful personal research in the localities familiar to his youth.

"I was born," he says, "in old England, near the foot of Hamstead-bridge, in the parish of Handsworth, about four

* From "Bishop Asbury: A Biographical Study for Christian Workers." By the Rev. Frederick W. Briggs. London: Published for the Author at the Wesleyan Conference Office. 1874.



(Home of Francis Asbury's Childhood.)

miles from Birmingham, August 20th or 21st, 1745." Some of the aspects of this locality have been changed since Asbury's time; but the spot he describes may be easily identified by any person who visits it, when the changes that have taken place are pointed out. The domain of Hamstead, or Hamstead Hall, the seat of the ancient family of Wyrley, lies at the north-east of the extensive rural parish of Handsworth, and is intersected by the pleasant old road between Birmingham and Walsall. At a distance of about two miles to the north-west of the spot referred to, is the town of West Bromwich, at present spread out over what was then Bromwich Heath; and a mile or two further on in the same direction, and in the very heart of the "Black Country," is the old Saxon town of Wednesbury. Through the broad and beautiful valley of Hamstead, winds the river Tame,

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which at that time was crossed by the bridge which Asbury indicates; but half a century ago it was turned into a new and straighter channel, the public road being also diverted; and a new bridge was built, to which the name of Hamstead Bridge has been transferred. The former bridge, however, still remains with the vestiges of a river beneath it; but its only use is to connect the road with the coal-wharf adjoining the Hamstead and Great Barr Railway Station,—and to mark the spot where the great evangelist was born. At the point where the present old Walsall-road (for there is a newer one still) diverges from the older one, and at the south end of the old bridge, is a rather large ivy-clad house, with its front towards the former road; and in a corresponding situation across the bridge stood the house which was Asbury's birth-place.

His parents, he informs us, who "were

M

people in common life, were remarkable for their honesty and industry, and had all things needful to enjoy. Had my father," he adds, "been as saving as he was laborious, he might have been wealthy. As it was, it was his province to be employed as a farmer and gardener by the two richest families in the parish." His mother belonged to a Welsh "family, ancient and respectable, of the name of Rogers." She was "an ardently affectionate," quick-witted and strong-minded woman, perfectly contented with her lowly social condition, and only concerned to fulfil its duties wisely and well. The death of her only daughter, Sarah, in infancy, plunged her "into deep distress, from which she was not relieved for many years." This event, however, was the means of leading her to give such attention to her spiritual interests, as "terminated in her conversion." Under a profound conviction of sin and of her spiritual helplessness, "she sought religious people" who might afford her sympathy and guidance, and became distressingly conscious that she lived "in a very dark, dark, dark day and place." Then she betook herself to religious books; and "many were the days she spent chiefly in reading and prayer."

This arrested his attention as a child, and filled him with surprise. It was "strange," he thought, that his "mother should stand by a large window poring over a book for hours together." Shortly after she had "found justifying grace and pardoning mercy," she removed with her family to a house in Newton Road, Great Barr, just over the parish boundary of Handsworth, where "for fifty years her hands, her house, her heart were open to receive the people of God and ministers of Christ." This house still stands, its immediate surroundings but little altered; and the memory of Mrs. Asbury, one of its earliest occupants, is lovingly cherished by a few old people who knew her personally, and by many others to whom her excellencies of character have been often told. About the time of her death

a chapel was built "within two or three hundred yards of her dwelling," to which the congregation and class she had been the means of forming were transferred; and "thus a lamp was lighted up in a dark place." A sermon on the occasion of her death was preached by the Rev. Samuel Bradburn. Both parents lived to a good old age, the father to his eighty-fifth, and the mother to her eighty-eighth year; and they slept together in the quiet burial-ground which surrounds the Great Barr Church.

After her own conversion Mrs. Asbury, by a natural instinct of piety, sought the conversion of her husband, and "strongly urged him to family reading and prayer." She also became the more earnestly watchful over Francis, her only son, guarding him especially against forms of insincerity, and impressing him with the solemn obligation of being always simply truthful. This had the restraining effect upon him which she prayerfully laboured to produce; so that, although "the love of truth is not natural, the habit of telling it" he "acquired very early." He "abhorred mischief and wickedness" such as the boys of his age were addicted to, and frequently "returned home" from their company "uneasy and melancholy." "Sometimes" he "was much ridiculed, and called *Methodist parson*, because" his "mother invited any people who had the appearance of religion to her house."

He was early sent to school, and "began to read the Bible between six and seven years of age, and greatly delighted in the historical part of it." But unhappily his "master was a great churl and used to beat him cruelly." "My father," he says, "having but the one son, greatly desired to keep me at school, he cared not how long; but in this design he was disappointed, for my master by his severity had filled me with such horrible dread that with me anything was preferable to going to school."

He was allowed to leave it—with what effect upon his after life cannot be

conjectured. But when only "about thirteen years and a-half old" he was apprenticed, by his own "choice," to a laborious trade. Within a short distance of his father's house was a famous forge, the only one ever built in that neighbourhood, and one of the first in the whole district. At night, the lurid flames flashed up from its furnaces cast an unearthly glare over the whole valley. Its ponderous machinery, worked by four huge water-wheels, he thought of with wonder and eager curiosity; and the skilful and active energy displayed within its precincts, contrasting so strongly with the tame and quiet plodding of his father's employment, captivated his boyish fancy. Some of the youths engaged in it had become his personal friends, and they seemed to him to have acquired by their manly toil a strength of character which had raised them to a higher level than his own. The work, he knew, was hard; but this rather strengthened his desire to have the satisfaction of doing it.

Forge-operations then, as now, were carried on in several associated departments. Besides the process of *smelting*, there was that which is now called *puddling*, the agitation of the liquid mass with rods till it has got rid of its foreign matters, and is formed into spherical balls called blooms; there was the process of flattening out these blooms by subjecting them to the blows of the heavy forge-hammer, now more effectually accomplished by the rolling-mill; there was the process of *slitting*, by which the iron when made malleable was cut into bars suitable for the use of the smith; and there was also the smith's department, where tools required by the forgemen were made and repaired.

At the head of this department was a godly man named Foxall, who had recently come from Monmouthshire, where he and his wife had been converted to Christ under the preaching of Mr. Wesley. Between Mrs. Foxall and Mrs. Asbury there had begun to grow up an intimate friendship, which originated where so many pure friendships take

their beginning—at some homely religious gathering. On these grounds it was specially satisfactory to the parents of Francis, when he had declared his desire to work within the forge, to find that Mr. Foxall was willing to take him as an apprentice. An arrangement was made with this result, and for "about six years and a half" he exercised, developed and strengthened his muscles, expanded his chest, and hardened his whole bodily frame by learning and practising the honourable craft of smith. "During this time," he says, gratefully, "I enjoyed great liberty, and in the family was treated more like a son or an equal than an apprentice."

No better training of its kind for his great future work could have been given to him. Had he been called to found, organize and direct the Methodist Societies in the conditions of social life in England, he might have needed for his task the erudition, dialectic skill and courtly refinement, which John Wesley acquired under the influence of his extraordinary mother and at the University of Oxford. But the work that Asbury was to accomplish in America called for qualifications of a different kind. It demanded practical good sense, a love of method, and an active and well-balanced mind; and this Asbury had in common with Wesley. But it required also a muscular frame, fortified by early discipline against exposure to the power of the churlish elements; ability and readiness to contrive on sudden emergencies, and the capacity of sustained bodily exertion and endurance; and he could have been placed in no better school to be trained for all this, than the blacksmith's shop of that *Old Forge*. Modern improvements in machinery, and the substitution of steam, for water-power, have caused that once noted forge to be removed from the locality, and the very "cinder-field" where its *scoriae* were deposited is now as green as the meadows which surround it; but the anvil on which Francis Asbury wrought is still reverently preserved as a precious memento of his providential early training.

But a fitness for spiritual work of another and higher kind was necessary,—more necessary than physical training, or even a liberal education. A successful evangelist lives and acts in fellowship with Christ and under His guidance. In order to do this he must be *converted, and become as a little child*. The life and experience of a true disciple of Christ must be a matter of personal consciousness to him.

A boy of right natural sensibilities necessarily feels the time when he is first put to a business to be a serious crisis in his history; and a word of spiritual counsel judiciously spoken to him then may leave an impression for good which is never afterwards effaced. Asbury at the time of his apprenticeship did not lack the prayerful advice of his mother; but it happened also that a godly man, previously unknown to her, had just come to reside in the neighbourhood, and was beginning to pay occasional visits at Mrs. Asbury's house. She quickly discerned in him a power of spiritual usefulness to her son, and enlisted his sympathies and co-operation in his behalf. It was arranged that he should call at times when Francis could meet him; and it was not long before he had won his confidence and succeeded in putting great and stirring thoughts into his mind. "By his conversation and prayers," says Asbury, "I was awakened before I was fourteen years of age. It was now easy and pleasing to leave my company, and I began to pray morning and evening."

Gradually as his knowledge, insight, and earnestness increased, he grew dissatisfied with the ministrations of the "dark priest" who officiated at the church which the family attended, (the church at Great Barr, at that time a chapel-of-ease to Aldridge,) and went on Sundays to *All Saints*, the old parish-church of West Bromwich. Here he found something more suitable to his spiritual wants. The rector, the Rev. Edward Stillingfleet, M.A., had participated in the Methodist revival, and, together with his like-minded curate,

the Rev. Mr. Bagnall, was preaching with almost Methodist plainness, fidelity and fervour. Besides these, the youthful inquirer now heard "esteemed Gospel ministers," whose occasional services were procured by the Earl of Dartmouth. This nobleman, who was Stillingfleet's parishioner, was a friend of the Countess of Huntingdon, and Sandwell Hall, his seat, was the frequent resort of the evangelical clergymen whom the good Countess had gathered around her as earnest fellow-labourers. The rector was a member of this elect circle, and welcomed them to his pulpit.

Amongst others whom Asbury now heard, and whose fervid discourses remained fresh in his memory in mature life, he enumerates "Ryland, Talbot, Mansfield, Haweis, and Venn." Under the light and guidance and holy influence which came to him from this varied spiritual agency, his mind was exercised more and more respecting his personal relations to God. He "became deeply serious; reading a great deal of Whitefield's and Cennick's Sermons, and every good book he could meet with." These sermons had probably come into his hands through the Calvinistic clergyman he so gratefully mentions, or as having been put in circulation by the Dartmouth family. Their theology was not altogether of such a character as he would have accepted in after life; but they contained the essential truths of the Gospel; their earnestness of tone and directness of appeal harmonised well with his state of feeling, and they no doubt strengthened his longings for spiritual realities. In some sense also they were the productions of Methodists on whose labours, sufferings, and sayings he was daily hearing favourable or contemptuous and jeering comments.

All this, and the affection he was beginning to acquire for his Methodist master, made him eagerly curious to know by personal observation what Methodism was. He says, "I began to inquire of my mother who, where, what were the Methodists. She gave me a favourable account, and directed me to

a person that could take me to Wednesbury to hear them." The Society at Wednesbury, as Mrs. Asbury must have heard, was large, active, and full of life and energy; and she must have been able to give him accounts of its history since the time when the Wesleys had first preached to assembled thousands "in a large hollow not half a mile from the town," which would naturally create in his mind feelings of interest and wonder. He and his guide set off buoyantly together; and he says that he was impressed with everything he witnessed. "I soon found this was not the church—but it was better. The people were so devout—men and women kneeling down—saying *Amen*. Now, behold! they were singing hymns—sweet sound! Why—strange to tell—the preacher had no prayer-book, and yet he prayed wonderfully! What was yet more extraordinary, the man took his text, and had no sermon-book: thought I, this is wonderful indeed!"

But he experienced something more than a sense of surprise; for there suddenly passed into his soul an inspiration from the Holy One which filled him with a deep and stirring consciousness of his spiritual relations to an unseen world. It was not yet, however, that he could say, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." He continued to attend the Methodist services at Wednesbury with his young friend, whose name, I believe, was William Emery; but he did not obtain the spiritual satisfaction he sought until some time during the summer of 1760, when he was in his sixteenth year. Alexander Mather had then come fresh into the Staffordshire Circuit, and was holding prayer-meetings at Wednesbury, at which he urged penitents with his characteristic fervour "to believe *now*; . . . to come to Christ *now*, without any other qualification than a sense of their own sinfulness and helplessness."* Asbury was roused by these enthusiastic

exhortations to increased earnestness; and when he and Emery were praying together in his father's barn he was brought, he says, "to Jesus Christ, Who graciously justified my guilty soul, through faith in His precious blood." That old barn thus became invested for him with an attractive sacredness. It appears to have been in a tumble-down condition, and Asbury so regularly resorted to it for personal communion with God that, as I have been told by an aged person who knew his mother, neighbours were wont to say gaily, but not flippantly, that it was kept standing by young Asbury's prayers.

From this time he was a decided and happy Christian, ready to be in any way in which he was competent a "worker together with" Him Who came to seek and to save the lost. In a month or two, youth as he was, he began to hold meetings for prayer, Bible-readings and exhortation in his father's house, in a house which he opened for these purposes at Sutton Coldfield, and elsewhere; and he records gratefully that "several souls professed to find peace through my labours."* His "friend and father," Mr. Mather, became inspired with so much confidence in his good sense and stability, that before the completion of his seventeenth year he gave him authority to form and lead a Society Class at Bromwich Heath, where a house had been recently opened for public worship. Thus sanctioned, he obtained additional influence over youths of his own age, and he soon became the centre of a group who clung to him with sincere and warm affection, and not only looked to him for guidance at the weekly meeting, but were his chosen and constant companions.

* The occupier of this house at Sutton was Edwin Hand, an ancestor of the Sunderlands, an estimable family now resident in Birmingham, several branches of which are attached friends and supporters of Methodism. Mr. Hand was violently persecuted for his religious earnestness by his ignorant neighbours: twice they set fire to his house. He and Asbury were fast friends through life. They are said to have spent together in prayerful conversation the last evening before Asbury finally quitted home.

* *Lives of Early Methodist Preachers*, vol. ii, p. 179. Third Edition.

One of them, recalling in his old age those days of youthful fervour, says in an autobiography written for the gratification of his family: "In 1761 my father and mother came to live at Barr, where I soon became acquainted with Francis Asbury; and he, I, and three or four more used to go to Wednesbury in the morning of the Lord's day to the preaching at eight o'clock, and when that was over twice to West Bromwich Church, and at five in the evening to Wednesbury again."

The writer of this account was Thomas Ault, a fellow-apprentice of Asbury, and of exactly his own years. He lived to the mellow old age of eighty; was identified with the West Bromwich Society from its first beginning under Asbury to the time of his death, when it had become large and influential; was for twenty years the clerk of the parish-church, and he sleeps beneath a stone in the parish graveyard, on which affection inscribed the lines now scarcely legible:—

"Here lies the body of Thomas Ault,
Who to human ken was without a fault."

"DAFYDD EVANS, FFYNONHENRY."

BY THE REV. E. ASHTON JONES.

THE REV. DAVID EVANS, or as he was more commonly designated, "Dafydd Evans, Ffynonhenry," was a Baptist minister of South Wales, Ffynonhenry, the church of which he was the pastor being situated in the county of Carmarthen, not far from the present Conwyl station on the Carmarthen and Cardigan Railway. Born in the year 1778, he was contemporary with those giants of the Welsh pulpit, Christmas Evans, John Elias, and Williams of Wern; and although he "attained not to the first three," he was yet "honourable among the thirty," and was in a more limited circle well known and highly esteemed. His conversion took place when he was about twenty-nine or thirty years of age. He had obtained

a copy of that remarkable work, "The Visions of the Sleeping Bard," and its perusal was so blessed to him, that it led to his conversion, and ultimately to his consecration to the Christian ministry. He soon began to preach, and the Church at Ffynonhenry, with which he had now identified himself, being at that time without a pastor, he was solemnly set apart to the office, and continued for upwards of fifty-five years to discharge its arduous duties without fee or reward.

The ministers of those days were very poorly paid, especially Dissenting ministers, the pastors of small village congregations. It is said of one honoured minister, the Rev. William Richards Penypark, that for many years his annual stipend amounted to no more than ten pounds. Feeling that it was impossible for him under such circumstances to "make both ends meet," and having received an invitation to a larger and more prosperous church elsewhere, he resolved to leave. His deacons, however, being unwilling to part with him, called together a meeting of the congregation to consider the matter, when, after much discussion, it was unanimously resolved to raise his stipend from ten *pounds* per annum to ten *guineas*, at which unexpected outburst of liberality and good feeling the old preacher was so overjoyed that, running home as fast as he could, he exclaimed, "O, Nancy, Nancy! they are going to raise my stipend to *ten guineas*! I think I shall stay."

It must be remembered, however, in mitigation of this seeming niggardliness, that many of the preachers of those days followed also some trade or business, and were not only the village pastors, but the village shopkeepers also. Others were farmers, and others followed some still more humble occupation. David Evans was a farmer, and was, until reverses met him, a very considerable freeholder. He was, therefore, far above want, nor was it until old age had overtaken him, that he received anything in recognition of his services, and then barely the munificent sum of *thirteen pounds*! It

is a matter for thankfulness that the churches of our land are beginning now to understand their duty better in this respect, although there is yet much room for improvement.

David Evans was not a man of much culture, but he possessed great natural abilities. He was exceedingly humorous and witty, and was very quick at repartee. This was characteristic of the preachers of a former generation.

David Evans was a great lover of the "gentle art." Probably he found it helpful to meditation; at any rate, he was in this respect at least in the true apostolical succession, for he spent whole days in fishing in adjoining ponds and rivers. Having upon one occasion wandered on to the estate of a neighbouring gentleman, a servant was despatched to him to warn him that he was trespassing. "Very well," said he to the lad, "if your master is unwilling, of course I shall leave. But will you kindly ask him when you return whether I may not be allowed to do so? Tell him that I am only the old preacher of Ffynonhenry, and that I shall be very much obliged to him if he will but grant me permission." "All right," said the lad, and off he went. Next night, after the old preacher with his family had retired to rest, the lad called with an answer. "Mr. Evans," he shouted. "Yes, boy," he returned. "Master says that he is perfectly willing that you should fish on his land." "Does he," and up he jumped. "Hurrah! praise the Lord. Go home, boy, at once, and tell your master that I am very much obliged to him, and that if he does not go to heaven it will be entirely his own fault." In his gratitude he quite forgot his Calvinism.

As a preacher, David Evans was exceedingly popular. This, no doubt, arose chiefly from his very odd and quaint sayings. In some respects he seems to have resembled Sammy Hick; in others, especially in his powers of description, Billy Dawson. Of his lighter style the following may serve as specimen:—

"See there Noah making an ark. He

is constructing all according to the plan. 'What is the size of the door to be, father?' says Shem. 'O, look at the plan,' says the old man. 'I have looked,' is the reply, 'but it is not there.' 'No, nor is it; what are we to do?' Presently a thought strikes him. 'Shem.' 'Yes, father.' 'Go down to the forest, and get to see the elephant, and mark him carefully as he passes between two trees; take special notice where he strikes, and then measure the place, its height and breadth, for if we have a door large enough for him, all the rest will go in easily.' 'All right, father,' and off he went. Presently he returned. 'Well, Shem,' said the old man, 'did you see him?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'And did you measure him?' 'Yes; but I saw another creature very much taller than the elephant. His head was *up, up* somewhere. O, he was so tall! Ever so much higher than the elephant.' 'O, well,' said he, 'that gentleman must learn to stoop!' I suppose it was the camelopard or giraffe which the boy had seen. The door is both high and wide enough to admit all. Even elephants of sinners may enter in. Here you have in this pulpit now before you, one who has been an elephant of a sinner. I trust, however, that he is now safe in the ark. But what about those giraffes of Pharisees? Surely they shall not enter, they hold their heads too high. O, yes, they shall! But they must of course bow their heads. And while an elephant of a sinner may enter in, comparatively speaking, easily, a giraffe of a Pharisee must learn to stoop."

But it must not be supposed that David Evans did nothing in the pulpit but make people laugh. On the contrary, his sermons were always Scriptural, and frequently very edifying and effective. We give one specimen from a sermon preached by him on "The Rich Man's Request," "Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue."

"Have spirits tongues?" he exclaimed.

"No, certainly not tongues of flesh; but

such is the closeness of the union subsisting between the body and the soul, that even after that union has been dissolved, the soul still feels as if it had not been severed; and especially is this the case with those who are sensual and earthly, and who have their portion in this life. They feel pain even in the world to come in connection with their bodily members. It is said of a man who has lost his arm or some other member, that for a long time it seems to him as if he still possessed it. And so this man felt as if his *tongue* were burning in the flame. But why his tongue more than some other member? Because it was at the root of his tongue that his greatest pleasures lay while here. There were none of those wines and dainties to be had there to which he was accustomed while on earth, and accordingly his tongue thirsted for them. He felt pain as if in connection with that bodily member which had been most actively engaged in sinning against God."

But David Evans was not only a mighty man in the pulpit, he was also a mighty man on his knees. When the late Christmas Evans had upon one occasion to preach at a great Association Meeting which was being held, he said to the minister of the place, "I should like to get some good, earnest brother to open the service." "Whom shall it be?" said he. "Well, ask our old friend from Ffynonhenry; he is the man to pray." He *was* asked, and consenting, prayed with very great energy and power. When he had finished, Mr. Evans said to him, "Thank you, I am very much obliged to you, your prayer has pleased me much." "O," said he, very dryly, "I was not thinking of you at all, I was trying to please God!" When there had been for some time a season of spiritual drought in the church of which he was the minister, he was observed one Sabbath morning on his way to service to turn aside to a small coppice by the wayside and stay for some considerable time. Two or three friends there found him on his knees pleading with God for a revival.

"O, Lord," said he, "what is the reason why we have not prosperity? Tell me the cause. I want to know to-day. I will not stir from this place until I do know. If I am the hindrance, kill me, Lord, kill me on this spot! But if James Davis (his co-pastor) be the hindrance, do with him as seemeth best in Thy sight." Shortly afterwards a great revival broke out.

David Evans was a great enemy to everything like pride and self-assertion. He frequently preached against it, and in other ways also expressed his loathing of it. Speaking once of the Pharisees, he compared them to the peacock. "You have seen," said he, "that vain bird the peacock strutting along. O! he is so fine; he has the feathers of an angel, but he has the stomach of a thief, the screech of a demon. And so these Pharisees. When they talked about religion they seemed to have the feathers of an angel, but they had the belly of a thief when they devoured widows' houses, and the screech of a demon when they cried, 'Crucify Him, crucify Him!' 'His blood be on us, and on our children!'"

David Evans was also remarkable for his outspokenness. "I don't know," said he to a brother minister not very gifted, "who called you to be a preacher. If God had called you, He would have made something better; if the devil had called you, he would have put something into your head; if men had called you, they would come to hear you. The only conclusion, therefore, to which I can come is, that you must have called yourself."

It was on the fifth day of March, 1866, that "he fell on sleep." "Lay me to rest," said he, the day before to his son, "beneath the holly bush beside the brook." "Yes, but," said the son, "you are not dead yet, father." "No, not *all*; but I *shall be dead all, to-morrow*," and when the morrow came so it was, and he *was* laid to rest just where he desired, beside the small village chapel of which he had been for more than fifty-five years the minister.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

BY POMPILIUS APEX.

CHAPTER V.

"And He spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—LUKE XVIII. 1.

To give way to infirmity is one of the tendencies of man's nature. The presence of weakness in any part of the body is evident to every observer, by more or less of deviation from that erectness of carriage which distinguishes robust health and vigour. Human instincts, however, are not always to be followed and relied upon as safe guides. The disposition to yield to languor and pain is not always to be encouraged, but must sometimes be struggled against until triumphed over. Take the well-known illustration of the traveller crossing the barren waste during a snowstorm. He is almost overpowered by drowsiness, and every instinct of his physical nature bids him lie down and sleep. To give heed to such a suggestion would entail speedy death. He must shake off his lassitude, and with a seeming cruelty to his own feelings, press forward on his journey with increased exertion and zeal. He must not succumb to the seductive instructions of his own senses, whilst there remains in his possession one particle of power to fight against them.

In the spiritual as well as the physical man, there is feebleness, toward which if he lean he will fall out of the upright line of the "perfect man," and shrink from "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Through the blinding snowstorm which, under the direction of the Prince of the power of the air, is pitilessly beating down on his path, the heaven-bound pilgrim must urge on his way. Tottering limbs and heavy eyelids are to be no excuses for relaxation and repose. The fatigues of the journey are the common lot of every traveller upon the road. "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall." But this faintness is to receive no encourage-

ment from the "youths" themselves, and the "young men" are not to be consenting parties to their fall. He Whom it "behoved to be made like unto His brethren," and Who, "in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, is able to succour them that are tempted," hath declared that men ought "not to faint;" but by the vigorous and constant exercise of prayer—

"To keep
The heart from fainting, and the soul from sleep."

And "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

It is no easy task, however, to follow the Saviour's advice. Whilst He uses words of infinite scope and force, admitting of no qualification, human nature is constantly at work in endeavouring to limit their range and to thwart their original design. Thus the world is troubled at the present day with the controversy on "everlasting punishment;" in the course of which men tell us that the word "*everlasting*" means something far different when connected with misery, from the sense it bears when referring to happiness. The hearers of the parable were admonished that they must *never* "faint." This implied that there would be many occasions when the temptation not only to yield to doubt, but even to encourage the relinquishment of all attempts to overcome it, would be very great; when God's workings would seem so completely at variance with His declared character, that all confidence in Him would be rapidly vanishing away. Such a situation the patriarch Job was in when he declared, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Job could not reconcile his present circumstances with what he knew of the Divine nature; yet he did "not faint." It is quite certain that no man who walks this earth will ever, during his probationary state, be placed in a position so thoroughly hopeless as to constitute a valid reason why he should sink

into inactivity, and resign himself to doubt and despair. We have sufficient assurance of this in the fact that Jesus Christ "spake a parable to this end, that men ought . . . not to faint."

Jesus Christ never left His work "half-done." Hence we are not only advised what we are to leave *undone*, but what we are to *do*. "Men ought always to pray." These are plain and simple words, unencumbered by any qualifying clauses or extenuations. Human nature says "not *always*, only when the desired good bears some relationship to existing circumstances." Professor Tyndall says, "not *always*;" "pray a certain number of times, and if you get no reply *never try again*." The incarnate Son of God says "*always*."

Here am I, a poor finite being, bound down by a thousand weaknesses and constant changes in my mental and physical nature. When I use the word "*always*," it has to be yoked to many contingencies. I am not "*always*" awake, not "*always*" in vigorous health, not "*always*" in buoyant spirits. Hence, when The Infinite uses one of His own infinite words to convey to me one of His own infinite ideas, I immediately begin to bind round about it the chains of my prison-house, and strive to make it captive and enslaved like myself. When He tells me that I "ought always to pray," I reply, "Yes; when my prayer shall be so fully in accordance with the circumstances of the case as to give me *reasonable ground* for expecting an answer." For instance—who dreams of praying for the restoration of a *dead man* to health and strength? We are wont to quote the proverb, "Whilst there is life, there is hope." So thought the nobleman who came to Jesus at Cana, in Galilee, "and besought Him that He would come down, and heal his son." His prayer was short and pointed, "Sir, come down ere my child die." But a moment's glance at it will show that it contained two very important limitations. The first was, the necessity for the Great Physician's presence in the chamber of suffering—

"come down." The second was, prompt attendance, lest all chances of success should go—"ere my child die." The Master taught the nobleman a salutary lesson; that he must be content in asking simply for the desired good, without introducing into his petition any suggestions respecting time, place or manner. What a disappointment this would have been to Professor Tyndall had this been one of the cases in which he so kindly offered to act as umpire!

We have this lesson taught fully and forcibly in the narrative of the raising of Lazarus. Jesus went down to Bethany, and "Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met Him." Mark how human nature speaks, and urges the same two limitations upon the Saviour's notice which the nobleman had previously used at Cana. "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." She gently upbraids Him for being *too late* in the field; and thinks it unreasonable to ask Him directly to make a display of His healing power. The *fainting time* has overtaken Martha, and she has begun to yield. "Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto Him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." As if she had said, What special consolation can that fact bring to me? I want my brother back soon, here at Bethany. If Thou hadst been here in time—but now it is for ever too late. Nay, Martha! not yet too late! "Men ought *always* to pray!" No such word as "*too late*" can find a footing there! "Jesus said unto her, I am the Resurrection." Then came her sister Mary, and murmured out the same complaint, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." He stands awhile in silence, waiting for them to ask a petition, but He waits in vain. "He was troubled," troubled that they ask nothing. To prompt the expression of desire, He said, "Where have ye laid him?" They lead Him to the grave; still they ask not: what can He do to make them pray? "Jesus wept."

There is nothing left but that He shall proceed to give them an unasked-for blessing, in fulfilment of His ancient promise, "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." "Jesus said, Take ye away the stone." Surely this command will suggest a subject for prayer to the sisters! But, ah! the blindness and perversity of the human heart! they interfere with His proceedings. "Martha...saith unto Him, Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been *dead* four days?" A look of reproof must have passed over His benevolent face as He turned suddenly upon the speaker and replied, "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" Still the sisters stand in speechless wonderment. What are they to believe? They have put a limitation upon Christ's power, and they look no further than the range of their own feeble intellects. They are utterly unable to grasp the idea of Omnipotence. Again He has to go before them. Looking into the grave, "He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth." "Come forth," and convince these unbelievers that I have not come *too late* upon the scene. And now that He has done for them "exceeding abundantly above all that" they could "ask or think," they are bewildered beyond measure, and stand gazing upon him who sat upon the stone which had recently been rolled away from the grave, "bound hand and foot with grave clothes, and his face...bound about with a napkin;" not one of them daring to touch him, or attempting to set him free, until the Master commands them to take part in the transaction, to "loose him, and let him go."

Thus would Professor Tyndall fence the arm of Omnipotence round about with human restrictions and limitations; thus would he, like the nobleman of Capernaum, fix both the time and place for the dispensation of the healing virtues of the Most High.

Ah, clever, but misled and misleading

man! "Is not thy wickedness great? and thine iniquities infinite?...*Thou hast not given water to the weary to drink, and thou hast withholden bread from the hungry. ...Yea, thou castest off fear, and restrainest prayer before God...Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I: yea, thine own lips testify against thee...Why doth thine heart carry thee away? and what do thy eyes wink at, that thou turnest thy spirit against God, and lettest such words go out of thy mouth?*"

MERCY FLOWBEN'S SOLILOQUY.

I'm nigh to eighty, and never so happy in my life. Yet I trow little Myra at the Grange yonder would say, "Mercy Flowben is a miserable old woman;" and wouldn't she speak out the "old" with a pound of pity in her tone. Poor child! maybe she thinks I have long outlived the days of sunshine and singing. I would like her to know that I see more of life's true summer brightness than when these eyes were young; and as to music, that this old heart thumps day and night to the psalms of King David.

I wish she would venture me a visit, and I would tell her how I find my latter days to be my best; but the bairn looks for laughter, and likely she fancies there is none in such a cottage as mine. Many and many a time when I hear the hoofs of her pretty pony come cantering down the hill, I quicken to the door with a smiling "Good morning," but, with a sharp touch of her whip she bows her answer from a distance, and then looks round upon me with a weight of sudden sadness in her eyes. Poor Myra!

Fourteen years since Ruby came, his eyes bright with smiles, and, clutching the folds of my gingham skirt, said so sweetly, "Mercy, God wants you." O! the power of those words, they thrill me to this very day, thrill me as other words have never done. Farmer Rainby had come week by week, and after receiving my bit of rent, had quoted Scripture and "Pilgrim's Progress," and pleaded

and prayed with me, yet I was as unmoved as a rock. When Farmer Rainby spoke of these matters it was always in a melancholy tone, with a look to correspond, and this wicked heart used to say within itself, 'What a miserable thing religion is! just see how it saddens life!' and if Farmer Rainby had not been my superior and landlord, I should have asked him how it was that he had not got the happiness which he was so constant in offering to me.

Then Mrs. Rainby's calls were quite an institution, but they did me more harm than good, for as I looked into her stern, cold eyes, and listened to words full of threatening and judgment, coming from lips severe and smileless, it always seemed to me that her thoughts ran thus, "I am a very good woman, but, Mercy, you are far from the kingdom; you never pray or read your Bible—very likely you have not even got one; you do not go to church, or do anything Christianlike." Poor woman! her loveless dealings only roused up the evil passion within me, and though policy bade me treat her counsels with politeness, she generally left me mentally exclaiming, "If you've got Christianity, I'd rather be without it."

And then Ruby came, happy Ruby! and looked at me with a face softened and radiant with the light of heaven, and breathed in winsome earnestness, "Mercy, God wants you."

"God wants you," and nothing more, only a smile that seemed loth to fade. And this heart, that hitherto would not own its sin because others condemned it, rose up in all its vileness before my eyes, its guilt made manifest by this gentle flame of love. "God wants you," I repeated. "How can He when you are worse than the worst?" But a glance at Ruby's face forbad a doubt as to the sureness of his message, and in a moment I felt how loving must be the God Who had sent me such a loving ambassador.

Involuntarily I cried, "Where is He, Ruby?" And the boy replied, "Wherever you choose to find Him, Mercy."

Ruby is a man now; the neighbours call him Mr. Reuben, but for all his four-and-twenty years, to me he is Ruby still. Nor has his heart lost its deep, kind pity; in the homes of utter godlessness Ruby is just the same as when in boyhood he melted me with a word. Natures soured by contact with the world, are softened into sweetness by a glance of his unreproachful eye, and clamour and railing sink silent before him. Ruby brings the love of heaven to bear upon the hatred of earth, and this power, which reigns supreme in the heart of heaven, *must prevail*.

Uttoxeter.

M. A. H.

THE CROSS.

A missionary appointed to the Mysore, when sailing to India, saw the Southern Cross for the first time on the evening of Good Friday.

My studies over, on the deck I came
To walk awhile beneath the bending
sails;
Along the ship's wake gleam'd phosphoric flame,
Which lit the white foam with its
golden trails,
As snow is lit when through their soft
green veils
A line of crocuses in beauty glance;
The winds and waters blended in low
wails;
And round me ocean, with its stern
romance
And awful secrets spread, in measureless
expanse.

From the wild waters to the heavens
I gazed,
Where high above high yard and spiry
mast,
All gorgeously the constellations
blazed;
Amid that imag'ry sublime and vast,
Those groups of worlds in mutual
clings fast,
I saw the Cross in starry lines portray'd,
And thought of that old cry, "Mid-
night is past,
The Cross begins to bend," which
joyance made

In galleons whereon Spain's ensign was
display'd.

But lo, a holier scene before me rose,
For I beheld, as ages were roll'd back,
The Saviour borne by rude and
clamorous foes

Across the bridge which spanned the
Kedron's track,
And up to Salem, where, with purpose
black

As is a murderer's heart, the priests
and scribes

Strove for His death, and though they
own'd the lack

Of accusation, sought by potent bribes
Foul charge that should condemn the
Lord of Israel's tribes.

I hastened to the Roman's portico,
And from the storied pavement saw
the crowd

Of Jews, who, heedless of predicted
woe,

Cried, "Crucify Him," clamouring
harsh and loud,

Till to their will the haughty Roman
bow'd,

And doom'd Him to the nails and
penal wood;

Yet Pilate still his innocence avow'd,
And washed his hands, but Jordan's
fullest flood

Could not have washed from him the
stain of guiltless blood.

I follow'd Jesus to the place of death,
And saw Him hanging on the doleful
tree,

I heard the deep cry urged with
panting breath,

"Why, O my God, hast Thou forsaken
Me?"

And then not darker darkest night
could be

Than were the streets of Salem; and
high towers

Were shaken, rocks heaved like a
stormy sea,

Then burst with thunder-crash in
those dread hours,

While unseen hands tore through the
vail's embroider'd flowers.

He died! and thus fulfill'd the ancient
words

On which the patriarchs mused when
evening's calm

Enwrapp'd their tents, and justified
the chords

Which threw their ecstasy through
golden Psalm:

He died, and by His death ensured a
balm

Of healing virtue for man's wounded
soul,

And from the Cross, as from a mystic
palm,

Bade streams of life in ceaseless
affluence roll,

To desert, mart, lone tent and banner'd
capitol.

* * * *

Again I looked aloft, and saw the stars
Which in the deep blue made a cross-
like show,

And as their light gleam'd on the
sails and spars,

My heart was conscious of a heavenly
glow;

And to myself I spake in accents low,
"The Cross of Christ I bear to far

Mysore,
And I will make its dusky peoples know

The Lamb of God, Who man's offences
bore,

And now is on the throne, supreme for
evermore.

I will uplift the Cross with eager hand,
In street, bazaar, and where grim idols
frown,

And toil unweariedly to fill the land
With thrilling echoes of my Lord's
renown:

Through clay-built village and en-
sculptured town

My voice shall witness for the Crucified,
Shall bid the pariah seek a radiant
crown,

The brahman break from his enslaving
pride,

And own a brotherhood as human
kindreds wide."

J. M.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

HONOR JANE ANTHONY.

HONOR JANE WEARNE (of St. Ives, Cornwall) was born in March, 1838, of parents whose piety was ardent, whose attachment to the Methodist branch of the Church of God was intelligent and unwavering, and who sought to train up their children "in the good and the right way." Perhaps the earliest indication of religious thought and feeling in the subject of this sketch was, as in multitudes of others, in reference to the name and power of Jesus. When little more than two years of age, when placed in imminent danger, she said, "Well, if I be broken in pieces, Jesus mend me again."

Before Honor was three years of age, it pleased God to call to Himself her father; and his consistent life and glorious immortality were the frequent themes of his widow in her endeavours to instil into the minds of her children thoughts and purposes spiritual and heavenly; so much so, that the children learned to regard heaven as their home, quite as fully as the house in which their earthly lot was cast. The training thus begun with life's dawn was never entirely lost, and ere it brought forth the goodly fruit conversion, very much of a secondary nature was reaped. In godly fear implanted, in wholesome restraint, and in hopes enkindled, great was its recompense.

In the year 1852, Honor Jane was placed under the care of Miss Creswell, of Saltaah, whose self-denying and actively-benevolent Christian life deeply impressed the mind and heart of her pupil. In the year following an event occurred which had very much to do with her religious decision. An only and dearly beloved brother was suddenly called away by death. Deeply was the heart of Honor affected. Yielding to the grace of God, she became a member of the Society, and to the end of her days was careful to maintain "fellowship" as enjoyed by the Church of her parents.

Leaving school, she joined a Class which met in her own house, the Leader

of which was her own mother, and there continued to meet, until by grace she was raised to the sweeter experience of her Father's house above.

The religious life of Honor Jane was characterised by the every-day exemplification of Christian principle, rather than the exuberance of mere feeling. Hers was a faith which worked by love. She sought, and readily found, fields of profitable and pleasant toil in the Master's vineyard. Upon her devolved the management, and to a very considerable extent for some years the expense, of an important Tract Society, and in the Sunday-school her labours were pleasant to herself and profitable to others. To the ministers stationed in the Circuit, as well as to those of all Churches who occasionally partook of the hospitality of her home, she was ever frank, cheerful and kind, always seeking to entertain them as the servants of the Most High. Nor were the necessitous and poor overlooked. Stability, simplicity and cheerfulness were beautifully interwoven in her character; she was God's "workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works."

In June, 1873, she was happily married to one who from childhood had cared for her. Becoming Mrs. Anthony, she looked forward to a life of increased responsibility and extended privilege. Alas! how little did any think who were present at the Christian festivities connected with her earthly nuptials, that in a few short months her marriage with the Heavenly Bridegroom would be consummated, and that he who on that beautiful day in June called her wife, would, on a dreary day in the February following, have to listen to the solemn words, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The health of Mrs. Anthony had been almost perfect, and it was not until a few weeks before her death that symptoms of delicacy appeared. But with the taking down of the mortal frame there were indubitable signs of the

strengthening of the immortal life, the ripening and perfecting of the Christian character. By grace God prepared her for trial, and through its sanctified use beautified and increased the grace He had bestowed. When unable to attend the public ordinances, (which through life she greatly prized,) she poured out her soul in prayer that she might have grace to acquiesce in, and patience to endure, all the will of God; and for the assembled congregation, that the Spirit might descend in converting power.

Prayer was her constant resort, nor will surviving friends soon forget the holy influence which again and again rested upon them as she and they approached the mercy-seat. On the evening of the day when the doctor had said that her life could not be prolonged many days, she called her friends to her bedside, and said, "Mamma, pray;" and when her mother's heart became too full for utterance, she herself took up the strain, and continued in earnest prayer and praise until strength failed, concluding with the words, "Lord, sustain my dear mother; carry her through this trial." She was in all her sufferings

beautifully resigned, and to the last continued to show in rich measure the calmness, the hopefulness, the cheerfulness which only the grace of God can give in such circumstances.

On Sunday morning, February 1st, 1874, it was evident her journey was at its close. "Pray," said she to her mother, who hastened to her side, "Pray, I am greatly distressed." It was evident the last struggle had begun. Jehovah's ancient benediction was pronounced, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, and cause the light of His countenance to shine upon thee, and give thee peace." At once His grace came down, and she said, "I am better now." Failing in her attempt to articulate, "When I pass through the valley," etc., the words were repeated for her, until coming to "Thou art with me," she summoned her fast-ebbing strength, and said, "He is with me." Then looking at her husband and mother with unutterable love and sweetness, she closed her eyes, placed her hands together, and breathed her last.

Dunstable.

J. GOODACRE.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Ejaculatory Prayer and Praise. In Verse. Selected from various Poets. By CHRISTIANUS. London: William Hunt and Co. 1874.—Here we have verses of hymns, pointed and direct, literally "ejaculatory," such as are usually appended to Daily Meditations. The range of selection is safe: the short

stanzas are culled mainly from approved hymnists. Devout persons will find the labour of selection lessened, and the spirit of prayer and praise promoted by this little volume. "Any profits arising from the sale will be given to the British and Foreign Bible Society."

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR JUNE, 1874.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.
1874.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
May 31	3 49	8 6	8 58a	10 11a	9 0a	1 26m	0 2m
June 10	3 43	8 15	9 50	10 19	8 53	0 47	11 19a
20	3 42	8 20	9 59	10 18	8 43	0 9	10 39
30	3 46	8 20	9 38	10 9	8 30	11 27a	9 59

PHASES OF THE MOON.

7th, Last Quarter	1h. 18m. after.	21st, First Quarter ..	8h. 1m. after.
14th, New Moon	6h. 52m. morn.	29th, Full Moon	6h. 48m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 11th	2h. morn., Perigee; distance 227,498 miles.
„ 22nd	midnight, Apogee; „ 251,158 „
Mean distance for the month	239,328 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 1st	92,999,690 miles.
July 1st	93,210,490 „
Increase of distance for the month	210,800 „

The Sun attains his greatest northern declination, twenty - three degrees twenty - seven minutes twenty - eight seconds, on the 21st, at three o'clock in the afternoon, when the Summer Quarter commences.

Mercury will be in conjunction with *Mars* on the evening of the 1st, at eleven o'clock, when the distance between the two bodies will be less than one degree. It is to be regretted that they are so near the Sun; were they visible to the naked eye, the contrast between the pearly whiteness of *Mercury* and the dull red of *Mars* would be very striking. *Mercury* will be gibbous at that time, with a diameter of over five seconds; *Mars* somewhat smaller, and almost perfectly round. Toward the middle of the month, *Mercury* will be easily seen with the naked eye after sunset. On the evening of the 15th it may be looked for in the neighbourhood of the Moon, then a very thin crescent. It will cover, or almost cover, a star in *Gemini*, marked *Epsilon*, on the 10th, at ten o'clock in the evening: an occultation of this character would be rare and deeply interesting; but, if it occur on this occasion, it will be below our horizon. On the 29th, this planet will be in descending node. It approaches *Venus* till the 23rd, when the distance will be rather less than six degrees, *Mercury* being to the west. After this date, the motion in right ascension will not be so great as that of *Venus*, and the latter will slowly recede eastward relatively to *Mercury*. Both are moving eastward, *Mercury* more quickly than *Venus* till the 23rd, when the apparent motions are equal. By

attention to these facts it will be easy to identify *Mercury*. The difficulty in seeing a celestial object often consists in not knowing where to look for it. *Venus* is easily recognised, and directing the eye a little further westward, we shall find *Mercury*. It recedes eastward from the Sun till the 28th, when it attains its greatest elongation, twenty-six degrees.

Venus sets throughout the month about two hours after the Sun. It is in *Gemini*, not far from *Castor* and *Pollux*. On the 17th it will be in a straight line with these two stars, southward of them. The eastward progress of the planet, night by night, can be traced by referring it to these fixed stars. On the 16th it will be near the Moon.

Mars is getting very near the Sun. It will be close to the Moon on the 14th, at six o'clock in the afternoon.

Jupiter will be in quadrature with the Sun on the 14th, and near the Moon on the 21st. It is just on the borders of *Leo* and *Virgo*.

Saturn rises on the 1st near midnight, and toward the end of the month about the same time that *Venus* sets, so it is still a morning star. It is approaching the earth, and, of course, looking somewhat larger. On the 15th the ring will be forty-one seconds long and eleven seconds broad. The diameter of the globe is eighteen seconds.

Uranus sets on the 13th at eleven o'clock, and on the 29th at ten o'clock in the evening. It is among a multitude of small stars in *Cancer*, and can only be detected by an equatorially mounted telescope, with the aid of an ephemeris.

Neptune is a morning star. It is moving slowly eastward in *Aries*.

HAWKSTONE, IN THE COUNTY OF SHROPSHIRE:

WITH NOTICES OF THE HILL FAMILY.



HAWKSTONE HALL, of which we give an engraving, has been for many generations the family seat of the HILLS, and the birthplace or residence of several branches whose names are illustrious in history.

Hawkstone Park is a most attractive spot. It is situated near Hodnet, (where the Rev. Reginald Heber lived, author of "From Greenland's icy mountains," etc.,) and is within a few miles of Market-

Drayton, Wem and Shrewsbury. Close by is an excellent family hotel and private boarding establishment, secluded from the main road, the accommodation of which adds considerably to the attractions of a delightful locality much frequented by tourists. One of the most interesting features connected with Hawkstone is an Obelisk, erected at the highest point of the extensive park grounds, to the memory of an early ancestor of the family, who became the first Protestant Lord Mayor of London. It is built of freestone, and is about one hundred and twelve feet high. We present an engraving of this noble column or monument, and a copy of the inscription, on brass plates, which will furnish our readers with an amount of interesting information:—

"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."—PSALM cxii. 6.

"The first stone of this Pillar was laid by Sir Richard Hill, Bart., (Member in several Parliaments for this county,) on the first day of October, in the year 1795; who caused it to be erected, not only for the various uses of an observatory, and to feast the eye, by presenting to it at one view a most luxuriant and extensive prospect, which takes in not less than twelve (or, as some assert, fifteen) counties; but from motives of justice, respect and gratitude to the memory of a truly great and good man, viz., Sir Rowland Hill, Knt., who was born at the family mansion of Hawkstone, in the reign of King Henry the Seventh, and being bred to trade, and free of the City of London, became one of the most considerable and opulent merchants of his time, and was Lord Mayor of the same in the second and third years of Edward the Sixth, anno 1549 and 1550, and was the first Protestant who filled that high office.

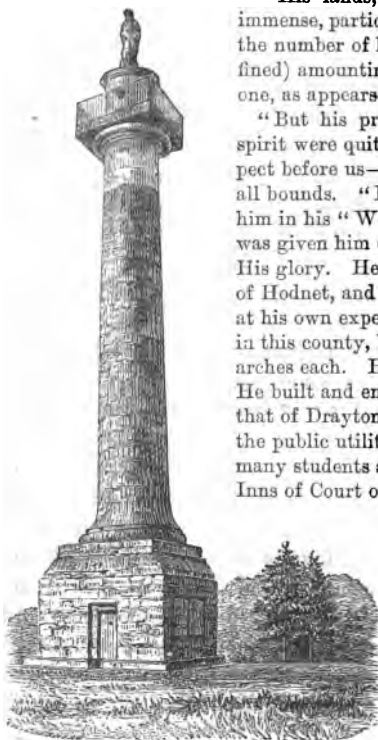
"Having embraced the principles of the Reformation, he zealously exerted himself in behalf of the Protestant cause, and having been diligent in the use of all religious exercises, 'PRAYERFUL, CONSCIENTIOUS and WATCHFUL,' (as a writer of his character expresses it,) yet trusting only in the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, he exchanged his life for a better, a short while after the death of that pious young monarch, being aged nearly seventy years.

"For a considerable time previous to his decease, he gave up his mercantile occupations, that he might with more devotedness of heart attend to the great concerns of another world.

"His lands, possessions and Church patronage were immense, particularly in the counties of Salop and Chester; the number of his tenants (none of whom he ever raised or fined) amounting to one thousand one hundred and eighty-one, as appears from his own handwriting.

"But his private virtues, good deeds and munificent spirit were quite unlimited, and extended—like the prospect before us—east, west, north and south, far surpassing all bounds. "Being sensible," saith Fuller, (speaking of him in his "Worthies of England,") "that his great estate was given him of God," it was his desire to devote it to His glory. He built a spacious church in his own parish of Hodnet, and likewise the neighbouring church of Stoke, at his own expense. He built Tern and Atcham Bridges in this county, both of hewn stone and containing several arches each. He also built other large bridges of timber. He built and endowed several large schools, particularly that of Drayton. He made and paved divers highways for the public utility. He founded Exhibitions, and educated many students at both Universities, and supported at the Inns of Court others who were brought up to the law.

"He was the unwearied friend of the widow and the fatherless. He clothed annually three hundred poor people in his own neighbourhood, both with shirts and coats; and in the City of London he gave £500 (an immense sum in those days) to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, besides (saith Fuller) £600 to Christ Church Hospital. He also gave most liberally to all other hospitals, and a



his death bequeathed one hundred and fifty pounds to the poor of all the Wards in London.

"He had no children, but his relations and kinsfolk were numerous, who all partook largely of his bounty, both in his lifetime and at his death. He constantly kept up a great family household, where he maintained good hospitality. Many resorted to him for his wise and salutary advice; and none who came to him were ever sent empty or dissatisfied away.

"Go and do thou likewise, as far as thy ability will permit, without injury to thy own relations."

It is worthy of notice that as Sir Rowland Hill, Knt.; was the first Protestant Lord Mayor, in the year 1549, so his father, Thomas Hill, was the last Lord Mayor of the Roman Catholic persuasion.

The scenery in this neighbourhood is singularly picturesque and beautiful, being diversified by wood and water, (the River Hawk as it passes the Hall expanding into a noble sheet of water,) whilst rocks, caves, grottos, precipices and terraces, the ruins of the old Red Castle of Bury Walls, and the remains of a Roman camp, add greatly to the interest of the scene. Visitors can have the services of intelligent guides, who are in attendance at the Hotel to explain these matters to the uninitiated.

Our next notice will be of the Right Honourable Richard Hill, who was born about two hundred and twenty years ago, and became a Privy Councillor and able diplomatist and statesman in the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne. He was the son of Mr. Rowland Hill, of Hawkstone, and was educated at Shrewsbury Grammar School and St. John's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself, and was made a Fellow of his college. After the Revolution he continued in the service of his country until the reign of George I., when he retired from civil employments. He died in 1727. In early life he was tutor to Lord Hyde, the son of the celebrated Earl of Rochester. Much of his large fortune was spent in benefactions, both private and public. His heir and nephew, Rowland Hill, was created a baronet by George I., in acknowledgment of his uncle's services, the latter having declined to accept a baronetcy when offered.

Sir Richard Hill, who erected the Obelisk, son of Sir Rowland the first Baronet of the family, was born in 1733. He was educated at Westminster and Oxford. He died in 1808. Thirty years afterwards his life was written.* His early manhood was identified with the religious movement of the eighteenth century connected with the rise of Methodism. He was a pious churchman and a personal friend of Whitefield. On the death of his father he became Member of Parliament for the County of Salop, and was a frequent speaker in

* A lengthy review of this volume appeared in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" for 1839. P. 655.

the House of Commons upon religious subjects. He published several books, chiefly in defence of Calvinism, which he vindicated at times with much asperity. One of his earliest productions, which appeared in 1768, was his "*Pietas Oxoniensis*," a severe attack on the University authorities for their conduct in expelling six young men from the University, for expounding the Scriptures and indulging in extempore prayer.

But in connection with the religious history of this country, few living characters attracted more attention, about one hundred years ago, than did Rowland Hill, then a young preacher of eccentric genius and apostolic zeal, who afterwards became very widely known for half a century as the minister of Surrey Chapel, London. He was the sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart., of Hawkstone, and was born in 1744, eleven years after his brother Richard, whom we last noticed. "He was remarkable from childhood for a redundant flow of spirits, and even as a boy at Eton, was full of wit and humour. Having entered St. John's College, Cambridge, as a Gentleman Commoner, in 1764, he began to distinguish himself by his religious fervour and zeal, adopting what was then considered the eccentric course of preaching in villages, and paying religious visits to prisons and workhouses. Having his family motto—*Avancer*—upon his seal, he advanced boldly upon the career of a noble though somewhat irregular mission, regardless of the ridicule which it brought upon him, and unmoved even by the mortification and annoyance of his own family. His father reduced his allowance at College to a very small sum, and being even looked upon for some time as a disgrace to his ancient family, he complained, 'that Hawkstone was now a furnace indeed.' But the friendship of men of kindred spirit, such as Berridge and Whitefield, compensated him for these sacrifices, and cheered him on in his self-denying labours." *

Although much of the career of the Rev. Rowland Hill, who died in 1833, is generally known, it may not be out of place here to note a few particulars concerning him. In the autobiography of the Rev. William Jay, who was long and intimately acquainted with him, and preached his funeral sermon, from the words, "Howl, fir tree; for the cedar is fallen," (Zechariah xi. 2,) some interesting details are given. Mr. Hill was designed for the Established Church, but his alleged irregularities with respect to out-door preaching retarded his ordination, although he ultimately obtained deacon's orders and entered upon a curacy in Somersetshire. This clerical duty was soon brought to an end by his resuming a course of itinerancy, and he never obtained priest's orders. When speaking of this, Mr. Hill was wont

* "*The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography*." Published by W. Mackenzie, of Glasgow.

in his drollery to say, that *he ran off with only one boot on*. For several years he went on preaching wherever an open door presented itself. He often took his stand in St. George's Fields, and during the riots of 1780, he addressed assemblies of near twenty thousand people. This led several gentlemen of wealth who had been converted by his preaching, and were anxious to save others, to devise means for the erection of Surrey Chapel, which was opened ninety years ago.* With this place of worship the name of Rowland Hill will be identified as long as the building stands. Mr. Hill preached the first sermon there, and the opening of the sanctuary was hailed with joy by thousands, but it called forth some virulent attacks from the enemies of Methodism. A disturbance was created at the service. Soon after Mr. Hill began to preach, a ball was fired at him, which providentially passed over his head.

Mr. Hill was one of the founders of the Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society and the London Missionary Society. He was also one of the earliest and most effective promoters of Sunday-schools, and those connected with his chapel are said to have been the first Sunday-schools established in London. He took great interest in Dr. Jenner's new method of inoculation, and offered his own services to the poor as a vaccine inoculator. One of the most effective vaccine boards in London was established at Surrey Chapel, and between town and country he is said to have inoculated no fewer than forty thousand persons.

At an early period of Mr. Hill's life, both he and his brother, Sir Richard Hill, were betrayed, during the heat of religious controversy, into some rather bitter attacks on Mr. Wesley and the doctrines of general redemption and Christian perfection as held by the Wesleys, Fletcher and others. There is no wish to revive these polemical discussions nor to allude to them, except for the sake of doing justice to the memory of Rowland Hill at least, who appears happily to have outlived some of these early prejudices. One proof we have in an anecdote related in the life of the Rev. Richard Watson:—"Not long after he (Mr. Watson) had become resident in London, he met a number of

* Several authorities give June, 1783, as the date of opening, the stone having been laid in June, 1782. Mr. Jay in his funeral sermon makes the time 1783 and 1784 respectively. Of this discourse we may here remark that it is dedicated to The Right Hon. Rowland Lord Hill, of Almaraz and of Hawkstone, etc., in the following terms:—"My Lord: This sermon, which your Lordship's candour approved in the delivery, and whose chief merit consists in a well-meant endeavour to appreciate the worth, and to improve the death of your eminently pious, and useful and honoured relation, is, with all the respect due to the high renown which you have so justly acquired, and still more to the excellencies of your personal character, Inscribed, by your Lordship's most humble and obedient servant,

"Bath, April 26th, 1833.

"WILLIAM JAY."

Dissenting ministers, on some public occasion, the nature of which is not distinctly recollected. The venerable Rowland Hill, supposing him to belong to the Independent denomination, said to him, 'Whatever shall we do, Sir, to prevent the spread of Antinomianism, which is making such dreadful havoc of many of our country churches? Don't you think, Sir, that there really is something in our Calvinistic doctrines which is calculated to produce this terrible evil?' Mr. Watson, who was taken by surprise, and felt himself placed in a somewhat peculiar situation, assented to Mr. Hill's suggestion; and the aged apostle of Calvinian theology added, in his own emphatic manner, 'I spent my younger days in fighting the Arminian devil; but I will spend the rest of my life in fighting the devil of Antinomianism.' This pledge that excellent man fully redeemed. For several years no minister of his age was more strenuous in the inculcation of purity of heart, and of universal holiness, than he; and though it is not pretended that he renounced the peculiarities of his creed, they were less prominent in his ministrations than they had formerly been; while his zeal for practical religion and righteousness, it was often said, led him occasionally even to surpass the doctrine of Christian Perfection as taught by his former opponents, Messrs. Wesley and Fletcher."*

In support of the latter remarks, the writer may observe, on the authority of an intelligent Wesleyan friend who heard this venerable minister towards the close of his long life, that when preaching from Titus ii. 14, "Who gave Himself for us," etc., the doctrine of Christian holiness was enforced in a very striking manner. After quoting the beautiful collect in the communion service, "Almighty God, to Whom all hearts be open," etc., the aged preacher exclaimed with emphasis, "I wish all Church people were as good as their prayers."

Derby.

JOSEPH JONES.

(*To be concluded.*)

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. XV.†

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

"Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses. And He led them forth by the right way, that they might go

to a city of habitation." — PSALM cvii.
5-7.

NEW ZEALAND is the collective name of three islands in the South

* See Watson's "Life," p. 441, 3rd Edition, 1840.

† For No. XIV. of this Series, see "Christian Miscellany," March, 1873, p. 75.

Pacific Ocean, first discovered by Tasman, and now a colonial possession of Great Britain. They may be roughly spoken of as lying parallel to the eastern coast of Australia, at a distance of about one thousand two hundred miles. It is not my purpose to enter into any extensive general details respecting New Zealand. Its total area, I may, however, say, is no less than one hundred thousand square miles, or very nearly twice the area of dear Old England. The northern island bore the native name of *Eaheinomauwe*—that is, northern. The middle island was called by the natives *Tavai Poenammoo*, or the island with greenstone (copper ore). Each of these islands is five hundred miles long. The southern island is fifty miles long. The northern island is now known as New Ulster, the middle island as New Munster, and the southern island as New Leinster.

The portion of the middle island of New Zealand known as Banks' Peninsula will require a passing notice, as it formed the scene of the Providential deliverance about to be narrated, the circumstances of which will be better understood by the reader, when made familiar with the general geographical features of the district.

Twenty-eight years ago, the period of Brother Creed's danger and deliverance, Banks' Peninsula and the surrounding district were a wilderness. Mount Cook, in the Alps over the Canterbury Dividing Range, is estimated to be thirteen thousand two hundred feet high, and another peak nearly reaches twelve thousand feet. These mountains, which lie with Banks' Peninsula in the Canterbury district, are the loftiest in all New Zealand. But the beautiful towns of Christchurch and Lyttleton had then no existence. The

ancient French settlement of Akaroa was forsaken. The three fertile and now well-inhabited plains of Sumner, Whately and Wilberforce were then untenanted by man or flock or herd. The *Uia* or native magpie, with its beautiful tail of twelve feathers; the dark-green Crow; the honey-eating Poe; the oyster-eater Duck; and many other New Zealand birds were there. The Nestor, half parrot and half owl, was there; and the nocturnal, wingless Kiwi Apteryx, with a hook at the end of the stump of its wing, and a nostril at the end of its beak enabling it to search for worms, and with bones not hollow like those of flying birds, its height being about two feet, ran swiftly in search of its food. To the east, the ranges of Banks' Peninsula rayed out to every point of the compass, so that to one who should rise in a balloon to a great height from its centre, its appearance would not be unlike an enormous star-fish.

In the year 1846, the Rev. Charles Creed, Wesleyan Missionary, and the Rev. J. F. Wohlers, of the North German Protestant Missionary Society, had, with Mrs. Creed, engaged their passage in a vessel which was to land them for missionary purposes at Waikowaiti, a native *pa* near Otago, which is now known as a very important port connected with a gold-producing district. The country was then not settled by white men. After doubling Banks' Peninsula,—which the reader will find in S. lat. 44°, and E. long. 173°,—their course, steering southwest, was along the Ninety-Mile Beach, and the mouth of the Waitangi River, when a further sail of about a degree would bring them to the north head of Port Otago.

The captain of the vessel had consented to stay his course for a day, in order to land our friends at Port

Cooper, then an uninhabited bay of Banks' Peninsula. It was arranged that in the evening he should send a boat to shore, in which they might return to the ship. Mr. Creed and his companion were aware that a small number of natives were located on a certain portion of the Peninsula which they hoped to be able to reach, and spend an hour or two with them in imparting Christian instruction, and then return to the vessel according to arrangement. They had mapped out an arduous day's work, but a real missionary heart is a *very* large one; so having fortified themselves with an excellent breakfast, they set off in very good spirits on a most precipitous journey, such as few but real mountaineers would care to attempt.

When one speaks of travelling in most parts of New Zealand, one is somewhat puzzled for a designation. A composite one, embracing the words climb, cling, jump, slide, would be appropriate. Although, however, such is the general characteristic of the islands, yet are there most extensive and fertile tracts where such difficulties of travel are unknown. Mr. Creed was an excellent rock climber and climber. To use his own expression to me, he never knew fear, and his head was never giddy. I have often admired the extent to which many native-born Australian whites possess this climbing gift, and even yet more that of the aborigines of all these Southern colonies. Positions which many a man who has led on troops to battle *could* not occupy, are occupied as composedly and unconcernedly by these people, as a sparrow sits perched on a housetop. I have, in these lands, repeatedly looked on in wonder at such feats, whilst the performers appeared quite unconscious that they were doing any-

thing remarkable. The human frame exhibits wonderful powers of adaptation, with which it is invested by the beneficent Creator. Man possesses a power of adaptation which, by use, renders him equally at home on mountain or on plain, at sea or ashore. The monkey tribe, and other animals, have to rely on the long arm, and clinging foot and tail. The animals inhabiting the levels, are, many of them, half helpless when transported to mountain regions. The mammal or bird or fish of one zone droops and dies when removed to a greatly diverse climate. But man lives on and labours on amid torrid heat and hyperborean cold, on mountains or plains. How wonderfully and excellently has his Maker endowed him to be a denizen of all lands, a citizen of the whole world, according to Divine intention and according to Divine promise! (Gen. i.; Ps. cxv.)

Our friends had commenced to traverse the ranges of Banks' Peninsula but a few hours when a fog began gradually to encircle them. They soon became painfully conscious that they were in a position of great danger, encompassed as they were by dense vapours only too likely to continue for days on this desolate region. The land and sea marks which had hitherto guided them, whilst climbing one range and descending another,—hanging by a pendulous rope-like plant called the "supplejack,"—were now lost to their vision. The aqueous veil also chilled them. They could entertain no hope of retracing their steps to the shore by night. The reader conversant with London fog, and the difficulties of locomotion accompanying it, even amidst the thoroughfares of the metropolis of Britain, will hardly fail to realise the difficult position in which these Christian

missionaries were placed, in a tangled wilderness of mountain ranges and gullies, difficult to thread even in the clearest weather.

They resolved to endeavour to push on and find the natives; for this once achieved, they would be in possession of important assistance, besides food and shelter. But night closed upon them. Without fire, without food; wearied, chilled, careworn, and most painfully conscious, too, of the distressing solicitude they were occasioning to Mrs. Creed left in the ship, and to others who were concerned for their safety, they waited anxiously for the morning, which, when it came, found them enveloped in a fog as dense as that which had prevailed on the preceding day.

The wanderings of this second day involved very great toil. A few berries of one of the fuchsia tribe, and one small wild turnip, which they providentially found, constituted their only food, having, perhaps incautiously, brought no provisions from the ship. Night again closed upon them, and fire was a great necessity. The reader is probably aware that a degree of south latitude indicates, all other circumstances being equal, a greater amount of cold than the same degree of north latitude; but they, too, were in a mountain region, and the dense fogs also, to which they were continually exposed, were, and more particularly in their starving condition, exceedingly chilling. They *greatly* required fire, but were unprepared with tinder, and those were days when vestas, congraves and patent safety and other matches—acting without tinder, flint and steel—were unknown. Kings could not then purchase these conveniences, attainable as they now are by the poorest of their

subjects. Our friends, however, succeeded in obtaining a fire. How truly is necessity the mother of invention! The bushman and the aboriginal possess resources in the wilderness which the inhabitants of cities, whose wants are so largely anticipated, would hardly surmise. Our friends searched for seedling spear-grass, the withered stalks of which are very slight, yet friable and woody in texture. These they placed in their bosoms, and very carefully dried. They then imparted additional fineness and dryness to them by rubbing in the hand, and their tinder was now prepared. A flint stone was found, and the back of the blade of a pocket-knife served for a steel. Then, having first prepared pieces of dead, dry wood, and laid their fire very carefully, mere shavings first, then larger pieces, their tinder furnished the needful flame, and the night was spent in alternate slumbers and watches, one duty of the watchman being to tend the fire.

Man is constituted to be a help in ten thousand ways to his fellow man. The mission-field has been anything but barren of exemplifications of this truth. Our friends realised it. In the words of inspiration, "Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him who is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up."

On the third morning they were enveloped in fog as dense as that of the two previous days. They dared scarcely to quit hold of each other for a moment, on account both of the precipices and of the darkness. Their position became one of increasing peril and exhaustion. Let

it continue but a very brief time longer, and this fog was likely to prove our missionaries' winding-sheet. Mr. Creed resolved to descend to the rocky bed of a mountain torrent, and follow down the side of its stream, in the hope that it might lead to one of the numerous ocean bays of the peninsula. But hope told only a flattering tale, for after descending and following this painfully rugged watercourse for some time, their hopes were utterly disappointed: it ended in an *inland* sheet of water!

Our friends had now become greatly worn and enervated. Anxiety, intense cold, and foggy chills, want of food, and incessant and painful exertion, had reduced them to a condition of weakness to which they were likely before very long to succumb. They this day succeeded in killing one small bird of the finch tribe, about the size of a sparrow, which formed their only nourishment. But man's extremity has been well said to be God's opportunity. Our friends, like David, were "brought low," and then the Lord "helped" them. They were nearer the termination of these sorrows than their hearts imagined; and they were to be delivered in an unlooked for and manifestly Providential manner.

The reader will readily understand that during these days of vague wandering, Mr. Creed and his companion had lost all bearings of the ocean. They knew not on what part of Banks' Peninsula they now were. They had wandered about in search of the natives, and then in search of the sea, they knew not where, enveloped in a dense mist. But as towards this evening of their third day they struggled wearily along, their searching eyelids were arrested by two objects at their feet.

These two objects were a few small stones fantastically massed together, and the print of a shoe on a spot of bare and soft earth. Mr. Creed's "companion in tribulation" at once identified these stones. He remembered distinctly having placed them in their positions, to while away weary hours, as he lay on his side on the evening of their first encampment; whilst Mr. Creed at once recognised the shoe-print as that of his own shoe, by two peculiar rows of nails on the heel. Thus a few stones and one shoe-print were their simple but perfectly satisfactory guarantees that they had retraced their steps to their first night's position. The stones were artificially arranged to while away a melancholy season; the peculiarly-arranged nails, Brother Creed informed me he could account for in no other way than by attributing them to his shoemaker's fancy, who little dreamed the important part they were to enact in the deliverance of two of God's servants from imminent peril; how they were to inspire them with fresh hopes, and stimulate them to fresh energies, when arrived almost at the point at which man lies down to die. What a lesson this! Our amusements, our veriest triflings, may lead to unforeseen consequences of the most momentous character.

They were now certainly in a better position to form an idea of their bearings with reference to the coast and to the ship, if she still lay at anchor for them. But their condition was really one of even increasing peril, notwithstanding this advantage, on account of their growing weakness, and the density of the fog. It might continue they knew not how long, and whilst it lasted they were as likely to take wrong

windings of this tangled labyrinth as right ones; that is, if strength remained in them to pursue their weary way *at all*. They lit their fire, for dead wood was plentiful on these ranges, and they passed the night in a starving condition, yet in hope of what the morrow would bring forth. Their spirits were greatly invigorated by the discovery of the shoe-print and the stones. It seemed to them "a token for good." It strengthened their spirits, and "the spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity." When man is in extremity, a little animates and a little depresses.

Every creature of God is perfectly under Divine control. Vapours and mists are creatures of God. They subserve the ends of their Maker's natural and moral government of the world. Israel of old was much indebted to them. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand toward heaven, that there may be darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness which may be felt. And Moses stretched forth his hand toward heaven; and there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days: they saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days." Here, three days of mist acted as a measure of safety to God's people. But how perfect is the Lord's control over His creatures, and for what diverse and opposite ends can He at His pleasure use them!

On Banks' Peninsula, three days of darkness placed two of God's servants in most imminent peril of their lives. "The wise man," says the Arab proverb, "warms himself at the same fire by which the madman burneth the tent." The creatures of God in His hands are at one time preservative, at another

destructive, as the Lord their Maker controls or permits. And what a refuge does the believing soul at all times find in those words of our Saviour, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered"!

Next morning a grand event happened to our missionaries. The *fog cleared* sufficiently for the straining eyes of those on board the vessel to catch a transient glance of the spiral wreath of their camp fire ascending in the distance, and a boat was dispatched, to which our friends were in the course of the day enabled to make their way. They were soon safe aboard, and received the warm congratulations and assistance of those who had so anxiously waited for them. It forms a gratifying climax to be able to add, that although for a few days care was necessary, the constitutions of these brethren appear entirely to have escaped any permanent injury from this season of exposure and peril.

EDWARD IRVING.

(Concluded from page 166.)

IRVING was unappreciated in Glasgow save by a comparative few; but the day was at hand when his genius was to assert itself, and when, so far as popular effect is concerned, he was to win some of the greatest pulpit triumphs ever known. Before leaving Glasgow for the charge he had accepted in London, he preached a farewell sermon, in which he thus beautifully expressed himself, "God alone doth know my destiny, but though it were to minister in the hall of nobles and the courts and palaces of kings, He can never find

for me more natural welcome, more kindly entertainment, and more refined enjoyment than He hath honoured me with in this suburb parish of a manufacturing city. My theology was never at fault around the fires of the poor; my manner never misrepresented, my good intentions never mistaken. Churchmen and Dissenters, Catholics and Protestants, received me with equal graciousness. Here was the popularity worth the having, whose evidences are not in noise, ostentation and numbers, but in the heart opened and disburdened, in the cordial welcome of your poorest exhortations, in the spirit blessed by your most unworthy prayer, in the flowing tear, the confided secret, the parting grasp, and the long, long entreaty to return. Of this popularity I am covetous, and God in His goodness hath granted it in abundance, with which I desire to be content."

He began his labours in the Caledonian Chapel, London, one Sabbath morning in the year 1822. His first text was, "Therefore came I unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for: I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me?" Crowds were soon drawn to the mean building by the melodious strain sounded from the pulpit. Sir James Mackintosh was induced to hear the preacher, and one phrase he used in reference to an orphaned family in his prayer, "thrown upon the fatherhood of God," was repeated by Mackintosh to George Canning, on whom it made such an impression that he determined to hear for himself, and, having done so, spoke of the sermon in the House of Commons as the most eloquent he had ever listened to. Canning's words gave a further impulse to the

feeling in favour of Irving, and noblemen, statesmen, poets, orators, philosophers, artists, thronged to catch the streams of rhetoric thus eulogized. Carriages with gorgeous coats of arms on their panels with difficulty made their way to the church door, and titled ladies were thankful for a seat on the pulpit steps. What lofty brows, what bright eyes, what representatives of every sphere of human genius were grouped before the preacher! But he faltered not; prophet-like in majesty of aspect, with grand voice and in stately periods he expatiated on the great themes with which he was charged. At last he attained the position due to his powers, and was recognised as a king of men.

In 1827 the new church which had been built for Mr. Irving in Regent-square was opened by Dr. Chalmers. Irving offered to assist him by reading the chapter. He made choice of the longest in the Bible, and, as if forgetful that a sermon was yet to come, expounded for an hour and a half. The brilliant crowds that thronged the old and dingy building did not follow him to the towered temple, which had been reared with hopes of larger and more commanding influence. The novelty was over, and, as Thomas Carlyle says, "Fashion went her idle way to gaze on Egyptian crocodiles, Iroquois hunters, or whatever might be, and forgot this man." The church was well filled, but there was no longer the rush of high aristocrats and men of genius; and Irving ceased to be the orator setting London in a ferment with imperial accents, and was simply a preacher limited to a large yet commonplace congregation. He might still have been happy and useful, but the

enormous popularity he had enjoyed made the ordinary life of a minister distasteful to him; consciously or unconsciously, he aimed at being the great light of his age, and where genius failed, he resorted to singularity.

While still preaching in the Caledonian Chapel, he began to engage his mind with the difficult questions of unfulfilled prophecy, and as it has been said, "the gorgeous and cloudy vistas of the Apocalypse became a legible chart of the future to his fervent eyes." But imagination rather than reason was the faculty he brought to his prophetic studies, and many of his interpretations of Scripture were forced and fanciful.

His first prophetic work was "Babylon and Infidelity Foredoomed by God." It contains, with much that is childish in argument, passages rising to rapture of eloquence, and there is in it a description of Popery so masterly and accurate that it must be quoted:—"O, it is an ample net for catching men! A delusion and bondage made for the world, as the Gospel was a redemption made for the world! No partial error like that of the Gnostics, framed out of mystic imaginations; or that of the Arians, framed out of the proud arguments of reason, but a stupendous deception and universal counterfeit of truth, which hath a chamber for every natural faculty of the soul, and an occupation for every energy of the natural spirit, permitting every extreme of abstemiousness and indulgence, fast and revelry, melancholy abstraction and burning zeal, subtle acuteness and popular discourse, world-renunciation and worldly ambition; embracing the arts and the sciences and the stores of ancient learning, adding antiquity and misrepresen-

tation of all monuments of better times, and covering carefully with a venerable veil that only monument of better times which was able to expose the false ministry of the infinite superstition, and overthrow to the ground the fabric of this mighty temple, which Satan had constructed for his own glory, out of those materials which were builded together for the glory of God and Christ."

Having adopted Millenarian views, he preached them with his usual fervour, and went to Scotland to warn his countrymen of the coming of Christ. In his own county of Dumfries there was great excitement. On the Sabbath, ministers closed their churches and went with their flocks to hear him. From the scenes of his youth and childhood he passed to Edinburgh, where he lectured on the Apocalypse in St. Andrew's Church, and though he began at six o'clock in the morning, vast crowds assembled, and numbers were unable to get in. Soon after his visit to Edinburgh he preached in Perth from a text in one of those chapters in St. Matthew's Gospel which have reference to "the coming of the Son of Man." While he was unfolding his theme the church was darkened by a cloud, from which came a vivid flash of lightning and a tremendous peal of thunder. He paused, and then with deepened solemnity quoted the words, "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

Unfortunately he became erratic, not only in prophetic interpretation, but also in doctrinal statement. With all his powers, he lacked the qualities of the theologian, and while sincerely desirous of making known the

truth, fell into serious error as to the person of Christ, teaching that He had the grace of sinlessness, not by nature, but by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; in other words, that Christ had propensities to sin such as we have, but that they were restrained by Divine influence. On account of this heresy, and the disturbances caused by the voices and strange tongues which he encouraged in his church, he was deposed from the ministry.

He did not long survive this exercise of discipline. Yielding himself to the guidance of foolish and fantastic men, he went to Glasgow on a prophetic mission. When he got to the city, he took off his hat in the street, exclaiming, "Blessed be the name of the Shepherd of Israel, Who has brought us to the end of our journey, in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace." In Glasgow he was stricken down by fatal sickness. He was heard one day murmuring to himself in Hebrew, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and there was something of the old exultant swell of voice as he went on, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." His last words were, "If I die, I die unto the Lord;" and in the forty-second year of his age, he found the rest for which he had vainly struggled on earth.

He was buried in one of the crypts of Glasgow Cathedral, and near his grave is a window in which John the Baptist is represented, but with Irving's grand head and face, as preaching in the wilderness.

But his writings are his best monument, and however much we may dissent from his prophetic fancies, from his error as to the person of our

Lord, from certain eccentricities of thought, and from occasional remarks on Methodism not over-courteous but balanced by others in which he warms into eulogy, we must allow him the praise of being a great master of spoken and written language, and of having given delineations of Christian morality scarcely surpassed in the whole range of religious literature. His discourses, in their blending of literary and historic interest, in their gleams of softened beauty and their upheavals of wild grandeur, suggest comparison with a noble prospect to be enjoyed from the bridge that spans the Tay at Dunkeld. Near by, Birnham stands proudly in its Shakesperian fame; the river clear as glass rushes swiftly over its rock-paven bed; in the foreground of the picture, half veiled by delicate foliage, are the mansion of the Duke of Athol, with its fair lawn sloping to the water and the shattered cathedral in which Gawin Douglas, the translator of Virgil, sat throned in prelatical pomp; and beyond are dark firs, steep bald cliffs, and the hazy blue of distant mountains: such beautiful variety, such panoramic magnificence are to be found in the discourses of Irving, of whose character we cannot say less, than that he was a good man, and, up to the measure of his convictions, a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

PATAGONIAN MISSIONS AND PROVIDENCE.

THE most eminent of living American missionaries, the Rev. Titus Coan, who has laboured in the Gospel for half a century, in Patagonian and Pacific Island Missions, has recently written a letter to Mr. Louis Street, also an American, a

missionary of the Society of Friends, labouring in Madagascar, which affords one of the most valuable testimonies ever published, as showing the reality of God's protection over those who trust in Him—a protection incomparably stronger and safer than that of weapons of war.

Mr. Coan has been for many years a missionary in the Sandwich Islands. When he was a young man, at college, the American Mission Board had under consideration the subject of a visit of inquiry to Patagonia, about the year 1825. It was brought before the various colleges, and each student in one of these was requested to retire to his own room for prayer and guidance, as to whether he was required to go. Mr. Coan rose from prayer convinced that he must offer himself for the service; and another young man felt prepared to accompany him. Having heard of the savage character of the Patagonians, the friends of the two young men desired that they should be supplied with weapons of defence, but Mr. Coan had a strong belief that all these, even his pocket-knife, must be discarded. On nearing the Patagonian shore, the captain of the vessel in which these devoted followers of the Prince of Peace sailed, said that, as the natives were so savage and untrustworthy, he could not allow his crew to land; and he could only put Mr. Coan and his companion on the beach in a little boat with their goods, saying that if they lighted a fire the natives would come into sight. It was a very lonely position for the two young missionaries.

Mr. Coan's letter, dated from Hilo, Hawaii, September 5th, 1873, states:—"In company with one companion, I visited some of the clans in eastern and southern Patagonia

in 1833, under the patronage of the American Board of Foreign Missions. We landed in the Straits of Magellan. We searched two days for inhabitants, and, on finding a wild clan of roaming savages, threw ourselves at once, unarmed, into their hands for sustenance and protection. They received us kindly, gave us horses to ride on, and we travelled with them about three months, east, west, and north, visiting their camps and hunting grounds, and falling in with several other clans. In this way we saw nearly all the savages of the eastern Patagonian Pampas.

"The tribes are in the wildest state of savagism, living wholly by the chase, and roaming with their women and children most of the time, carrying their skin tents and their all with them. Our mission among them was to explore and report, not to remain permanently, unless, after due consideration of facts, our Board should determine to establish a mission in the country. At that time, no one but themselves knew the Patagonian language, and we had no interpreter; all our communications to the natives were through signs. Some of our friends advised us to go *armed* into Patagonia. We said, 'No, our weakness is our strength; our apparent unprotectedness our shield.' And so it was. The savages saw we were defenceless and harmless, and our God made them our protectors. They were not jealous or afraid of us, and we left them unscathed, under the wing of our Immanuel.

"The Dyocks killed Messrs. Murser and Lyman *with their own rifles*. After we left Patagonia, seven *armed* missionaries were starved to death on Tierra del Fuego, because they feared to go with the natives, and the natives feared them. At a later date eight missionaries were slaugh-

tered, at one time, by the same savages; and I am told that these were *armed*, not, of course with hostile designs, but with the view of self-protection and to procure game."

"IT IS COMING!"

LINES FOR THE PRESENT REVIVAL.

BY THE REV. W. D. TYACK.

["In India I have met labourers returning from the fields in haste, saying aloud as they passed, 'It is coming! it is coming!' Then others, and yet others, hastening on, and shouting the same words, 'It is coming!' 'What is coming!' I have asked; and found that their great river, long almost dry, had received supplies from mountain streams afar off, and the volume of water was rolling on, 'coming' to bless the thirsty land. And may not we say of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, 'It is coming!'"]—*Rev. W. O. Simpson's Missionary Speech in Exeter Hall.*]

It cometh, the fulness so long delay'd,
The fulness of grace from the fount
above;
It cometh to honour the faith long
stay'd
On the Living God of unchanging
love.

The wilderness dreary shall soon be
glad,
And deserts shall bloom like the
blushing rose,
Shall sing and be joyful though long
time sad,
And the wanderers weary shall find
repose.

It cometh, the fruit of the Saviour's
blood,
The purchased, the promised, the full,
the free!
The rain—the river—the rushing flood,
Baptizing the nations from sea to
sea!

It cometh! for droppings afar and near
Have gladden'd the hearts of the
waiting few,
Whose love all-confiding doth cast out
fear,
For to them the promise is ever new.

It cometh, we know, for Thy mouth, O
Lord,
Hath spoken the word, and it cannot
fail:
The heavens shall perish, but not Thy
word,
'Tis "settled for ever," and must
prevail.

We wait in Thy Presence, O Lord Most
High!

We wait in the name of the Saviour-
Son!

We utter the Spirit's own heaven-
breathed cry—

"On earth, as in heaven, Thy will be
done!"

We wait on behalf of the pilgrim-host,
For erring ones, blinded and lost, we
wait;

We wait Thy revealing, O Holy
Ghost!—

Thou only the world canst regenerate.

Thou wilt not permit us to wait in
vain,—

The promise forbids, and the speaking
Blood;

Thou mightily camest—Thou comest
again—

Hark the swelling sound of the
heavenly flood!

THE TROSSACHS AND LOCH
LOMOND.

Will the reader accompany us in a
visit to the Trossachs, where we shall
find admiring tourists from America and
all parts of Europe, who, in many
instances, know more than some of us
do of the beauties of our own island
home? Let us then make the ancient
city of Stirling our starting-place. Pro-
vided with umbrellas and rain-cloaks,
we take our places in the train for
Callander, a distance of sixteen miles.
Passing on our route Dunblane and the
picturesque watering-place, the Bridge
of Allan, we soon find ourselves at
Callander Station, where coaches for the
Trossachs await passengers. Leaving



(Loch Lomond.)

Callander and crossing the river Leny, we now realise the fact that we are indeed in the Highlands, for we soon arrive

"Where Vennachar in silver flows,
Where ridge on ridge Benledi rose."

On our left lies the clear, still lake, reflecting the blue summer sky, and the dark heights of Benledi shut us in on the right. Here we reach the river Leith, which,

"Daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,"

and now we view the scene of the memorable conflict between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu; while a few minutes' drive, still close to the shore of Loch Vennachar, brings us to Laurick Mead, the gathering-place of the Clan Alpine. We must now leave Vennachar, which is five miles long, but we soon reach

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another and still lovelier Loch, at the base of its grand guardian mountain; for our road now runs through

"The copsewood grey
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue."

We drive for some distance by the side of this beautiful Loch, and now a sudden bend in the road brings us to the spur of the mountain which forms the entrance to the remarkable defile from which this locality takes its name. Passing the large and handsome hotel, we enter the Pass of the Trossachs. But who shall describe the scene through which our road now lies for the next mile? The rocky peaks, the gloomy gorges with their spreading trees and tangled under-wood,

"Crag, knolls and mounds confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world."

The Pass of the Trossachs, in its weird,

wild solitude, transports us back into the times when a Highland clan made it their refuge, and we fancy the coach, with its load of admiring tourists, looks like an intruder from a different world into scenes with which the figure of kilted clansman like Roderick Dhu, or of belted knight like brave Fitz-James, who at the entrance of one of these gorges lost his "gallant grey," would seem more in keeping. In former times one could only issue from this famous pass by making a ladder of the luxuriant vegetation, of the "broom's tough roots and hazel saplings," but now the road brings us to the little pier where the "Rob Roy" steamer waits to receive us.

Once on board and out on the blue waters of Loch Katrine, what a scene lies around us! On the south, Benvenue rears its stately head to the height of two thousand three hundred and ninety-five feet, and on the north Ben Au rises above the wooded precipices a height of one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one feet. The clear waters beneath us reflect the blue sky and the dark peaks, and now we pass the lovely tree-covered islet known as "Ellen's Isle."

The feet of the nature-loving bard who first opened the Trossachs to his readers have often pressed the heather of these noble hills, and his eye has frequently revelled in the beauty of sky and purple mountain-side, and clear, unruffled surface of lovely Loch Katrine. Travel where you may, do not hope to see a lovelier landscape than the one now spread before you. At the head of the lake we leave the steamer, and find a coach waiting to convey us a distance of five miles across to the hotel of Inversnaid. We all know the story of the disconsolate tourist, who, finding the "water supply" in this locality greater than he thought necessary or pleasant, asked a boy, "If it always rained in the Trossachs?" The laddie's answer was not reassuring, "Na, na, Sir; it whiles snaws." Accordingly on this occasion we were no sooner in Glen Arbiliet, and passing the small Loch of that name, than we saw the storm-clouds sweeping towards us down the

glen. Quickly waterproofs and umbrellas were assumed, but not too soon; in a few minutes we were in the midst of such rain as one only encounters in hilly regions. Very glad we were when we found ourselves at the open door of Inversnaid hotel.

Soon, however, the bell sounded the summons to go on board the steamer, and in pouring rain we took our places, and received our first impression of this grandest of Scotch lakes, Loch Lomond. The stormy sky and troubled lake, now heaving like a miniature sea, present even a more striking aspect to a southern visitor, than when all is calm and bright in the summer sunshine. The broad waters are tossing, and the mountain peaks are enveloped in cloudy veils, while the trees which fringe the shore bend beneath the weight of the falling rain. Behind us as we sail down the Loch, lies its northern extremity, with Ben Voirlich lifting its head above the mantle of mist which drapes its sides. On our left is Ben Lomond, raising its proud peak three thousand one hundred and ninety-two feet above the level of the lake; while other mountains, too numerous to mention, stretch away one behind another to the north, east and west.

We pass the landing-stage of Tarbet, and soon the Loch begins to widen, its greatest width being five miles, and its length twenty-three miles. Here the rain ceases, the clouds and mist disperse, and sunshine and shadow chase each other over the mountain sides, while the rain-drops sparkle as they fall from the slender boughs of the birch-trees. We pass Luss, and now begin to thread our way among the numerous islands which lie on the southern part of the lake. These are all beautifully wooded, and, here and there, a ruined fortress or monastery or a noble mansion enhances the effect of this delightful scene. All too short seems our twenty miles' sail down this beautiful Loch, and as we near Balloch, where we must disembark, we turn from one side to another, trying to photograph on our memory this most enchanting scene. We are just leaving the widest

part of the Loch, and we turn to look once more upon the long expanse of water, here dotted over with islands, but stretching northwards until it becomes only a silver streak. The sun purples Ben Lomond's dusky head, and glistens on the patches of snow which still remain in the crevices of the rocks. Peak after peak we see pointing to the northern Highlands, where many a scene of awful grandeur and enchanting beauty awaits the tourist; but we cannot wish to see surpassed the glorious landscape now lying before us, or to find excelled the loveliness of Loch Katrine and Loch Achray, or the wild sublimity of peaks and rocks in the famous Pass of the Trossachs. At Balloch pier we bid farewell to Loch Lomond, and take train to return to Stirling, a place worthy in itself of a visit from the tourist, were it not, as it used to be in another sense, "the Key to the Highlands."

S. J. B.

INSECT BUILDERS, MINERS AND WEAVERS.

I.

THE state of feeling of the man who, in his strong selfishness, satirized long since by Pope, regards every natural object only from the human point of view, as tending to our benefit or gratification, is certainly not to be envied. Millions of creatures fulfil purposes with which mankind have no personal connection, and yet, on the other hand, we must not repudiate those bonds which in some sort serve to unite us with the most insignificant of animated beings. Many a lesson is taught us in Scripture from the habits and proceedings of animals; and he must have a hard heart who, in the bright season of summer, as during a country walk he watches the rapid and graceful movements of a host of creatures belonging to the insect world, does not find himself rejoicing in their joy. Well may it be for him if he also condescends to take a hint from their diligence. The lesson presented by Solomon, (Prov. vi. 6—8,) from the

chapter of ant-history may be learned from many other pages of insect lore. It is no visionary idea that many of the qualities admirable in humanity are to be found in the life-histories of animals of various gradations, and, of course, as true that, on the other hand, actions significant of the worst vices are also noticeable.

It is a little singular that insects, ranking low down in the order of natural arrangement, have, some of them, notably for example the ant and the bee, an amount of that difficult-to-define quality which we call instinct, surpassing the displays of intelligence in animals seemingly nobler. In their diligence and perseverance many insects proceed, one could fancy, as if almost aware of the results that will arise from their labours, and work in concert with such regularity that it is suggestive to the observer of some means of intercommunication. And the fact is a significant one, that in so large a number of instances these little creatures cannot see the result of their toil. Unreasoning, they are busy in obedience to a higher impulse; we have advantages beyond them in having, if we choose, a full apprehension not only of the "rightness of work," but also of the hopefulness of work.

The whole of the lives of some species of insects are occupied in eating. Others, again, enter upon various tasks, either for their own protection or the benefit of their offspring. Many of these have something to show for their labour, in the way of the structures they have formed or raised. Thus we have insects which display skill in building; insects also that are remarkable because, working usually out of our sight, they form a variety of mines and tunnels. A host of insects are spinners or weavers, more particularly in their larval, or preparatory condition, their first stage of life after quitting the egg. We have got into the way of designating by the name of silkworms certain caterpillars known to spin cocoons more or less available for economic purposes; in truth, however, every caterpillar is a silkworm in

one sense. They have all, or almost all, the power of drawing threads of silk from the mouth, and in the various circumstances of their lives, this is often of material service to them. A gentleman who is a better entomologist than poet, has given us a portraiture of one aspect of insect life in the following words:—

"Late, as I wander'd o'er a verdant meadow,
Loathsome and hairy creatures were devouring
Every leaf that tempted with its greenness,
Or by its fragrance.

Next day I wander'd to the verdant meadow;
Each worm was spinning for himself a mantle;
It was his grave-shroud; and I watch'd him closely
Wrap it around him.

Once more I wander'd to the verdant meadow;
Each worm was bursting from his long confinement;
Each one was spreading to the sun's bright beaming,
Quivering pinions.

Hued like a rainbow, sparkling as a dew-drop,
Glittering as gold, and lively as a swallow,
Each left his grave-shroud, and in rapture wing'd him
Up to the heavens."

At the beginning of the summer season some very interesting colonies of caterpillars may be observed upon the hawthorn hedges. And it is curious that moths and other insects nearly related to each other are sometimes to be found very different in habit. Such is the case with the two insects called the Brown-tail Moth and the Gold-tail Moth. The first of these has had a good deal written about it, because in former years its caterpillar did some damage to fruit-trees on the Continent, and alarm was occasioned in this country. The accounts were most likely rather over-coloured; now, at least, it is not so plentiful as to be injurious. Both, in the perfect state, are whitish moths, and they are alike in being furnished with a tuft of hair at the tail, which is ingeniously removed by the mother moth by the help of the hind pair of legs, and used as a protection for the

pile of eggs deposited generally during July. The little caterpillars come out shortly after. Each young fellow that is some day to be a Gold-tail Moth, if he lives and thrives, wends "his solitary way" on the hawthorn bush, nibbling a little here and there, but not growing much before winter sets in. One might be discovered by a glance on any hedge throughout England about the time the leaves are falling and as soon as it turns chilly at night; each for himself weaves a cocoon of silk fastened to some twig. This is much larger than the caterpillar; having finished it, the caterpillar rests awhile, then casts his skin within it, and weaves a second and closer cocoon, in which he abides until spring calls the hawthorn into leaf. Much more conspicuous than in the autumn do the Gold-tail caterpillars become as the season advances, but they, unlike the moth, have no "gold-tails," only a hairy vesture of white, black and scarlet. And their motto might be the Scottish one, *Nemo me impune lacessit*; for the minute hairs of these caterpillars, which are very easily dislodged when they come in contact with the human skin, cause an irritation which, in sensitive people, will last for some days. Arrived at its full size, a Gold-tail caterpillar spins once more a cocoon, into which it interweaves the hairs plucked from its own body, and becomes a chrysalis.

The Brown-tail Moth is less common, but plentiful where it does occur, as in the south of England and one or two places near London. This caterpillar so nearly resembles the one just described, that only a naturalist's eye perceives the difference; the stripe along the back being broader and the colouring rather brighter. The parent moth does not lay all her eggs in one "batch," but deposits them in piles of about thirty, covered with down from the tail. As soon as they are born, the caterpillars, instead of scattering about, build for themselves a silky house. Into this they retreat at night, or when the weather is cold, and it is made larger from time to time as they increase in size. It is not

regular in form, but suited to the twigs among which it may happen to be made, and generally a few leaves form part of it. But these caterpillars are still small when winter sets in; then they prepare to leave off eating and hibernate. The house that suits them in warmer weather does not keep out the cold and wet of winter sufficiently, so, labouring unitedly, they, according to fancy, either form a new one or improve upon the one they have. In appearance, the winter abode might be thought like the nest of a large spider, only it exceeds that in size; the silk is closely woven, and looks as if it were carded. On opening one cautiously, we find it divided, generally, though not always, into several apartments, each containing one or more caterpillars, and they have no doubt some friendly arrangement among themselves about these apartments which is not intelligible to us.

In the spring they rouse up (a little stiff after their seven months' sleep, one would think), and enlarge the nest, still keeping in company, and making good progress in devouring the hawthorn or blackthorn leaves. It is worth while to watch them now; they do not quit the nest in regular order, as some caterpillars do, yet they evidently have some sort of plan. The nest is never deserted; when some are out feeding, others are "at home," executing repairs, or perhaps casting their skins. At night generally all are in the nest. Some of course die from various causes ere they have reached maturity; a few, possibly, are carried off by birds, though they are not partial to hairy caterpillars. The survivors separate to form their cocoons, which are spun up in the manner of the Gold-tail caterpillar. This occurs in June or July. Near Gravesend, hundreds of these nests might have been counted this present summer.

J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

PATIENCE.

"Ye have need of patience," wrote the eloquent and inspired author of the

Epistle to the Hebrews. Thousands of Christians in every age and clime echo the words with a sigh. Those to whom this Epistle was addressed had need of patience amidst contumely, persecutions and sufferings indescribable; need of patience not only on account of their trials in the present, but their long-delayed hope for the future; the apparent uselessness of all their faith and all their self-denial. And the principle is the same in modern times. Though the colours may be fainter and the circumstances less startling, the need is evermore the same. Life's harass, its doubts, its difficulties press upon the Christian; the fulness of the kingdom of Christ is yet delayed, and the heavenly reward is as certain as distant and as precious.

The believer has need of patience; he is tried by sickness, by losses, by false or weak brethren. He has need of patience, again, because it keeps him praying. If the grace is to be exercised at all, it can only be by constant dependence on Him Who is long-suffering. He might attempt to do or to forbear in his own strength with more or less success, failing often indeed when least expecting it; but in the constant fret and harass of life, the doubtful prospects of the Church, and the repeated disappointments of one's best efforts, it is impossible to maintain ground without constant prayer, watchfulness and humility.

Nor without patience can he ever grow into the image of God, Who is a God of infinite patience. In His dealings with the individual sinner; in knocking, and still again and again knocking at the obdurate heart; in cherishing or continually re-lighting the spark of grace; in bearing with failings, backslidings, murmurings, His patience is inexhaustible; and thus in His dealings with the world collectively, by raising up an earnest Church, by removing obstacles, or by making His people triumph over them till the very "blood of the martyrs" becomes "the seed of the Church," He shows His long-suffering mercy, opening fresh doors of usefulness, calling preachers, "rising up early and

sending them," warning, chastising, entreating, wooing, forgiving, rewarding,—He is an ever-patient God.

As the believer looks up into His face, the trials of life assume another aspect; the believer can afford to wait, since with regard to the gracious intentions of God, through Him or by Him he can "walk by faith, not by sight," "He that believeth shall not make haste;" and with regard to the purposes of mercy to be fulfilled in himself, he will joyfully obey the counsel, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." In no other way can the image for which he longs be indelibly stamped on his soul: how, whilst the bubble of impatience are marring the smoothness of the molten silver, can the face of the refiner be reflected in all its unbroken beauty? and until that may be, the metal is not pure enough to be allowed to settle into the brightness of a solid mirror.

Finally, the Christian has need of patience because, if the work be difficult, if the time be long, the end more than repays the means employed. To live amidst life's turmoils with the feet firmly planted on the Rock of Ages; to be calm amidst distractions; to *know* always that there is a wise and kind purpose, however dark Providential arrangements may seem; to have a bounding joy or a settled peace in the consciousness that "none of these things move" him; and that he is in the way in which God has set him, showing forth His glory and luring others to the same hope, and that he is daily growing more and more in conscious love and trust, and seeing more of the Redeemer Whom to look upon is to love,—this is but the beginning, but the first foretaste of that happiness by which God, the loving Father, sustains and comforts His people even here. The great reward remains beyond, the promise of the kingdom, the glory that shall be revealed. Ere long it will be fully declared to us; meanwhile, there is not an angry word suppressed, a selfish thought stamped out, an un-

congenial duty performed, a work of faith attempted, or in spite of discouragement, resumed, or a calm, steady waiting upon God, which is not possible to those who live in the constant effort to please God. They will be patient under whatever provocation, bearing the more resolutely the greater need for patience there may be; finding a blessing in it now, and sure of "the blessing" hereafter. In this view, patience becomes itself a possession too precious to be given up till the fulness of reward shall crown it. Therefore the believer's heart, no longer in sorrow but in exultation, echoes the words: "Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."

BETH.

"CHIP," THE STREET ARAB.

"Every sin seem'd to have touch'd the little creature,
Every sorrow to have crowded in his breast;
Every want had pinch'd and drain'd each tiny feature,
All of burden on his pany shoulders press'd.
Nor wave nor glister in his faded hair,
Nor smile nor dimple in his ashen face,
Nor sign of childhood in his lifeless air,
Nor dim suggestion of its simple grace."

He was about ten years of age, with feet and head alike uncovered, and the scant clothes under which he shivered in the keen biting air were damp from a shower of rain which had briskly fallen, leaving the sky still dark and lowering. Slowly he wended his way along the narrow streets, and past the dingy, wretched habitations with which he had been familiar from infancy.

But, as he moved on, the character of the streets and houses improved, and finally his listless feet brought him to the near neighbourhood of a handsome church. He had come hither without aim or motive, a weary desire to get beyond reach of the abusive language which broke from the lips of his intoxicated mother leading him to wander beyond his usual haunts.

It was Sunday morning; there issued

from the building the sound of many voices chanting praises into the Ear eternal. With faint interest he crept towards the door, and stood listening to the music, utterly ignorant of its meaning, and of the purpose for which the singers had assembled.

A heavy slumber fell upon him, and he sank down in the porchway; whilst his tattered garments fluttered in the gusty wind that swept and whistled around him. Thronging footsteps roused him from his uninvigorating sleep, and he lifted up his head to see the people crowding out of the church. The rustle of silken robes drew his attention to a group of ladies whose Bibles and prayer-books were bound in ivory and glistened with gold. As they sailed out with the conscious bearing which wealth and position unallied with native refinement of soul induce, the choice drapery of one of them barely escaped contact with the little dirty figure in the porchway. Casting a glance of inexpressible disgust, the wearer hastily gathered in her skirts, and not recognising the recoiling sarcasm of her own words, exclaimed, "What a horrible creature! not fit to come near a church."

A gentleman upon hearing this angrily commanded the intruder to "make off;" then running a languid hand through well-brushed hair, turned to the lady with some laudatory comments on the sermon to which they had been listening.

The boy rose, and took his stand on the wet gravel path, resolved to watch the rest of the gaily-dressed worshippers file out. His eyes were fixed greedily upon a massive gold chain belonging to a portly personage who was endeavouring to keep in order a group of high-spirited children, when he became aware of a fragrant presence near him, and unfastening his gaze from the tempting jewellery, he let it rest on a young lady who stood regarding him with a mixture of surprise and compassion. The congregation, with the exception of a few stragglers, had now dispersed, and the young lady spoke:—

"Where do you live, my poor boy?"

"Good way off," he replied, wearily.

"And what is your name?"

"Chip."

"What made you come here this morning?" pursued his questioner, her heart sickening at sight of the ghastly caricature of old age.

The inquiry was thrice repeated before the boy doggedly answered, "I was bad, I was; and didn't want to 'av nothin' to do with nobody."

"You are ill, poor child," she said, with a pitying glance at the small, emaciated frame. "I wish I could do something for you, but I am afraid I cannot."

He seemed utterly bewildered by the kind tone and words, and when a heavy shower of rain caused the young lady to hurry away, he followed unperceived at a distance; nor did he turn until he had marked well the house into which she entered.

It was towards the end of the week that, looking out of the window, the young lady beheld crouching on the pavement of the opposite side of the street, this same forlorn little creature in whom a sad interest had been awakened. A generous impulse led her to quickly put on her out-of-door habiliments and hasten over the way. The boy rose as she reached him, and something akin to pleasure came into his eyes, but she was shocked to see that his hands and face were covered with bruises which had not been either washed or dressed. A gaping wound stretched across his forehead, and whilst the thin lips were perfectly colourless, a red spot burned on each cheek.

"What is the matter, Chip? How came you to be so badly hurt?" inquired his new friend.

"Drunken Judy did it," he replied, with a stoicism more sorrowful to witness than could have been any violent demonstration of pain.

"Who is she, this cruel woman?"

"She's mother," said the boy, never dreaming of the pathos of those simple words.

"Why did she do it?" asked the girl,

shuddering at the thought of the little fellow's loveless existence.

This time he paused before replying, and a peculiar expression flitted over his countenance as at last he muttered, "'Cause I'd had bad luck and grabbed nothin'."

"And how is it you were lying here, Chip?"

"I sneaked after 'e t'other day to find where 'e comed to, 'cause I knowed I'd want to see 'e again."

Touched by the evident impression which her kind words had made upon his mind, the young lady bade him follow her to the back of the house, where hot coffee and food were given to him. The coffee quickly disappeared, but the boy was too exhausted to take more solid nourishment, and with a weary moan he departed, having first received a cap hurriedly manufactured for his use.

Several days had passed, when Chip was seen feebly pacing to and fro in front of the house where dwelt the only being who had ever given him sympathy and pleasant speech. Once more food was offered to him, which, scarcely tasting, he put away with a short, sharp, piteous cry,—

"I could a' eaten it a month sin'."

Chip listened to a wondrous tale,—the old sweet story of the Child Jesus; but only a brief amaze flickered in the sunken eyes; then, pain-mastered, the little mind let slip the new-born interest, and the eyelids drooped wearily.

"Chip, where is the cap I gave you?" asked the young lady, for the first time noticing that he did not wear it.

"Big Charley priggid it, 'cause he knowed I couldn't fight 'im. I can't keep nothin', I can't; old Judy, she takes the very bite and sup from me, she do."

"Well now, Chip, you had better go"—home, she was about to add, but there was that in the presence of the outraged child which checked its utterance. "Come again to-morrow," she continued, "you shall have more coffee, and I will talk to some kind people I

know, and perhaps we may be able to help you in some way."

Chip looked up in the pitying face in utter hopelessness.

Chip's friend never saw him more.

"O! see without, poor, lost, degraded childhood calls;

Sloth-tranced churches! it clamours clutching feebly at your walls.

The foul and stainful ripple creeping from the hut and slum

Reaches swelling to your thresholds and refuses to be dumb."

Shall the cry of the children die away unheard? Shall we rear sanctuaries and open schools without reference to these ignorant, neglected little ones? Do we provide attractions for the rich and cultivated,—eloquence, psalmody, architectural beauty,—and yet refuse to echo the Master's invitation beyond the circle of respectability and Sabbath observance, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price"? Let us hasten to obey the Divine command, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."

Uttoxeter.

S. J. H.

FINGER-MARKS.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

THERE are people who rise early, work hard, are clever and mean well, yet seldom finish their task in a perfectly satisfactory manner. There are left by them, as it were, finger-marks, disfiguring whatever they have handled. There are housemaids of this sort, whose finger-marks are so frequently seen on doors and furniture, that their mistress dare not employ them in preparing rooms intended for the use of any highly-respected guest. There are cordwainers, whose workmanship is honest and enduring, who yet cannot prudently be asked to "make up" slippers which have been embroidered by a lady's hands, and are intended as a present to one whose taste is regarded as cultivated. There are,

indeed, many people who wish to do what is right, and are exceedingly painstaking in carrying out their desire, and so do produce an article which is, on the whole, creditable, and will certainly wear well, yet fail to present it in a condition entirely satisfactory. In a figurative sense there is a still greater number of worthy people who thus err. Hasty and uncharitable observers are disposed to condemn the workmanship as designedly bad. Such, however, is not the case. We have reason to be thankful that there is so much that is really good: the aim is praiseworthy and the execution tolerable. Still, we wish that the blemishes were removed. The effect would be more pleasant were the finger-marks avoided. Let us glance at a specimen of these blunders of well-meaning people. Possibly we may see marks which bear some resemblance to our own fingers; or, if not, we may be reminded of some other places where such marks might be discovered if carefully looked for. In either case we shall know how to act.

Finger-marks made by chapel-goers.—We have nothing to say against chapel-going. We are glad when people frequent the house of God. If even their conduct is unhappily inconsistent, it is well that they enter the sanctuary. An intemperate man cannot be getting tipsy during the hours he spends in hymn-singing and sermon hearing; and a rogue may, possibly, some day be alarmed by hearing God's declarations concerning "the wages of sin." Besides, the chapel-goers of whom we now speak are neither swindlers nor drunkards. They resort to the Lord's house that they may receive His blessing, and often are blessed. Yet among these there are some who might make their chapel-going more edifying to others and more profitable to themselves. Some of these are, with great regularity, seven minutes late. How is this? Certainly it is very annoying to those associated with them in worship. Most assuredly the solemn service is somewhat injured to others by these late-comers, and we are sure that

they do not themselves derive all the blessing they might procure. But how is it that they are always somewhat late? We cannot think that there is anything in their domestic affairs which necessitates this. No doubt if all accessible clocks and watches were put forward ten minutes, unknown to them, during the hours of sleep preceding the Sabbath, these delinquents, without any special effort or conscious inconvenience, would find themselves in the chapel sufficiently early to ask God's blessing on the service before the first hymn was announced. They would of course be surprised, perchance slightly vexed, but they would have suffered no loss, and have been in no hurry. As it is, they put a finger-mark which is not ornamental on almost every public service they attend.

Why should people be restless at some impressive or important moment? Often there are so many small noises, such as coughs, closing of pew-doors, shuffling of feet, incautious handling of books, that the text cannot be heard, and the delinquents are surprised that the preacher, whom they can hear most of the time, is not able to make them understand what verse he is about to expound. We have known a chapel-steward who was a model in caring for the house of the Lord in important details, such as ventilation and light, yet erred in generally discovering that some blind required raising or lowering, or some other alteration needed making, at a moment when special silence was desirable. He meant no harm, but his conduct was a nuisance. Then there are chapel-goers who seem at the close of every service to be seized with a sudden terror, as though they understood the benediction to be an announcement that their house was on fire. What is the reason of their irreverent rush out of the sanctuary?

We are pleased when people stay at a prayer-meeting and remain as long as they prudently can. But why do some of them constantly select the wrong time for going out? Two verses have

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been sung. Had they quietly retired during the singing of the last, no one would have been much disturbed. But our friends remain until all is still, except one voice, and that perhaps a feeble one, and at a specially tremulous moment. Why do those intending to depart select that instant?

Finger-marks made by honorary Secretaries.—We highly respect many of these. It is very creditable that a young man possessing somewhat more education and tact than those he is associated with, should devote these gifts to philanthropic and religious purposes. He must often feel that to him it requires much self-denial to allow the new Magazine or Review to remain uncut or unread, and to decline the invitation of friends to have a stroll on some holiday afternoon. But he has resolved to work for the good of his fellows and the glory of God. Yet even some of these exemplary men thoughtlessly leave undesirable finger-marks. Why are so many circulars, of benevolent and sacred import, delivered on Sunday morning? A few of those persons to whom the circulars are sent have no letters delivered to them. In those cases the letter-carrier, on the Sunday morning, is engaged in separating the circulars addressed to them from the letters and newspapers he must at once deliver, in order that he may attend to them on the following day. But why were the circulars, meant to promote the highest interests of men, the occasion of extra trouble on the day of sacred rest? We may charitably and fairly conclude that in many cases the occasion of this anomaly is that the unpaid and kind-hearted Secretary is engaged in business during most of the week and employs the leisure of the Saturday afternoon in filling up and addressing those circulars. Would it not, however, be better that, having so prepared them, he should drop them into the letter-box at the Post-office on Monday morning? Some letter-carriers discern this blemish.

We must, however, proceed no farther in our search for undesirable finger-marks.

Those mentioned give only a specimen, yet may answer an important purpose. While young, we have need to learn that much good work, for the best of Masters, may be done without leaving any disagreeable traces. We need the teaching of God's Spirit to incline our hearts to seek the Divine glory in the salvation of our own souls and the souls of others. We shall also need such teaching in order to avoid what would otherwise, more or less, disfigure our work. But, in order to gain aptitude in thus worthily accomplishing the task assigned to us, we must frequently examine our own performances. Instead of assuming that all we do must be right, we shall probably not be far mistaken if we take it for granted that there are some finger-marks of our own making which only need discovering. "And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God." (Phil. i. 9—11.)

RULES TO PROMOTE HARMONY AMONG CHURCH-MEMBERS.

1. To remember that we are all subject to failings and infirmities of one kind or other.
2. To bear with, and not magnify, each other's infirmities. Gal. vi. 1.
3. To "pray one for another" in our social meetings, and particularly in private. James v. 16.
4. Always turn a deaf ear to any slanderous report, and lay no charge brought against any person till well founded.
5. If a member be in fault, tell him of it in private before it is mentioned to others.
6. Watch against a shyness of each other, and put the best construction on any action that has the appearance of opposition or resentment.

7. Observe the just rule of Solomon ; that is, to "leave off contention, before it be meddled with." Prov. xvii. 14.

8. If a member has offended, consider how glorious, how God-like, it is to forgive, and how unlike a Christian it is to be revenged. Ephes. iv. 2.

9. Remember that it is always a grand artifice of the devil to promote coldness and animosity among members of Churches, and we should therefore watch against everything that furthers this end.

10. Consider how much more good we can do in the world at large, and in the Church in particular, when we are all united in love, than we should do when acting alone, and indulging a contrary spirit.

11. Lastly, consider the express injunction of Scripture, and the beautiful example of Christ, as to these important things.

12. Above all, remember to "love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and "thy neighbour as thyself."—*Christian Observer*.

A MORNING PENTECOST.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH BUSH.

At the noon-day prayer-meeting, on Saturday, November 22nd, 1873, one of the ministers prayed that the following Sabbath might be a day of Pentecost, and that the joy and strength of Pentecost might come early in the morning. He told the Lord that a visitation of grace and power at the Sunday evening prayer-meeting was a thing to be thankful for; yet it only made him wish the more earnestly that the blessing had come twelve hours sooner. How much better could he have done the Lord's work all the day long, with how much more heart and hope, had he but been "filled with the Spirit" early in the morning instead of late in the evening. And so did the minister in question talk with God, and plead that, as soon as the Sabbath "was fully come," preachers and people might all be "filled with the Holy Ghost;" and that, not at the

close of the evening service, but at the beginning of the morning service, the place where they were assembled together might be shaken by power from on high, and that all day long pastors and teachers might speak "the word of God with boldness."

To this prayer we said, Amen and Amen.

"Very early in the morning the first day of the week," and whilst "it was yet dark," we thought of the day of Pentecost, and prepared ourselves for receiving the answer to the prayer which had deeply impressed us on Saturday. And God was pleased to vouchsafe a foretaste of Pentecost, and this we welcomed as a pledge of a blessed Sabbath.

In due time we went forth to our work. The morning was breezy. Along the streets there swept strong currents of bracing air, which somehow reminded us of the "rushing mighty wind" on the morning of the day of Pentecost—only that came straight down, whilst this travelled horizontally. Just before half-past ten, we took our place in the pulpit. Instead, however, of being "all with one accord in one place" as if expecting "the coming of the Holy Ghost," only about one-third of the congregation was present—certainly not one-half—when the service was commenced. During singing, after prayer, during chant and lessons, they kept coming in. It was not until toward the close of the hymn before the sermon that we really got settled. Up to that time, except during prayer, there was an unceasing stir, which looked like disorder and felt like confusion. It may be that the proportion of late comers was not much in excess of what is usual; only, with the thoughts in one's mind which the prayer of Saturday had quickened, the habit of late coming to the house of God struck us more forcibly as altogether bad: in those who come late, a sign of evil; to those who come early, a source of evil.

What was it the sign of in those who came late? They had no hope, or wish or thought of being "filled with the

Spirit." Hard words, but true! For had they been even desiring the baptism of power, they would not deliberately have sacrificed the song of praise, and occupied the lobby during prayer. We know there are a few who are so circumstanced that they cannot always be early at chapel; they would if they could: and it is not of these that we now speak. Our remarks refer to those who "deliberately" came late; who, when they left home for the house of prayer, knew they would be late; and who might have left home earlier if they would. And of late comers, nine out of ten belong to this class.

What was the effect of the late coming of the many upon those who came early? They received less of the Spirit's grace and joy because of the fault of their neighbours. Everything was depressing. The hymn (219) is a grand hymn, but we scarcely knew it again—it was so marred; the tune dragged, and little was heard beside the organ and the choir. Of course, this was not the fault of those who were present, and did their best; but of those who ought to have been there to help, but were not. There was constant rustling and unrest by the coming in, during the first singing, of eighty or a hundred persons. It was difficult for God's people to fix their thoughts and raise their hearts. Every late comer seemed like a "messenger of Satan to buffet" them, and the result was, during the first half-hour of the service there was less good received, and devout people were put to a disadvantage and suffered loss, through the fault of those who came late to the house of God.

And we thought, As things are, can there be another day of Pentecost? Will the Holy Spirit come and fill the place with His presence and power, when so many of God's servants care not for His coming? Can we imagine, under such circumstances, the dawn of a day of Pentecost?

We may be thought extravagant and enthusiastic. We are, nevertheless, bold to place on record our judgment that the

present habit of late coming to the house of prayer is a serious hindrance to the work of God. We do not say that the mere coming early will ensure the outpouring of the Holy Spirit; but remembering what the habit implies, we do believe that the custom of coming late to the house of God, especially on Sunday morning, stands in the way of "the coming of the Holy Ghost." Let it be with us on Sabbath mornings as it was with the hundred and twenty on the morning of the day of Pentecost—*all early, and all waiting for the Holy Spirit*—and it shall be said of us as it is written of them, "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

THE SUICIDE.

I REMEMBER a story which I heard when I was a child—and what we hear as children we seldom forget—of one of those broken hearts which would not be bound up. It was of a suicide; and when the coroner assembled his jury, and the oath was to be administered, there was found no book in the house which they could acknowledge as the Word of God; not one copy of the good news brought from heaven to sinners, not one testament of Him Who longs to be our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, no word of consolation. What a commentary on that unhappy being's miserable life, and yet more miserable death, on that awful occasion! The men shuddered as they sent out to borrow a Bible; and as they turned a hasty and terrified glance on the pale and bloody corpse before them, the most careless could scarcely fail to feel a wish too deep, too hopeless for utterance, "O that 'thou hadst known in thy day, the things that belonged to thy peace!'"—*Christian Weekly*.

RAGGED JIM'S LAST SONG.

ONE Sunday night, both dark and cold,
A trembling boy, in garments old,
Stood 'neath the gas-lamp's glare;

His beaming eyes were bright and blue,
His pale, wan face, though kind and
true,

Was mark'd by early care.

He heeded not the passing throng,
Who hurried on their way, along
The streets both damp and dim ;
For though the church bells seem'd to
say,

"O, come and sing ! O, come and pray !"
Their voice was lost on Jim.

That Sabbath night poor Jim had come
From his abode, a cheerless home,
All desolate and drear,—
When, as he hurried down a street,
He heard a hymn both clear and sweet,
And to the place drew near.

"I will believe ! I do believe !
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

Jim's heart was touch'd, he knew not
why,

And soon the lad began to cry,
But his were tears of joy ;
It seem'd so strange that One so great
As Christ should care for his sad state,
For him,—a ragged boy.

But soon they sang about a thief
Who turn'd to Jesus for relief,
Who pray'd with his last breath,
And pardon found through Jesu's grace,
Whilst gazing at the Saviour's face,
When at the point of death.

Just then this cold and weary lad,
Whose heart was desolate and sad,
Began the hymn of praise,—

"I will believe ! I do believe
In Christ, Who never will deceive,
To Him my thoughts I'll raise."

Verse after verse those children sang,
And following each the chorus rang
Upon the still night air ;
Whilst Jim, entranced, ne'er sought to
move,

But thought of Jesu's dying love,
And felt, that God was there.

When all was quiet once again,
The poor lad humm'd the sweet refrain,
And hasten'd on his way ;

He long'd to find some quiet place
Where he could seek the Saviour's face,
And to his Maker pray.

At last he reach'd his dwelling poor,
And passing through the open door
Enter'd a squalid room ;
His mother, with a care-worn face,
Sat dozing in the cheerless place
Amid the evening's gloom.

Jim's coming fill'd her with surprise,
And when she saw his tear-dimm'd eyes,
She said, "What ails you, lad ?"
But when his answer reach'd her ear,
Her heart was fill'd with awful fear ;
She thought her son was mad.

For he exclaim'd, "I will believe
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

Then,—thinking not of garments old,
Of trembling limbs or piercing cold,
He hurried up the stair ;
Beside his bed on bended knee,—
Though 'twas so dark he could not see,
Jim knelt in earnest prayer.

He said, "O Lord, teach me to pray,
For Christ's sake take my sins away !"
And as he came to God,
Seeking forgiveness through our Lord,
He felt the truth of Jesu's word,
And lost his sinful load.

Jim felt so happy, that blest hour,
And sang once more with all his power,
"Lord, I believe in Thee ;
Thy blood has wash'd my sins away,
Thy Spirit turn'd my night to day,
And I from sin am free."

The mother cried, "My boy, leave off ;
You know you'll make your father scoff,
If he your song should hear :
Be quiet, do, and go to sleep,
And to yourself your singing keep,
Or else he'll curse and swear."

With soften'd tone, the lad sang still,
Although his limbs were stiff and chill,
Ere he got into bed.
No downy couch, with quilt array'd
Or snow-white pillows smoothly laid,
Was placed for Jim's rough head.

Beneath a skylight, on the floor,
And just outside the garret door,
An old egg-box was laid,
And there, upon the straw, poor Jim
Lay down, and softly pray'd to Him
On Whom his soul was stay'd.

The moon's bright rays, that winter's
night,
Came softly through the dim skylight
Upon the egg-box old ;
They tinged the garments Jim had worn,
The bed of straw, the blanket torn,
With hues of burnish'd gold.

Whilst angels came from heaven above
Upon their work of purest love,
A watch o'er him to keep ;
With cheerful heart Jim tried to sing
The praises of the Heavenly King,
Until he fell asleep.

Within the darken'd room below,
Beside the small coke-fire's bright glow,
The mother sat alone ;
That hymn had brought back bygone
years,
Her disappointments, hopes and fears,
And all that she had done.

Once she had tried to do the right,
And oft at morning, noon and night
Had raised her thoughts to God :
Alas ! alas ! one mournful day
She left the straight and narrow way
To tread the downward road.

Her husband, too, though kind at heart,
Had never sought the "better part,"
But loved the giddy throng.
Who waste their moments and their hours
As though life's paths were strewn with
flowers,
And make of sin a song.

Ere long an alteration came,
For he, her husband but in name,
Began to curse and swear ;
And oft quite late would stagger in
From some abode of gilded sin,
To make her quake with fear.

Thus slowly, surely did they glide
The downward path so sadly wide,
Which in destruction ends ;

Each day they saw their wants increase,
But soon they lost their goods, their
peace,

And all their truest friends.

No longer could the home look bright,
For shades far darker than of night
Had gather'd round the place ;
For want of food, and anxious care,
Brought streaks of silver to the hair,
And wrinkles to the face.

Thus, like a vision full of pain,
Her dreary past came back again,
Recall'd by memory's aid.
But hark ! along the stony path,
Her husband comes, he will be wroth
If supper is not laid.

From out a cupboard near the door
She quickly got their scanty store
Of cheese and stale, dry bread :
Once they could have large joints of meat,
To taste it now was quite a treat,
And cheese must serve instead.

Thus thought the woman ere she took
A yellow jug from off its hook,
And went to fetch the beer ;
Out in the dark and gloomy night
Into the gin-shop warm and bright,
Which to the house stood near.

Quickly she left the gilded place,
And tears ran down her pale, wan face,
As back once more she sped ;
She could not eat, so placed the jug
Beside the drunkard's plate and mug,
And then went up to bed.

Ere long the husband left the room,
And in the chilling night air's gloom
He stagger'd up the stairs,
Without a thought of child or wife ;
What cared he for each precious life,
For thankfulness, or prayers ?

But when the night had sped away,
Before the light of opening day,
Jim's father left the house
To spend the day in busy toil,
And then the evening hours to spoil
In frolic and carouse.

The mother rose to light the fire,
Thinking poor Jim must needs require
A hearty breakfast now ;

Downstairs she went, in haste to toll,
And soon she made the water boil,
And caused the fire to glow.

Ere long a round of toast was made,
And by a cup of coffee laid,
Which she prepared for him;
Just then the old church clock struck
eight,
And thinking it was very late,
She loudly call'd for Jim.

Again she call'd, but all was still;
And o'er her spirit came the chill
Of fear and nameless dread;
Then quickly up the stairs she went,
And trembling in her anguish bent
Above the lowly bed.

She raised the clothes poor Jim had
worn,

Then moved the blanket old and torn,
And there, so still, he lay,
With hands tight clasp'd as if in prayer,
With upturn'd face, now cold and fair,
Once more he seem'd to say:—

"I will believe! I do believe!
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

But never more was she to hear
His youthful voice, so soft and clear,
Singing of heaven's bright home:
His soul had gone to share that rest
Where all are holy, all are blest,
For Christ had whisper'd, "Come."

At night, outside the garret door,
Within the egg-box on the floor,
Shiv'ring and tired and cold:
At morn, among the white-robed throng,
Who sing the everlasting song,
Who walk the streets of gold!

For ever safe beyond alarm,
And far above the reach of harm,
By God, through Christ, forgiven;
Beyond the reach of doubts and fears,
Of aching hearts and scalding tears,
The lad was safe, in heaven.

No more would he, with aching feet,
Pass slowly through the noisome street
Wherein that dwelling stood;
Never again could he be found
Treading the hard and frosty ground
In search of work or food.

For Death had raised the drunkard's
boy
From earth to heaven, from grief to joy,
From night to endless day;
The mighty power of Jesu's blood
Had made the wand'rer meet for God,
And wash'd his sins away.

Beside that lowly bed of death,
With tearful eyes, with gasping breath,
The mother knelt in pray'r:
With the Great Father, full of love,
Who reigns supreme—on earth, above,
'Tis best to leave her there.

E. BAILEY.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR JULY, 1874.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISEING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.
1874.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
June							
30	3 46	8 20	9 38a	10 9a	3 30a	11 27a	9 59a
July					Rises.		
10	3 54	8 15	8 54	9 54	3 43m	10 49	9 18
20	4 6	8 5	7 55	9 35	3 38	10 12	8 37
30	4 20	7 51	Rises. 4 8m	9 14	3 34	9 35	7 56

PHASES OF THE MOON.

6th, Last Quarter	6h. 1m. after.	21st, First Quarter ..	1h. 32m. after.
13th, New Moon	4h. 28m. after.	29th, Full Moon	4h. 43m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 7th	5h. morn, Perigee; distance 229,723 miles.
„ 20th	6h. after., Apogee; „ 251,126 „
Mean distance for the month	240,424 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 1st	93,210,490 miles.
August 1st	93,021,360 „
Decrease of distance for the month	189,130 „

The earth will be at its greatest distance from the Sun on the evening of July 3rd. The apparent diameter of the Sun will then be only thirty-one minutes thirty-two seconds; whereas on January 1st, when we are nearest the Sun, it is thirty-two minutes thirty-six seconds.

Mercury will be an evening star in the early part of the month. On the evening of the 9th it will be in aphelion. On the 11th, at noon, it will be stationary; the apparent motion on that day changes from direct to retrograde. On the morning of the 26th it will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun, considerably southward of his disc. The apparent diameter will then be upwards of eleven seconds. Seen near this position, as it may be with a powerful telescope, it looks like a beautiful thin crescent. On the 29th it will be near Mars, and next morning it will have attained its greatest distance southward from the plane of the earth's orbit; seen from the Sun, that distance amounts to seven degrees.

Venus sets about an hour and a half after the Sun. It is nearing the Earth, and therefore the apparent diameter is increasing. On the 14th it will be very near Regulus, and both these objects will be near the Moon on the 16th. The apparent motion among the fixed stars is eastward.

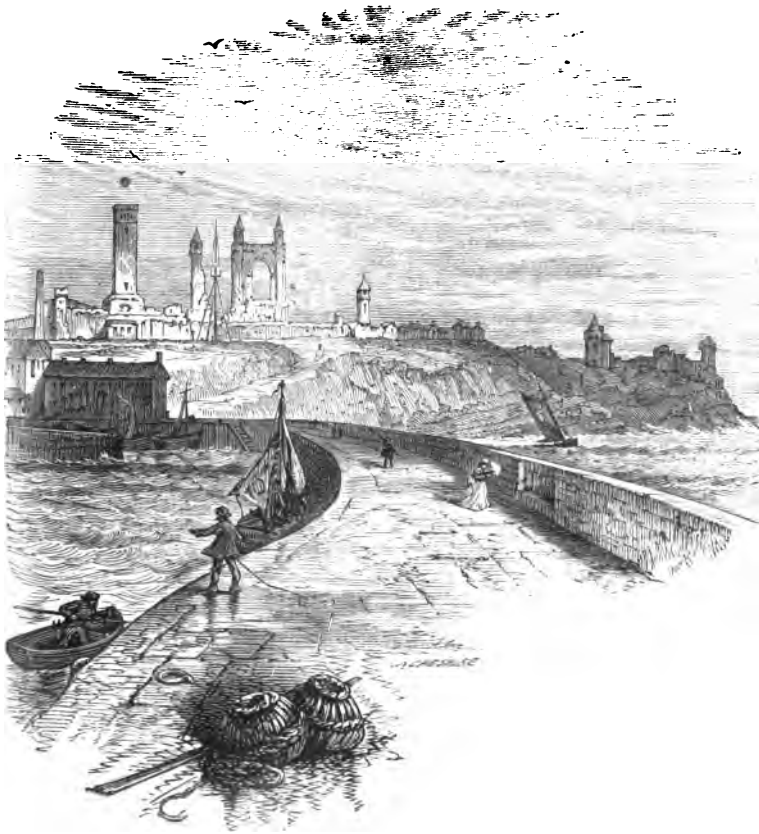
Mars will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 5th.

Jupiter sets somewhat later than Venus; but both Venus and the Sun are gaining fast upon it. It will be very near the Moon on the evening of the 18th. A re-appearance of the first satellite from the shadow of the planet may be witnessed on the evening of the 11th, at 9h. 27m. 8s.; and this is the only phenomenon of that character visible to us during the month, with the exception of an occultation of the same satellite by its primary on the evening of the 2nd, at 9h. 37m. The second satellite and its shadow will be both on the disc of the planet at half-past nine o'clock on the evening of the 6th.

As *Saturn* rises on the 1st before ten o'clock, and on the last day of the month at sunset, it is visible through the greater part of the night; but its greatest altitude is only about twenty degrees. It will be near the Moon on the 2nd and 29th. The apparent magnitude is slightly increasing; the extreme length of the outer ring is forty-two seconds, the breadth twelve seconds; the diameter of the globe is eighteen seconds, rather more than half that of Jupiter.

Uranus is near the Sun.

Neptune rises on the 6th, at midnight, and on the 22nd, at eleven o'clock in the evening. The Right Ascension increases till the beginning of August, after which it diminishes.



ST. ANDREWS.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

THIS ancient city stands on a shelf of rock above the wide bay to which it has given its name. Though the grounds in the neighbourhood are only broken into slight undulations, they present a pleasing variety of meadow and woodland. The links, which are to Scottish towns what parks or commons are to English towns, are intersected with walks, from which there is an extensive prospect, including a long reach of the Forfarshire coast, the green declivities of the Sidlaws, and the dim masses of the Grampians. The bay, whether sleeping in blue serenity, or dashed into foam by the tempest, adds greatly to the interest of the picture ; and when the tide is out, the

level sands form a beautiful promenade, and glisten in the sunshine as if thickly strewn with minute crystals.

The history of the city fades into somewhat vague tradition. It is said that Regulus, a Greek monk, who lived at Patras, in Achaia, was directed in a vision to take the relics of St. Andrew, who, according to ecclesiastical legend, was crucified in that city, and trust himself to the ocean, on which he was to be borne to a haven in Albion. In compliance with this supernatural summons, he embarked with a few companions, and after numerous adventures reached what is now known as St. Andrew's Bay, and found shelter in a cave that had been hollowed in the rock by the waves. Regulus was successful in converting the Pictish king Hergust to the Christian faith, and so ingratiated himself with that monarch, that he received from him a grant of extensive lands, and means for the erection of a church, in which the bones of St. Andrew were sepulchred. Previous to the visit of Regulus, the woods above the bay were the resort of wild boars, a fact which accounts for the figure of a boar tied to a tree being found in connection with the effigy of St. Andrew on his cross, in the armorial device of the city. Near the remains of the cathedral are a chapel and tower, supposed to have been built by Regulus, and so far identified with him that they have always borne his name. The tower is one hundred and eight feet in height, and has been but little damaged by time. The stone is of a very durable kind, and must have been brought from a distance, as no stone of the same hardness and colour can be found within a circuit of many miles.

The masonry of the chapel, like that of the tower, stands firm, but the roof is wanting. Dr. George Cook was buried within the walls. He was prominent as a leader of the Moderate party in the Church of Scotland, and also aimed at literary distinction by writing a history of that Church, the claims of which Hugh Miller summarily settled by saying, that it is not read in Scotland and not known elsewhere. But the most striking exemplification of the conjunction of the past and the present is seen in the mortuary tablet of Robert Chambers, who was also buried in the chapel. What a contrast between Regulus and Chambers! the saint and the publisher; the missionary with the supposed bones of the Apostle, and the Author with books instinct with the spirit of the modern time! Both are entitled to praise; Regulus, for the zeal with which he laboured for the conversion of the heathenish Picts, and Chambers for his own literary labours and his efforts to give a cheap and instructive literature to the people of Great Britain. We cannot but regret however that the latter so carefully avoided Christian truth in the preparation of his publications. Had he put the Gospel in front of his enterprise, he would have accomplished far more for the benefit of his age and country.

The cathedral yard contains numerous tombs, some remarkable for their antiquity, others for the quaintness of their epitaphs; but there is one grave which has a special interest, that of Samuel Rutherford. He was banished from Anwoth, a parish distinguished by his prayers and teachings, to Aberdeen, where, though remote from those with whom he had been accustomed to hold blessed Christian communion, he found Christ so near to his soul that he could write: "I am richly repaid for suffering for Him. O, if all Scotland were as I am except these bonds! O, what pain I have because I cannot get Him praised by my sufferings! O that heaven, within and without, and the earth, were paper, and all the rivers fountains, and seas were ink, and I able to write all the paper within and without full of His praises and love and excellency, to be read by man and angels!" Days of persecution came to an end, and after spending some time with his beloved people in Anwoth, Rutherford was appointed to the Professorship of Divinity in one of the St. Andrews colleges. In his life and death there was a seraphic glow of joy and hope, and his last words were, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!" A plain headstone bearing his name, and some rugged yet spirited lines on his fidelity to Christ and "Scotland's covenanted laws," is the only memorial on his grave; but to his admirers it seems luminous with the beauty of his delightful Letters.

The cathedral is but a fragment; but enough is left to show how magnificent it was when it stood in its glory, its five towers, its lofty roof and sculptured gable, seen far over the waters. It was founded in the year 1159. Two centuries after it was nearly burnt down, either by a lightning stroke, or by a flaming brand which a jackdaw carried to its nest; but it was rebuilt with equal if not additional splendour. The greater part of it was demolished by the citizens at the time of the Reformation. The long aisles, the massive pillars, the pictured windows, the gorgeous altars, had become hateful to them on account of their connection with Papal superstition, intolerance and cruelty. They determined to prevent a repetition of the past by destroying the fabric. The power of the papal hierarchy in St. Andrews may be said to have culminated and vanished with Cardinal Beaton. He was a fierce opponent of the Reformation, and caused a number of godly men to be put to death. One of the most eminent of these was George Wishart. He was captured at the house of a friend in East Lothian, taken to St. Andrews, and consigned to the dungeon of the castle. This dungeon is cut out of the solid rock, is twenty-seven feet deep, and thirteen feet in diameter at the bottom. The victim of tyranny was let down by a rope or ladder, through a well-like aperture, to the grim apartment below. If Wishart had been a man of feeble soul, the hopelessness of his position in that under-

ground dungeon, would have induced in him a disposition to recant his faith and bend to the will of the Cardinal. But neither there nor on his trial nor when fastened to the stake, had he any misgiving as to the Gospel he had preached. The place of execution was on the east front of the castle. A window in one of the towers was hung with rich tapestries, and cushions were laid on its sill for the convenience of the Cardinal and prelates who wished to look on the dying agonies of the martyr.

It was known that Wishart had many friends who were indignant at the sentence which had been pronounced on him, so guns, with gunners standing beside them, were pointed to the stake, to prevent his being rescued by them. He was taken out of the dungeon, his hands fastened behind him, and while trumpets sounded and prelatical banners floated on the air, he was conducted by a band of soldiers to the pyre. As he came out of the castle gate, a number of beggars implored alms of him. He answered, "I want my hands wherewith I was wont to give you alms; but the merciful Lord, of His benignity and abundant grace that feedeth all men, vouchsafe to give necessaries, both unto your body and souls." When he reached the spot where he was to die, he knelt down by the faggots and thrice repeated the words, "O, Thou Sovereign of the world, have mercy upon me; Father of Heaven, I commend my spirit into Thy holy hands." Turning to the people present he said, "I beseech you, Christian brethren and sisters, that ye be not offended at the Word of God, for the affliction and torment which ye see ready prepared for me; but I exhort you to love the Word of God, and suffer patiently, and with a comfortable heart, for the Word's sake, which is your undoubted salvation and everlasting comfort." With a rope about his neck and an iron chain round his waist, he was led to the stake, and the flame was kindled, but his brave heart was nothing daunted. "The fire," he said, "torments my body, but no way abates my spirit." Looking up to the Cardinal as he leaned in pomp against the castle window, he rose to prophetic strain: "He who in such state from that high place feedeth his eyes with my torments, within few days shall be hanged out at the same window, to be seen with as much ignominy as he now leaneth there in pride."

This terrible prediction was soon after verified. A few daring men to whom the arrogance and cruelty of the Cardinal had become unbearably offensive, seeing how remorselessly he got rid of those whose influence he thought detrimental to his power, and perhaps fearing that they might be the next victims of his ambition, resolved to take his life. They slipped into the castle when the drawbridge was lowered to admit the workmen who were repairing the building, broke into the Cardinal's chamber, upbraided him with his barbarity,

and despatched him with their daggers. The citizens, hearing of the entrance of the armed men to the castle, assembled in large numbers, and cried out for the Cardinal to speak to them. They were assured that he was dead, but as they cried out more vehemently, his dead body was hung on the wall from the very window from which he had looked on the martyrdom of Wishart. John Knox, who had been driven from place to place by his Papal enemies, sought an asylum with the conspirators in the castle. After undergoing a lengthened siege, they were compelled to capitulate, and John Knox was taken with the rest and kept for nineteen months on the French galleys. After his liberation, he preached in England, France and Geneva, but on receiving the invitation of the Protestant Lords, returned to Scotland, and became the master-spirit of the Scottish Reformation. Though he eventually settled in Edinburgh, he visited St. Andrews a little before his death. He was extremely feeble in body, but the old fire still glowed in his soul. He had to be assisted into the pulpit of the parish church, "whar he behovit to lean at his first entry, but ere he had done with his sermon, he was sae active and vigorous that he was like to ding that pulpit in blads, and fie out of it."

St. Andrews is the seat of a University, consisting of St. Mary's College and the united College of St. Salvador and St. Leonard. These Colleges have had Principals and Professors of European renown, such as George Buchanan, great in scholarship and versatile in powers; Andrew Melville, the eminent Reformer; William Tennant, the distinguished Orientalist and author of the grotesque poem, "Anster Fair;" Sir David Brewster, who irradiated scientific exposition with the prismatic lights of a brilliant imagination.

But no one, at least in modern times, has wielded such influence in St. Andrews as Thomas Chalmers. When not yet twelve years old he was entered as a student at the United College, but was sadly unprepared for a University course, for his orthography and grammar showed that he needed the care of the schoolmaster rather than the lectures or the professor. During his first and second sessions he made no progress excepting in boyish amusements, but in the third session he awoke to the charm of mathematical study, which he prosecuted with characteristic enthusiasm. When fifteen years old, he became a Divinity student. He cared little for evangelical truth, but had exalted and ecstatic thoughts of the greatness of God; and in later life wrote, "I remember when a student of Divinity, and long ere I could relish evangelical sentiment, I spent nearly a twelvemonth in a sort of mental Elysium, and the one idea which ministered to my soul all its rapture was the magnificence of the Godhead, and the universal subordination of all things to the one

great purpose for which He evolved and was supporting creation." His power of eloquent amplification was evidenced while he was at St. Andrews. When it was his turn to conduct prayers in the public hall of the University, the people came in great numbers to listen to his glowing descants on the perfections of God.

He left St. Andrews with meagre knowledge of Biblical truth, and no sympathy with experimental Godliness, but when in Kilmany passed through a process of enlightenment which gave a new character to his life and ministry. From Kilmany he went to Glasgow, where, with an imagination gorgeous as the flitting hues of the aurora borealis, and a moral force that tore through obstacles as an elephant tears through the tangled undergrowth of the forest, an impassioned heart, a devising brain and an executive hand, he moved the citizens from their lethargy. Leaving Glasgow, he settled at St. Andrews as Professor of Moral Philosophy. But he did not content himself with the duties of the lecture-hall; he gathered the students to his own house for Christian communion on Sabbath evenings, established Sabbath-schools, and encouraged students to teach in them, and gave effective help to a society formed in the city for the promotion of missions to the heathen.

Dr. Duff, at that time a student, thus records his memories of days when Dr. Chalmers moved at the head of every Christian enterprise in St. Andrews: "Religion, which had long settled down at zero, or many degrees below it, was sensibly raised in its temperature, and in some instances kindled into an inextinguishable flame. The long repose of stagnation and death, with its teeming brood of corruptions, was effectually disturbed; and out of the strife and conflict of hostile elements a new progeny, fraught with life and purity, began to emerge; and in the missionary libraries and assemblies, the prayer-meetings, the Sabbath-schools and preaching-stations in town and country, an effective machinery was erected for the diffusion of life-giving influences all around. And all this suddenly springing into existence from the presence of one man! Those who could compare what St. Andrews was immediately before Dr. Chalmers' residence there, with what it was two or three years after his arrival, were constrained to feel that no language could more appropriately express the greatness of the change than that of the prophet Isaiah, 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.'"

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

IN ITS RELATION TO DOING AND SUFFERING.

ENTIRE Sanctification sustains a very intimate and important relation to all the phases of Christian life. It is a universal rectifier. The cleansing of the heart effects the purification of the entire character and life. Its best evidence is to be found in character and conduct. It begins by quickening and intensifying the spiritual life, bringing the soul into more intimate union with Christ, "Who is our life," so that out of the depths of real and delightful experience we may exclaim each for himself, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." This experience inevitably affects the whole life, every part of which proves and exhibits the real sanctity of the heart. Under it the active and passive graces find free and full development.

Under certain conditions Christian labour is a necessary outgrowth of this experience. Idleness is impossible in connection with true sanctity. In proportion as the spiritual life is quickened and intensified will the soul's energies be aroused, and will find employment in Christian toil. The influence of real sanctity upon such labour must be and is very powerful and beneficial. It rectifies the motives which prompt to effort, destroying selfishness and making love the soul's predominant and absorbing principle. More or less distinctly our motives stamp all our acts, deforming or beautifying them. Too often efforts which should be productive of vast good are made abortive by perversity of motive. Much of nominally Christian effort is lost to the Church and the world either because God will not own it,

or because it stops short as soon as the imperfect motive has been satisfied. Persons who enter into such labour for personal gain or personal honour, or even merely to meet the demands of conscience, feeling that it is their duty to do something, will almost inevitably stop short of that point where labour finds its real consummation and success rewards sincere and earnest toil. What is the remedy? Real devotedness, springing out of perfect love. This will rectify the motive, and make labour not merely a duty, but a delight; not the means to satisfy the conscience or pride, but to promote the salvation of souls and the glory of God. O that all Christian labourers were baptized with this spirit!

Again: it makes the labour itself more potent by the earnestness which it inspires and the influence of the Holy Ghost which it secures. Without these there can be no real success. Even in earthly pursuits, success cannot be achieved without earnestness; and there is no earnestness like that which springs from overflowing love to God and man, which is the very foundation of real sanctity. It rises above the selfish or merely prudent considerations which too often deter from action or damp the ardour of the soul. It begets a spirit of true commiseration, which does not waste itself in sickly sentimentality, but nerves the whole man for energetic and persistent effort. Labour characterized by such earnestness cannot ultimately fail. Its results may not be realised immediately; they may not even fully reach the desired consummation; but as surely as the reaping follows the sowing, so this "labour" shall not be "in vain in the Lord."

The Holy Spirit inspires the desire

to help: it is He Who arouses the soul from lethargy: it is He Who gives strength to labour, and crowns the labour with success. The fulness of the Spirit dwells in and abides with the fully sanctified. It did in the Apostolic age, and of many it is said that they were "full of the Holy Ghost" and of "power." This was the condition and secret of their success. Such results could have been achieved by no other power. The same sanctity secures to us the same Presence and power. To be "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire," is the very best qualification for Christian labour. Does it not make our labour much more sweet and effective? Do we not often mourn over the comparative failure of our efforts, arising from our own feebleness? Let us seek that cleansing which will make the temple worthy of its high and holy Resident.

We have said above that "under certain conditions, Christian labour is a necessary outgrowth of this experience." Such conditions do not always exist. There are many whose days of labour are past, and many whose labours are, at least for a time, suspended. Age, feebleness and sickness deprive many of the luxury of labour; but they facilitate the cultivation of loving and grateful submission to the will of God. In this case, as in the other, entire sanctification exerts a very powerful and blessed influence upon the mind. It introduces those elements which make real submission possible. Its very existence involves the prevalence of pure, perfect love to God; indeed, the two expressions designate one and the same blessing. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Such love begets perfect confidence in God, a confidence which would not and

could not question the justness, wisdom and goodness of His acts. The reasons for those acts may be hidden in deep mystery, but this does not shake that confidence, because it rests, not upon circumstances, which are ever changing, but upon the Divine character, which, amid a thousand changes, remains unchangeable. Hence, in it the mind finds a sure resting-place.

Such love further begets sincere regard and preference for God's will. Would Love run counter to its supreme object? By doing so it would contradict and destroy itself. Jesus, amid the agonies of Gethsemane, prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." But Love asserted its absolute dominion, and led Him to add, "Nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done."

In Wesley's Journal we find frequent references to this subject, and some striking illustrations. In one place he writes: "In riding to St. Ives, I called on one with whom I used to lodge two or three and twenty years ago, Alice Daniel, at Rose-margay. Her sons are all gone from her; and she has but one daughter left, who is always ill. Her husband is dead; and she can no longer read her Bible, for she is stone-blind. Yet she murmurs at nothing, but cheerfully waits till her appointed time shall come." Entire sanctification produces the same effect still, hushing the voice of contrary desires, and bringing the will under the sweet constraint of the will of God. Thus it produces that submission to the Divine will without which the sorrows of life are turned from their right uses, and become curses instead of blessings. Under the influence of real sanctity, these things become beautiful. It lights

up the sick-room, and gives lustre to old age.

We have thus endeavoured to show that entire sanctification is the great qualification for right doing and suffering. The "fields..are white already to harvest," and we need strong arms to reap them. Sinners are dying; they need help, such help as true sanctity alone will enable us to give. The world is looking for real exemplifications of the spirit of the Gospel; for such evidence of its power as true sanctity alone will empower us to present. Let us never rest until Christianity become a praise in the earth, and all her enemies are silenced and subdued.

CHARACTER INFALLIBLY TESTED.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

"The fining-pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold: but the Lord trieth the hearts."—PROVERBS xvii. 3.

MEN have so valued silver and gold as to discern the importance of distinguishing those precious metals from what is inferior or utterly worthless. They have therefore sought out tests by which this may be done. The genuineness or spuriousness of coins may be ascertained without any injury to them, because their proper size and weight are known. Other articles, represented as formed of the precious metals, may be tested by the application of a suitable acid and a puncture so small as to be almost imperceptible. If the metal may be placed in the fining-pot and furnace, there need be no mistake whatever. If to a thousand grains of gold you add three of alloy, the refiner will detect the inferior three. If with a thousand grains of dust you mingle three

grains of gold, the refiner will discover the precious three. Ordinary people may well be amazed by what they learn of such minute accuracy of investigation.

We are, however, as deeply interested, on many occasions, in being able to form a correct estimate of human character. Perhaps, on the whole, even in the transaction of ordinary business, such discernment of character is more deeply important to us. A merchant, now and then, if ignorant in this respect, or heedless, might receive a spurious sovereign instead of a genuine coin. But if he have engaged a smooth-faced, soft-spoken rascal as his cashier, he is likely some day to find a deficiency of hundreds of pounds. A maid-servant, if unable to detect a bad half-crown, or too thoughtless to examine the coins she receives, may some day find herself in possession of what she took as an equivalent for two shillings and sixpence, but with which she cannot purchase a penny orange. That will be annoying; but it will be incomparably worse if she should be weak-minded enough to trust in some villain because he declares that she is beautiful as an angel, and that he will be her adorer for ever and ever. It is manifestly of unspeakable importance that we should not be imposed on by pretentious rascality.

But though honest men, and indeed rogues, have striven hard to guard against imposition, they have not always succeeded. They have provided, by means of furnace, fining-pot and other tests, the means of ascertaining what is and what is not precious metal, to a grain: yet no such infallible method of ascertaining the worth of individual human character has been made available to the sons of men. There

are adepts in deceit who can under any scrutiny conceal their baseness.

But we learn on the highest authority that the most consummate hypocrite in the world cannot hide the badness of his heart from One observer; and that One is He Whose estimate of us is more important than the estimate of all other beings in the universe. Nothing worth speaking of has been accomplished by deception, unless that One be deceived, and He never is deceived. What He has rendered possible to us in the case of gold and silver, by means of crucible and acids and such appliances, His infinite knowledge, in a moment, accomplishes concerning human character in all its minutest details. This lesson has a very cheering as well as a very admonitory aspect. A selfish deceiver may well tremble to realise the fact that the very instant he has got some things covered up and others gilded and others falsely labelled, the Eye of the Omniscient and Almighty discerns the actual quality beneath the false label, the spurious metal under the gilding, and the shameful things concealed by drapery. But is it not cheering to the upright servant of the Lord to be assured that though God has entrusted him with no certain test of human pretensions, all is known to God Himself? This makes it certain that, if faithful, the Lord's follower shall not be led into sin, and that any loss or pain he may have to suffer will be employed by God for his good. The lesson, thus at once admonitory and cheering, will repay a somewhat closer investigation.

God always sees human character as it is.—The most cautious and experienced of men may be deceived. Samuel the prophet was of vigorous mind. Previous to his being sent

to Bethlehem to anoint a king from among the sons of Jesse, he had considerable experience. He, like others, had admired the stature and mien of Saul, yet had been compelled to perceive his unfaithfulness to God and his selfishness towards the people. Yet Samuel was led hastily to say of Eliab, Jesse's firstborn son, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before Him." (1 Sam. xvi. 6.) To the prophet, though he was both sagacious and good, it seemed as though Eliab's form and features and demeanour were amply sufficient to indicate that, if a king of men must be chosen from the dwelling of this Bethlehemite husbandman, there was no need to proceed any farther. But Samuel was mistaken. "The Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Men can only look on "the outward appearance." Some people, indeed, who attempt to deceive are very clumsy in their endeavours. They cannot counterfeit the words and tones, the gestures and glance of honest men. They are as naughty and silly children whose lips, while they are denying the petty theft, are smeared with the stolen sweets; or as the foolish rogue who, if he has hidden the purloined sack of wheat in his closet, has left on the ground sufficient to betray his progress from the granary to the closet. There are others who can wondrously conceal the hidden evil. Some men have great skill in detecting imposition in others. With the slightest hint they will generally succeed in arriving at the truth. There are some again who give credence to all that

seems plausible. But no man can see beyond "the outward appearance." Hence the wisest may be deceived. But to God all things are known. No object, conspicuous in the light of the noon-day sun, is so clear to us as is the darkest corner of every human heart to Him. Ten thousand Roman citizens in the amphitheatre may vociferously declare and ignorantly believe that Paul is a worthless wretch not fit to live, but God regards Paul as a saint, eminently meet for the heavenly inheritance.

God often discloses the truth concerning human character. — The character of Eliab must have been largely discerned by his associates in the valley of Elah. David, sent by his father on a kindly errand to his brothers then with Saul's army, heard of the challenge uttered by Goliath, and offered to meet this blaspheming champion of the Philistines. Eliab might very properly have feared for his stripling brother, and cautioned him against such an encounter. But why should he utter angry reproaches against David? Was it not clear that this noble-looking man had neither courage enough to accept the challenge nor generosity enough to admire, or even tolerate, such courage in another? After all, it was apparent that Eliab was no true king of men. Few who were acquainted with the circumstances would fail to affirm this when God had given the victory to David, and the women, as they played on musical instruments, sang to each other, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands."

It seemed right to Almighty God to disclose the covetousness, unfaithfulness and deception of Gehazi, the servant of Elisha. The entire

transaction was witnessed by the Lord. In this case it was to be made known to others. Gehazi had taken precautions which he deemed sufficient to prevent his master becoming acquainted with his selfish and ungodly proceeding. The guilty man perceived that he could not for the present derive much enjoyment from his ill-gotten spoil. Possibly he cherished the intention of soon quitting the service of Elisha, and removing to some locality where he could realise the dazzling vision which had passed before him, and on which he had culpably allowed his mind to rest. Instead of being a mere servitor waiting on a prophet possessing little of worldly good, he would become the proprietor of houses and lands, olive-yards and vineyards, with men-servants and women-servants to do his pleasure; while vast herds and flocks should indicate his wealth. It is not improbable that he purposed to provide for Elisha something more pleasant than had hitherto been the prophet's lot.

There is reason to regard Gehazi, not as a hypocrite who had long been acting a base part, but as a man, previously well meaning, who yielded, unhappily, to a powerful temptation unforeseen and exceedingly attractive. All that Gehazi could however feel satisfied with was that the booty had been concealed, and that Elisha was entirely ignorant how the Syrian general had been deceived. Any enjoyment of the prize must be postponed. But God, Who beholds "the evil and the good," saw fit in this case to make it known at once. The guilty dream in which the unfaithful man had indulged was never to be realised. Smitten with leprosy, he was to be an evidence that God

discerns and can punish transgression.

God will eventually recompense men according to their desert.—We are sometimes greatly perplexed as we observe to what a large extent, and for how long a period, fraud and wrong-doing are permitted to succeed. We can scarcely discern any indication of the Divine sovereignty. Nevertheless, the declaration abides true and settled in heaven: "Though a sinner do evil a hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him: but it shall not be well with the wicked, neither shall he prolong his days, which are as a shadow; because he feareth not before God." (Eccles. viii. 12, 13.) During the present life the transgressor is generally "snared" sooner or later.

A gentlemanly - looking man, speaking French, and supposed to be a Frenchman, went from city to city in the United States, apparently chiefly engaged in enjoying himself. He was known as M. Albrecht. He appeared to have plenty of money, and not disposed to deny himself any gratification. As he dealt with others liberally, he was highly thought of wherever he went. M. Albrecht was, however, a rascal. He was subsisting on plunder. The luxuries which he enjoyed were purchased by money obtained in the most dishonest manner. He was very cunning, and therefore succeeded in a wonderful manner. For instance, M. Albrecht went one day into the establishment of a tradesman who largely imported gold and silver watches from Europe. He looked at some of the most costly, but could not apparently make up his mind which to have. He saun-

tered leisurely away, promising to call again. He did so, and again examined the watches. But the shopkeeper, though polite, was evidently on the alert, and there was also at all times a vigilant assistant present. How was the rascal to get any booty away? One day he called to complete the purchase, and on this occasion introduced a French-speaking young gentleman as his nephew. Together they looked at the watches previously selected, made some little modification in the selection, and then directed that they should be made into a parcel and sealed. Now that the invoice could be made out, the money should be brought and the watches claimed without further delay. When all was thus arranged, the nephew requested the shopman to purchase him a few cigars. The man left the place for this purpose. M. Fauche, the proprietor of the establishment, was thus left with his customers. He turned his back on them for a moment to procure a light and some wax to seal the box containing the watches. During that moment Albrecht seized the case containing the watches, placed it beneath his cloak, substituting in its place on the counter one exactly resembling it, which he had brought concealed under the cloak. He then promised to send for the watches speedily by a messenger, who would bring the price agreed on, and left the shop with a booty worth two thousand one hundred and five dollars. Thus a prize had been in a short time secured, for which many a man of education and talent would gladly have toiled during an entire year of the prime of his vigour.

Poor M. Fauche, who had been so grossly wronged, had possessed no test by which he could detect the

vileness of the gentlemanly scoundrel who had extended such patronage to his establishment. Fining-pot and furnace most likely he had on his premises, besides other tests of the precious metals unknown in Solomon's days. But the countenance fair to look upon, and the tones apparently frank and kindly, and the artfully-studied deportment had deceived the merchant. So thus far villany had triumphed over rectitude. But the Lord had never been deceived by the impostor. The true character of the man was made apparent before long, for M. Fauche had the curiosity to attempt to pry into the sealed box without breaking the seals, and succeeded in doing so, discovering, to his intense mortification, that the case contained stones instead of watches. The detection of the bad man and his punishment was only a question of time. "Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after." (1 Tim. v. 24.)

It need only be asked to which of these two classes Albrecht belonged? To the former! He was allowed by Divine Providence a little further space. He went to New Orleans. All attempts to discover the thief who had robbed the watch-importer were in vain. But when these efforts had ceased, it so happened that M. Fauche and the man who had so cruelly wronged him came into contact as they were stepping on board a packet, possibly neither of them thinking at the moment of the other. The thief was recognised, arrested; some of the stolen watches were still in his possession. He was, in due time, convicted and condemned. His life of luxury was brought to a close, and in captivity, privation and hard drudgery he had to learn

that "the way of transgressors is hard."

Let us endeavour to have our hearts made right by the grace of God. We cannot successfully hide the evil from the Lord, but we may have it removed. We are not under mere law, but under grace. A Divine power will be imparted to aid us, if we honestly strive to yield ourselves unto God. Then shall we rejoice to know that nothing can be concealed from the Most High. When all is pure gold there need be no dread of any test. In the great day the hypocrite and ungodly shall be condemned together: but, "then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." (Matt. xiii. 43.)

THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND.

SECTION IX.

THE GENEVAN BIBLE.

(Continued from page 110.)

BY THE REV. W. J. HEATON.

THE present division of the Bible into chapters was made in the thirteenth century by Hugo da Sancto Claro, who, from being a Dominican monk, was advanced to the dignity of a Cardinal. He was the first that made a Concordance of the whole Bible, setting a great number of the monks of his order to work in collecting words. But he found it necessary, on this account, to divide the different Books into sections for easy reference, the Psalms alone being thus divided already. All who bought the Concordance divided their Bibles in the same way, and thus at last what the Jews had never done for the Old Testament was done for the entire Latin Bible. The Jews, however, had their division of verses, which was not adopted by Hugo, who used

instead subdivisions, lettered A, B, C, D, etc. Rabbi Nathan, in the year 1438, in making a Hebrew Concordance, adopted the scheme of chapters; and Robert Stephens made the division of the New Testament into verses for the sake of a Greek Concordance. "So that, as the Jews borrowed the division of the Books of the Holy Scriptures into chapters from the Christians, in like manner the Christians borrowed that of the chapters into verses from the Jews. And thus they have helped each other to make the present editions of the Bible much more convenient than otherwise they would have been." * The Genevan version of the Bible was the first thus divided into verses, and the first in which the ordinary Roman letter was used. The address was happily made to the "brethren of England, *Scotland and Ireland*," and the dedication to Queen Elizabeth was free from the fulsome adulation which had been too common.

In the notes are found very plain indications of the fierce temper displayed at this time by the Puritans. In 2 Chron. xv. 16, King Asa is brought to task for only deposing his mother, instead of killing her. The locusts that come out of the smoke in Revelation ix. 3, are said to be worldly prelates, archbishops, bishops, doctors, bachelors and masters of art.

A number of questions and answers on the use of God's Word are prefixed to the New Testament. The following may serve as a specimen: "How may I be assured that it is the Word of God which this Book containeth?" Answer: "By the

majesty of God appearing in that plain and simple doctrine; by the pureness, uprightness and holiness thereof; by the certainty of everything therein affirmed; by the success of all things according to it; by perpetual consent which is to be seen in every part thereof; by the excellence of the matters uttered; but especially by the testimony of God's Spirit, whereby it was written, Who moveth the hearts of those in whom it resteth to consent unto the Word, and reverently to embrace it." The translators advise constant reading of two chapters a day, and the committing to memory of portions, instancing as specially profitable Psalms cxxxix., xxxvii., l.; Isaiah liii., John xvii., Romans viii., and 1 Timothy iv.

The Queen had only been on the throne about a year and a half when the Genevan Bible appeared, and had at first taken no action in reference to the Word of God. When presented with an elegant Bible on her first progress through London, she indeed kissed it, and said she would often read it. But at her coronation, when there was to be a prison-opening, and some one prayed her to set free four or five others who had long been shut up, meaning the Evangelists and St. Paul, she replied, "that it were better first to inquire of themselves whether they would be released or no."

There was no want of real courage, however, on the part of the new Queen, and the cool matter-of-fact way in which things were looked at may surprise us in view of the events of the preceding reign. In her first year, when the device for the alteration of religion was brought up, "What will happen," it is asked, "if this be done" Ans.: "The

* See Pridesaux, Part i., Book 5, who gives a long account of the whole matter. The Jews had their "reading sections."

Bishop of Rome will be incensed, and will interdict the realms." Then come references to the relations of the kingdom with France, Scotland and Ireland, which would be interfered with. "What remedy?" is asked. Ans.: "That there is a short way for the Pope, for there is nothing to be feared from him but evil will, cursing and practising." *

In the January of the following year a patent was given to John Bodley to print the Genevan Bible for seven years, a fine of forty shillings a copy to be paid by any one who should infringe on his right. This is the more to be noted as every book in any language was required to be licensed either by Her Majesty or six of her privy councillors. Two editions were accordingly printed, and a third being in course of preparation, Bodley applied in 1565 for a renewal of the patent. But, before this, Archbishop Parker had commenced what has always been called the Bishops' Bible, and Elizabeth's secretary, Sir William Cecil, consulting him about it, he indeed recommended the renewal of Bodley's patent, but coupled with it his desire that no impression should pass, but by their "direction, consent and advice." This was too much for Bodley and his company, and the Genevan Bible was printed over and over again without troubling about the extension of the license.†

The versions of Tyndale, Coverdale and Cranmer were also re-published about the same period, and royal

orders are to be found once more for every church to be provided with a copy of God's Word, to be set up where the people could come and read it. Inquiry was also to be made whether any vicars, etc., discouraged any person from reading the Bible, either in Latin or in English. The Queen discouraged the preaching of sermons, saying that three or four preachers were enough for a county, and adopting no remedy when some petitioners represented that one half of the city churches were without ministers. Preachers, indeed, that understood the Word of God were rare, and perhaps she was right to promote the reading of the Homilies for the present.*

The Genevan Bible was often called the Breeches Bible, from the occurrence of that word in Genesis iii. 7. It closes fitly with a quotation from the Apocrypha, "Beholde, how that I have not laboured for my selfe onely, but for all them that seeke wisdom and knowledge." †

ELIJAH AT THE JUNIPER-TREE.

HERE is a friendly shade; I'll stay and rest,
And let my thoughts have vent. My
 straining heart
Is like a boiling cauldron fasten'd in,
Which threatens with the pressure to
 explode.
The forces of iniquity appal me,
The foul and numerous powers of sin
 o'erwhelm me;
And when I see the effrontery of the
 world,
Then I am fairly stagger'd; I confess

* Strype.

† No edition was printed on English ground during Parker's life, but three impressions came from Geneva. Anderson says that "it may have been on the strength of his expiring patent that Bodley edged the Book into England, as also into Scotland."

* Cromwell's injunctions in the preceding reign had included the following: "that a sermon be preached once a quarter!"

† Copy in City of London Library. C. Barker, 1598.

In fear I fain would lay me down and die.

Already seems my heart to feel the strain,

It quivers as amid the final throes :

For I am jealous for the Lord of Hosts ;

His honour have I vindicated long,

Dread Carmel's summit testifies my faith,

And Kishon's banks bear witness to my zeal.

But ah ! "who is sufficient for these things ?"

The prophets of the Lord have shared the fate

Of those I slew at Kishon. I alone

Am left, and me they hunt, and even now

My name is blasted wide as Ahab's hand Swings round his sceptre : yea, beyond the bounds

Of Israel's kingdom, my poor life is sought ;

And quickly as the blood-avenger flies,

The fierce anathemas of Jezebel

Pursue me to the earth's remotest verge.

Gracious Jehovah ! take away my life !

My course is run ! my efforts useless all !

Thy holy name is cursed ; it is blasphemed ;

And men refuse to yield to Thee Thy due.

The precious fruits of holiness are not, And all the efforts which her votaries made

Have met with no response ; a gloomy void,

Which aches with its own emptiness, surrounds me.

And when I look'd all eagerly in hope,

And faith foresaw the nation's glad return

To God, my hope was futile, and my faith

Return'd to me with mockery. O, my God !

My heart swells out beyond the bounds of life,

So let me die !—I lay me down to sleep.

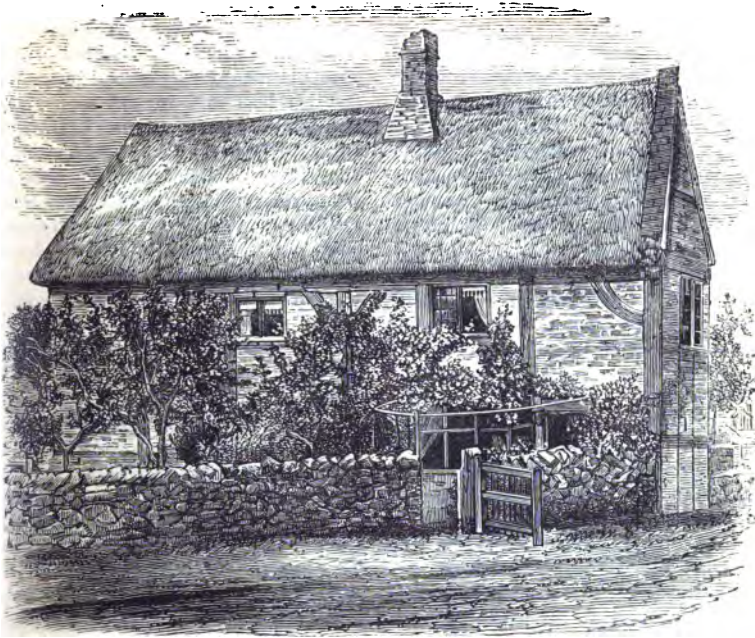
EBENEZER MANTING.

BISHOP LATIMER.

BY THE REV. C. H. GOUGH.

"HONEST HUGH LATIMER" was born at Thurcaston, in Leicestershire, an obscure village about six miles distant from the county town. His father was a worthy yeoman, a class which has almost become extinct in modern times. It is nearly four centuries ago since he first saw the light. His parents were respectable, industrious folk, and young Hugh grew up amid the fostering influences of a pious home. Even when his distinguished talents had made his name famous, and raised him to the very highest position as a Court favourite and the companion of nobles, he was never ashamed to acknowledge his lowly origin. On the contrary, he was always ready to own it, and sometimes took the opportunity of distinctly declaring it. For instance, in one of his sermons he thus speaks of his parentage : "My father had no land of his own ; only he had a farm of £3 or £4 a-year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine."

In his very early years Master Hugh, with his six sisters, assisted his father and mother in the duties of the farm ; but he was destined to labour in a higher kind of husbandry. He was first sent to a country school, where he made such proficiency that at the age of fourteen he entered the University of Cambridge. In a few years the darkness in which Popery had enveloped universal Christendom was to be illuminated by the light of the glorious Reformation, and the bold defenders of the truth who were to become the leaders of this great movement were being raised up by Providence. About the time that Latimer entered Cambridge, Martin Luther, the son of the German miner, became an inmate of the Augustinian Convent where he discovered the Latin Testament, the reading of which opened his eyes at once to the errors of Rome and to the "truth as it is in Jesus."



The story of Latimer's conversion is almost romantic in its interest. Up to the age of thirty he was one of the most bigoted of Papists. In private he opposed those who leaned towards the doctrines of the Reformation, and in public he was bold enough to preach against Melancthon and his opinions. For his zeal in the cause of Popery he was appointed cross-bearer to the University, and in all the public processions the ardent and fanatical young Master, with the sign of his office borne aloft, was one of the most prominent figures. But a mighty change was at hand, and the haughty cross-bearer, who was sore troubled because the priests did not put forth more energy to drive back the rising tide of "heresy," was himself to become one of the staunchest advocates of Protestantism.

The New Testament, which the learned Erasmus had translated into most elegant Latin, found its way by stealth into the Universities. The name

of Erasmus, who stood in a foremost position in the Republic of letters, gave it a prestige which was sure to recommend it to the more thoughtful students. The volume fell into the hands of Dr. Thomas Bilney, who, with a fluttering heart, retired to peruse it. He was a devout man, and had earnestly sought peace in the means prescribed by the Church, but in vain. He fasted, prayed, wept, kept vigils, performed penances, took pilgrimages, purchased masses and indulgences, but he failed to find any satisfaction.

At last he flew to Erasmus's Testament. He opened it at the words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." (1 Tim. i. 15.) For years he had been in search of salvation, and now for the first time he read the glad tidings that Christ saves sinners. His soul was filled with holy ecstasy. He came, burdened as he was, to Jesus, and by living

faith found rest to his soul. He gathered around him a band of inquirers after truth, to whom he explained the way of salvation as he had discovered it in the Word of God. They soon found a bitter adversary in Hugh Latimer, who, by every means at his command, sought to harass the members of this little society of Bereans, who met together from time to time, under the leadership of Bilney, to study the Scriptures.

Bilney was intensely anxious for the conversion of Latimer to the faith of the Gospel, but the prejudiced Papist would not listen to the Bible-reading doctor. This was a sore trial to Bilney, who, however, committed himself to God in fervent prayer for wisdom to accomplish the great work which lay so near his heart. After much anxious thought, he resolved upon a plan for putting himself in communication with Latimer. He one day went to Latimer's rooms, and implored him to hear his confession. To this entreaty Latimer readily consented, doubtless hoping to listen to a recantation of Bilney's errors. The good doctor threw himself at the feet of the University cross-bearer, and there poured forth into the ears of the astonished confessor, with great simplicity and earnestness, the story of his conversion through faith in "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." The arrow shot at a venture entered Latimer's heart. He burst into tears, and confessed that he had been seeking salvation from wrong sources. Like Saul of Tarsus, he was convinced that he had been fighting against God in his blind zeal for the Church.

This was a crisis in Latimer's history. He turned from the errors of Popery to the study of the Word of God, which thenceforth became the rule of his faith and the guide of his life. The circumstances of the times required a man of Elijah-like spirit to stand forth as a champion of the Reformation, then in its infancy, and God raised up Hugh Latimer for the work. "Of a *Saul*, God had made him a very *Paul*." Such was the remark of Cranmer's secretary on

the wonderful change which had been wrought in the career of the new convert to Protestantism. He soon gained a reputation as a powerful preacher, and his bold and rugged oratory recommended him to Henry VIII., who appointed him one of the Court preachers. His courage did not fail him even in the presence of royalty, as we find from his address to the King: "If your Grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire your Grace to give me leave to discharge my conscience." This he ever sought to do above all things. He preached as a man who felt that the burden of the Lord was upon him, and whether he stood before the King, the clergy, or the people, he did "not shun to declare all the counsel of God." We have a noble example of his fidelity in the exordium to one of his sermons before the King, in which he thus spoke: "Latimer, Latimer," he cried out, "thou art going to speak before the high and mighty King Henry VIII., who is able, if he think fit, to take thy life away. Be careful what thou sayest. But Latimer, Latimer, remember also that thou art about to speak before the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Take heed that thou dost not displease Him."

In 1535, Latimer was made Bishop of Worcester, and during the time he held that See, used his utmost influence in forwarding the Reformation and encouraging the movement for the translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue. But at the end of four years he resigned his Episcopal office, on account of the partial revival of Popery, which the King had been persuaded to sanction, and retired into private life. Those were times of great tyranny and persecution, and it was scarcely to be supposed that so powerful an adversary of the Pope would be allowed to settle down in peace. Popery knows nothing of toleration. Accordingly, Latimer was dragged forth from his retirement and committed to the Tower, where he remained imprisoned for six years. At the end of that period the promising young Edward VI. ascended the throne,

and Protestantism was once more brought into favour at the Court. Latimer was set at liberty, and devoted himself to preaching the Gospel in different parts of the country during the too-brief reign of Edward. The alternations of light and darkness were painfully rapid in those unsettled times; and Protestantism and Popery were so frequently changing places, as the professed religion of the country, that the trimmers were constantly "in doubt which way they were to walk."

With the accession of "bloody Mary," the land was once more plunged into Popish darkness. The sacrifice of the mass was substituted for the Protestant services of the previous reign; the Popish hierarchy was re-established; the Protestants were hunted down. Such was Popish sway in England. It is computed that at least two hundred and seventy-seven persons were burnt at the stake, including persons of almost every rank and age. Five bishops, twenty-one clergymen, eight lay gentlemen, eighty-four tradesmen, one hundred husbandmen, servants and labourers, fifty-five women and four children, who thus perished for their fidelity to the Word of God and their opposition to the Popish power. Latimer was soon marked out as a victim to the bigotry of the cruel Queen. All the Protestant preachers were silenced, and most of them thrown into prison. Latimer was ordered to the Tower again, together with Archbishop Cranmer, with whom he was then residing. The two prelates were soon called forth from their place of confinement to attend before a Council of Popish divines at Oxford, with Bishop Ridley, ostensibly for the purpose of holding a disputation. Latimer, who was now bending beneath the burden of threescore and fifteen years, stood before his adversaries with a penny leathern girdle about his waist, at which hung his New Testament, while his spectacles, without case, were suspended from his neck. He conducted himself bravely in the discussion, but his doom was sealed, and Rome replied to

his unanswerable defence by the most powerful of all her arguments, the stake. The three bishops were sentenced to be burned as heretics.

They had all been actively concerned in the preparation of the Articles, Homilies and Liturgy of the Reformed Church of England. This alone was more than sufficient to bring down upon them the anger of the persecuting Queen, who determined to destroy both the Reformation and the Reformers. But neither flame, sword nor the horrible Inquisition could destroy "the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." It was for the supremacy of the Bible that Latimer and his friends contended, and for the right of both clergy and laity to read it, every man in his own tongue, and in the firm maintenance of this right they laid down their lives.

The end of the dauntless old Reformer was worthy of his noble life. Neither his natural courage nor his strong confidence in God forsook him for a moment. At the place of execution a sermon against heretics was preached by Dr. Smith, to which he listened patiently, and when it was concluded he declared that he could easily reply to it if only he were allowed to do so; and added his usual saying, "There is nothing hid, but it shall be opened." He then stood bolt upright while the executioner prepared him for the fire, and chained him, with his companion Ridley, to the stake. A blazing faggot was thrown at Ridley's feet, and as the flames were kindling all around, Latimer courageously turned round to his friend, and said, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day, by God's grace, light such a candle in England as, I trust, shall never be put out." With prayer upon their lips, these two eminent servants of God died in the defence of the Truth. Their happy spirits mounted to heaven, in the chariot of flame, to join the noble army of martyrs.

As long as England has a history, the name of Hugh Latimer will hold a prominent place in it. We cannot afford to let so noble a name perish; it must be

had "in everlasting remembrance." The "blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and from their death has gone forth a power which has broken the influence of Popery in this land, and given to us of this generation those spiritual and political blessings which are the offspring of Protestantism. "The candle of the Lord" burns brightly with us, but it requires to be carefully guarded, for many are seeking to hide it under the bushel of Roman-Catholic teaching, in order that they may ultimately put it out.

We remember, several years ago, paying a visit to the late Rev. R. J. M'Ghee, rector of Holywell, Hunts, a well known opponent of Romanism, when, in a conversation on the rapid increase of Popery in this country, he said, "The Methodists have always been most consistent and uncompromising Protestants," and expressed his belief that we were destined to become a great national bulwark against the encroachments of Rome. Our founder was a determined enemy to her corrupt teaching and practices, and his followers have always been Protestants of the Protestants. One of our most distinguished honours, in recent times, has been to preach the Gospel to those who "are at Rome also," and to carry the candle of "the truth as it is in Jesus," which Ridley and Latimer lit at the stake, to illuminate the darkness of the head-quarters of that apostate Church by whose hands they were martyred. May that candle, by the grace of God, never again be extinguished!

"PAST FEELING."

BY W. R. BURGESS.

"Past feeling." The Apostle here speaks of a state which many will with difficulty realise. Feeling is that sense which is in such constant and manifold exercise, and seems so essentially a part of our very nature, that we can hardly imagine a living creature without it. Even the lowest orders of animal life exhibit this sense, and only this, and some plants show a sensibility to touch.

One can imagine an individual losing any other sense, or all the other senses, and yet preserving, to some extent at least, a vigorous body and a capacity for enjoyment. I have seen a poor creature deaf and blind and dumb, but in her case feeling was quickened into preternatural activity, and in some degree supplied the place of the lacking senses. By touch she could distinguish what others would recognise by sight. But one cannot imagine a person losing feeling and retaining a vigorous body and a capacity for enjoyment. And one cannot conceive of sight, hearing, smell or taste supplying the lacking service. We should say that a man could not live and be without feeling, if we did not know, as a physiological fact, that to a limited extent there may be life without sensation. But when there is this unnatural state of things, it is a most ominous symptom, and one which a wise physician most, and most justly, dreads. It is the sure sign that death is rapidly and irresistibly approaching; that the case is hopeless. Other symptoms may be dealt with, but not this. Let mortification supervene, and if it cannot be arrested, it will soon extinguish life in the whole body. Mortification in any part of the body, is the death of that part, which thus becomes "past feeling." If it occur in a hand or a foot, it may be prevented from extending its baneful influence by cutting off the hand or the foot: but if amputation is impossible, or if the dead part cannot be otherwise removed, it spreads, until the whole body is involved in the common ruin.

But whilst the skilled physician is alive to the danger arising from this symptom, the patient often draws from it delusive hope. The absence of pain, which is really the precursor of death, is fondly regarded as the commencement of recovery, and the sufferer hopes that by and by he will be restored to his wonted health and strength. But from this dream there is a bitter awaking. Let me give an instance. A few years ago a person, whom I knew well, rose early one winter's morning for the purpose of

calling up his servants, intending to return to his bed for a while. He lighted the gas with a match, and by some means set fire to his night-dress. He was immediately enveloped in flame, and, fearfully burned, was placed in the bed he had just left in health and vigour. For a day or two his sufferings were intense. He had every appliance which medical skill could suggest or money procure, but no hope of recovery could be indulged. He was informed that his days were numbered, but would not believe it. He had lived "without God," he was without "hope;" the prospect of death was not a pleasant one, and he steadily refused to entertain it. After two or three days the pain entirely ceased, and he flattered himself he would soon be well. The physician knew better, and warned him that, mortification having set in, death was certain and would be speedy. He still disbelieved. The minister came and exhorted him to prepare to meet his God. The dying man laughed at him, declared that in a few days he should be about again, as he was now quite free from pain, and boasted that he should "cheat the devil this time." Before many hours had elapsed he was a corpse. His body had become like his soul, "past feeling," and he willingly fostered the delusion that because he could no longer feel pain, he was in a promising and satisfactory state.

Having said thus much upon the physical aspect of the case, we are perhaps the better prepared to understand and realise that spiritual state to which the Apostle alludes in the two words, "past feeling." Briefly stated, the case seems to stand thus. St. Paul is describing the spiritual condition of certain persons, and would have us note two particulars: the present state, and the fact that such a state is not the natural, the original one, but, as we are to infer, is the result of a certain course of conduct on the part of these persons. Here is a man who, although he has a complete spiritual organization, is utterly incapable of receiving any spiritual

impressions, who is quite unconscious of the fact, nay, who will not credit you if you tell him so. You may test him as you will, but you will find no evidence of sensation. He feels neither spiritual pleasure nor pain; he knows neither hope nor fear; you can neither win nor terrify him. It may be that "the violated law speaks forth its thunders, or in strains as soft as angels use, the Gospel whispers peace," but it is all as one. You cannot in any way affect him. If you gently probe, or if you send your knife into the very marrow, the result is the same. He is insensible alike to the physician's ointment and to his lance. It is not that he receives wrong impressions, he receives no impression at all. He does not mock or sneer or scoff; he is simply callous and indifferent. He presents a bare, hard, rocky surface, upon which neither flowers nor weeds will grow. Look at that massive sheet of iron which covers the sides of one of your men-of-war. A while ago, when it was at the forge, and had just come out of the fire, you might have shaped or moulded it according to your will. It was then soft and pliable. But try it now. You can do nothing with it. It has become so hardened that your blows fall upon it with as little effect as so many drops of water. A five hundred pound shot might pierce it, but only to its destruction. If you could get it into the fire again, and soften it, you might do something with it. As it is, it is unimpressionable. So with this man. He is "past feeling," and unless he can be brought once more to feel the stirrings of God's Spirit, it seems as if nothing will affect him, until the thunderbolt of God's vengeance shatters him in irretrievable ruin.

It was not always so. Time was when he was as sensitive as any. Time was when you could awaken a ready response, when every note in his nature would answer to the touch: he could sing, he could weep; his conscience was easily aroused, his affections were speedily engaged, his interest was quickly en-

listed; he felt the strivings of God's Spirit, was moved to repentance, was incited to faith; he purposed amendment of life. He exhibited every symptom of genuine, vigorous life. But all is changed now. Spiritual mortification has set in. Though he has "a name to live," he is to all intents and purposes dead; he is beyond hope of recovery, and soon he will be really and absolutely dead. And this is the result of his own conduct. He alone is to blame; he alone must bear the responsibility and the penalty. And instead of this state of things exciting the most intense concern, it has rather lulled him into a false peace, a delusive security. He is as one whose spiritual powers are under the influence of an opiate, who is dreamily drifting down the stream of time, only to be aroused by the stern realities of eternity. It is in vain that you warn him of his danger, and entreat him to apply to the Good Physician. He wants no physician, not he. You are only an alarmist, an enthusiast, a poor deluded creature. It is all very well for you to desire to have your alarms quieted; as for himself, he never felt better, never was more at ease in his life. He go to a physician! Why should he? If he felt pain he would seek a remedy.

Having shaken off those fears which formerly troubled him, but which he now regards as unworthy of his manhood, and only becoming in women and children; having no hope of heaven to inspire, nor fear of hell to awe him, and pluming himself on having attained a serene and lofty indifference, whatever demands sin and Satan may make upon him he willingly responds to them. He will take his fill; he is not dainty as to the nature of his pleasures, only let him have enough. At one time he would have been shocked at the thought of doing that in which he now revels; he would have trembled to think of the fearful consequences to which such conduct exposed him; he would have loathed the thought of such degradation; but now no sow more delights to wallow

in the mire than he. He can do out of doors, and in the broad sunlight, what less hardened ones would prefer to do within doors and in the dark.

The Apostle knew such instances in his day, and we know them in ours. How it may be brought about, the following narrative may help us to understand, and may at the same time show us that it is a danger to which we are all alike exposed. The story may seem incredible, but it is true.

A farmer's daughter went once to the house of God, where the Word, by the power of the Spirit, laid hold upon her, and produced feelings to which she had been hitherto a stranger. She was convinced of sin, and of her need of salvation. But she was young and gay and thoughtless. She delighted in the pleasures of this life, and was the means of gratification to others, as she sang and played well, and was altogether an agreeable person. She had light enough to see that, if she meant to follow the Saviour, much must be given up. For this she was not prepared. "Mother," she said, "if I go any more to chapel, I shall have to give up all my amusements, and my old companions. I can't do that. I'm not going to be religious yet. I shall be quit of these feelings which have been haunting me: you'll see." And so saying she sat down at the piano, and sang and played her lightest, giddiest songs. Rising, she said, "There, mother, the feeling is gone now. I've conquered. I told you I would." And again she was one of the merriest and most frolicsome girls in the village. Some four or five months afterwards she was taken ill, and it soon appeared that the sickness was "unto death." As she lay upon her bed, she called to remembrance the events of her past life, and amongst them that struggle she had when she was determined to conquer, and did conquer, the Spirit of God. She wished she had again the feeling which then visited her: she sought for it, but it was not there. "Mother," she said, "send for old Betty to come and pray with me; perhaps the feeling will come again." Betty was

well known as a God-fearing woman, who was ready for any good word or work. She came, she prayed, she wrestled; but the heavens were as brass. No feeling came. "Mother, send for the minister to come and pray with me. Perhaps God will hear him; and the feeling will come again." The minister came and prayed, and still the feeling came not. "Mother, I'm going to die, and if the feeling does not come soon I shall be lost, lost for ever. Mother, make my shroud, and let me see it and touch it. Perhaps *that* will bring back the feeling." The mother remonstrated and reasoned, and at length unwillingly complied. The shroud was made, and placed by the side of the dying girl, who saw it, and touched it; but still, still no feeling came. The case was fast becoming desperate. "Mother, I shall soon be dead, and I have no hope. Let my coffin be made, and placed on the bed beside me, that I may see it and touch it, and knock upon it, and hear the sound of it. Perhaps *then* the feeling will come." The mother again objected, and reasoned, and remonstrated, the request was so strange and ghastly; but the daughter persisted, and prevailed. The coffin was made, and placed upon the bed beside her. She knocked upon it two or three times, she heard the sound thereof, but still no feeling came. It was her last effort. She was "past feeling." Exhausted, she lay beside the coffin and died.

"I NEVER THANKED HIM
FOR IT."

In one of the most wretched hovels to be found in Manchester, there lived an old woman ninety-two years of age. When I say wretched, I do not mean dirty, but it was one of the *most* tumble-down cellars in C—street, and any one knowing that neighbourhood will understand *that* is saying a great deal!

The words at the heading of this paper were addressed to me by this old woman, who said that frequently in early life the city missionary and tract dis-

tributors had pointed her to Christ, but that for years upon years she had steadily turned a deaf ear to them; and said she, with tears streaming down her face, "I never even thanked God for sending these messages!"

Her tale may be briefly told. She was a giddy, careless girl, who had grown up, as so many of the inhabitants of our large towns and cities do, never knowing a mother's love or care. Her mother, a confirmed drunkard, had left her to die in a gutter, or live as she could; and she *had* lived, as she said, scarcely knowing how. Her father was little if any better than her mother, and beyond providing a roof to cover his children, did little for them. The neighbours would give them a meal before they were old enough to work; and, as Mary said, when they got nothing else, the swill put ready for the pigs frequently furnished a dinner for them. At sixteen she married a labourer, who in a few years died, and left her to maintain herself. Through the mercy of God, she had been led to Christ, and for several years had been able to rejoice in Him as her Saviour.

At the time I first saw her, she was quite paralysed, and had been confined to her bed for eleven years; but not a murmur escaped her lips, though two shillings and sixpence a week from the parish was all that she had to live on, and she did not know that she had a relative in the world! But she would add, "Though I have not to my knowledge a relative in the world, I have 'a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' When I am most alone, then I am least alone, for Jesus comes, and when *He comes*, I feel as if this little cellar were heaven. And," continued she, "why! just look what a deal I have to be thankful for! There's Mary Winter, there, her that went into the house [workhouse] last year; she cannot hear, or speak or even move her finger for herself; and, poor dear soul, by the spasms that come over her face, they tell me you can *see* what a deal she suffers; and then look at me! Eh! dear, what a deal I have to thank God for!" And then she would repeat, "All those

years, missionary came, and tract lady came, and I *never* thanked them!"

The above little incident I have told for this reason: *most* people would agree (looking from a worldly point of view) that this poor old woman had as little apparently to be thankful for as any one, and yet gratitude filled her heart. As I listened to her I felt, O! so condemned for my ingratitude. I have every temporal blessing, and may have every spiritual blessing, if I do but seek it in the God-appointed way; and still how sadly would my thankfulness contrast with this old woman's! For these eleven years she had lain there unable to move, all alone, except when a neighbour would come in and do little things for her; and she was constantly writing bitter things against herself for not having "thanked God" for His "message to her!" "How little I knew what a treasure I was refusing to accept," said she.

C. B.

TACT IN LITTLE KINDNESSES.

I SPENT a few days on a steam-boat journey last spring, and in the evenings the passengers would gather in the cabins, and each contributing something to the general entertainment, we had very pleasant times. One young man gave a recitation,—not much of a piece, perhaps; one of the old-time school-boy declamations,—and in the midst of it he forgot how it went, got confused, and broke down, feeling immensely mortified. But one of the ladies sitting near him spoke: "Thank you for that piece. It was particularly pleasant to me to be reminded of it, for I used to hear it years ago, and it brings to mind those pleasant old times when I went to school in the country. But I have not heard it, nor thought of it, for a long time." The man's embarrassment was half taken away by such thoughtful acknowledgment that he had given pleasure by his attempt, and the lady proved herself a "real lady." But, unfortunately, nine

out of ten would not have thought to say anything of the kind.

A lady said to me, "I hate to carry round a subscription-paper and go begging, but when I do go, there is just one man I like to go to. Mr. A—always thanks me for coming, just as though I had done him a favour by giving him a chance to subscribe. Sometimes he says he can't give me anything, but he always thanks me for coming." How easy for Mr. A—to do so; yet, in one point at least, it makes him regarded as the most agreeable person whom she knows.

The impressions left by these little things last so long, too. I remember well how an old gentleman, a stranger to me, gave me a luscious-looking pear one day, when I was an errand-boy in Boston. I was waiting in one of the banks, and he slipped it through the wire-grating to me without saying a word. Why, that little thing has been a pleasure to me, every time I have thought of it, all these years.—*Exchange*.

SOUL-WINNING.

THE table was covered with books and papers before which sat a young lady writing out a synopsis of the work she had been reading. Probably there was little in the pale, grave face, with its quiet, thoughtful gray eyes, to arrest ordinary observation; yet it was one which, attracting the attention of an eminent physiognomist, led him to predicate for its possessor an honourable literary distinction. Another young girl, bright-looking and vivacious, moved airily about the room, putting in their places various articles which had been disarranged by the other. Perceiving at length that the pen had ceased its rapid tracings, she approached the side of her friend, and glancing down at the written pages, said:—

"Sometimes when I see the harvest of enjoyment reaped from these dry, deep books, and behold you turning to practical account the treasures of know-

ledge, I feel almost ready to murmur at my own small ability. I know this is wrong and foolish, for I have not yet fully utilized the little talent I do possess."

A glow of earnest feeling suffused the face of the youthful student as she replied, "I have been thinking of late that, notwithstanding my larger acquaintance with literature, you are the wiser of the two."

"I, with my moderate capacities?"

"Yes; the Scriptures decide the point, 'He that winneth souls is wise.' I have watched your life, rich in service for all around. I have seen you go in and out amongst the gay and worldly and careless, and have observed the influence of your words and actions upon some of them. The contrast which my own course presents is very humiliating. I have enjoyed and frequently invited discussion on points of doctrine, theological questions, and Church systems, but rarely have I spoken the word which, blessed by Divine power, might have induced some spirit to seek its Saviour."

"I think your self-condemnation somewhat harsh," replied the other; "Example is better than precept," remember; and to all within your sphere you have given a copy, clear and beautiful. You recollect how Humboldt tells us that plants exhale water from their leaves, in the first place for their own benefit, but that various secondary though important effects follow from the process. Not only do they attract and condense the moisture suspended in the air, and borne by the wind over the earth's surface, which falling from the leaves keeps the ground below moist and cool,—but they can, by means of their roots, pump up water from a considerable depth, and raising it into the atmosphere, diffuse it over the face of the country; so that the exhalation of fluids from the leaves of trees affects climate. And do you not think the hallowing influence arising from the development and illustration of all that is noble and pure in Christian character,—

the fervent charity, the steadfast faith, the unfaltering patience,—must leave upon the moral atmosphere effects far beyond our largest calculations, and such as rarely succeed lip-utterances, however persuasive and logical?"

"I agree with you that we cannot over-value the unanswerable argument of a blameless life; no mortal hand can tabulate its blessed results. But I begin to realise the fact that we must not rest here; that if we would be made instrumental in turning many to righteousness, we must not only exhibit Christ in our lives, but must be ready with the 'word in season;' ready to cry to those about us, 'Behold the Lamb of God!' ready to bid the hesitating Nathanael 'Come and see.' I lately came across a Japanese maxim which was thus rendered, 'While you call this world by its fleeting name, do not think of it as a trifle. And why? Because this fleeting world gives you your only chance to perform good deeds.' I read, and was conscience-smitten; for had I better estimated life and its opportunities, I should not to-day stand unassociated with the white, waiting fields, and the few self-sacrificing toilers in the harvest. But I am determined to seek at the Divine hand that zeal which, tempered by judgment, and nerved by the 'love which must overcome through simple skill of loving to the end,' shall make me wise in winning souls to God."

"Then do you feel that you have erred in devoting so much attention to mental culture?" asked the interested friend.

"Certainly not. The noblest cultivation of mind is in no sense prejudicial to the growth of experimental piety, or to engagement in the most arduous spiritual service. The basis of our individual relation to society is self-culture and self-government; and we owe to the world and to our Creator the best of what we are capable; and we glorify Him most truly by developing that which He has given us. This new course will have its difficulties, but the promise is 'grace sufficient.'"

"Yes; you know the quatrain,—

'So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*'"

Uttoxeter.

S. J. H.

THE MISSION OF THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. E. BAYLIS.

(Concluded from page 125.)

The Bible will destroy all false systems of religion.—As an advance from barbarism to civilization always leads to a governing desire for things that were not cared for before, so will it be as the Bible extends its influence. When polytheism is left for theism, the man who studies himself amidst the light of the Bible will see that mere theism will not do for him, and that he needs the method of acquaintance and friendship with God which the Bible reveals, and which is so much in harmony with the constitution, destiny, dangers, necessities and desires of man as a subject of moral government and a candidate for eternity. All other religious systems now governing mankind live in darkness; the Bible lives in light. Other systems lose by the advancement of the human mind, the Bible gains. Now that the press is so busy, and books on all subjects are becoming so widely diffused and accessible to all readers, and as all are becoming readers, as the near future is so likely to produce a *race of readers*, we read the doom of all professedly religious books which cannot endure the tests which a reading race will be sure to employ. But that which brings the death of everything false, will contribute to the stability of what is true. Whilst error *protects* what is false, it *conceals* what is true. Well, then, that which removes error, becomes a *double blessing* to the cause of the Bible; it exposes the foes of the Bible to degradation and ruin, and at the same time shows the Bible in the Divinity of its origin, and the supremacy, importance and rightfulness of its claims.

The Bible as a religious teacher will

become supreme in the government of this world.—Its grand doctrines have no equal, and no other religious book can endure a doctrinal comparison with it. It teaches a religion for the whole of mankind under every form of human government, and in all the varying circumstances of human life, and the good it makes known will yet become the religion of the human race. The Christian Sabbath will be received and observed as the Sabbath of every nation. Science cannot do what the Bible has to perform. Science cannot overtake the Bible. "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." Such is the language of the Bible as expressing the mind of its Divine Author.

Christian teaching on the authority of the Bible, for spiritual purposes, will ever be in advance of the secular press, the discoveries of science and philosophy, as much as heaven is beyond earth, as much as things not seen and eternal are beyond things evident to our bodily senses, and temporal and temporary. The man of science whose name is an authority and a power on secular and literary subjects to which he has given his attention, has yet, as a spiritual being, to begin at the alphabet of the religion of the Bible, that he may know "the principal thing," so as to become "wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus." In proportion as he advances in such "wisdom from above," will be his sense of his own nothingness without God; and he becomes truly wise according to the degree to which he bows his mind to the teaching of the Bible, and his heart and life to the religion of the Bible. The region of human science is earthly, material, secular and physical, and has limits beyond which it cannot go; it is barred as much as the "proud waves" of the sea, and it must stop on a coast which is bounded by time, or else it would cease to be definite in its statements, and would then be like a cloud melting into "thin air," and so losing itself in the

vast "unknown." But the region of the Bible is above and beyond all such limits, and no glasses of human construction can enable the man of science to penetrate that abode about which all human teachers without the Bible ever have been, and always must be, silent.

HUGH MILLER ON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.*

Cromarty, 1835.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I need not tell you how famous Cromarty is for its hasty reports, or on how slender a foundation the imagination of the townsfolks sometimes contrives to build. I must needs tell you, however, for the circumstance forms my only apology for now writing you, that the last story current among us affected me more deeply than any of its class ever did before. On your late severe attack, your brother, the doctor, was called hastily to Forbes, and the story went that you were dead. I never before knew how much I valued and esteemed you; the thought, too, that one with whom I had so often conversed, and with whose mind I was so thoroughly acquainted, had passed the dark bourn which separates this world from the other, had something inexpressibly solemn and melancholy in it. I felt for the time that, disguise the fact as we may, the main business of this life consists in preparing for another; and conscience was not quite silent when I remembered that, though you and I had beaten together over many an interesting topic, the most interesting of all had been omitted. You remember the fable of the wise men who were permitted to make a three days' visit to the moon, that they might report to our lower world regarding its plants and animals, and who on their return had to confess that they had squandered their time in drinking with gay young men, and dancing with beautiful women, and had only remarked that the trees and

sky of the planet, when seen casually through a window, very much resembled those of our own. Alas! for the application of this ingenious story.

There are few men who do not at some time or other think seriously of the future state, or who have not formed some at least theoretic set of notions regarding the best mode of preparing for it. Man was born to anticipate a hereafter; he is a religious animal by the very constitution of his nature, and the thousand forms of superstition which still overspread the world and darken every page of its history are just so many proofs of this. It has often struck me that the infidel, when in his assaults on revelation he draws largely from this store of delusion, sadly mistakes his argument; every false religion which has sprung out of the nature of man shows us—not, surely, that there is no true religion, but that we stand in need of a true one; every mythologic folly and absurdity should convince us that we need an infallible guide. Regarded in this light, the *Shaster* and the *Koran* are substantial proofs of how ill we could do without the Bible; and Paganism and Mohammedism powerfully recommend Christianity. You, my dear William, to whom it has been given to possess an inquiring and reflecting mind, must have often thought of the final destinies of man; I myself have observed in you much of that respect for sacred things which is one of the characteristics of an ingenuous nature; but there is perhaps danger that your very ingenuity and acuteness might have led you into error. Christianity is emphatically termed "the wisdom of God," but it is not on a first examination that a reasoning mind can arrive at the evidence of its being such; on the contrary, some of its main doctrines seem opposed to the more obvious principles of common sense; and this quite in the same way that, before the days of Newton, it would have seemed contrary to these principles to allege that the whiteness of light was occasioned by a combination of the most vivid colours, or that the planets

* Life of Hugh Miller.

were held in their orbits by the law which impelled a falling stone towards the ground. Now this is exactly what we might expect of the true religion. A religion made by rational men—many Deists, you know, were eminently such, and we may instance theirs—will be, like themselves, rational and easily understood; but this very facility is a conclusive proof that it had its origin in the mind of man. It is like all his other works—like the clocks and watches and steam-engines of his construction—easily understood, and easily imitated; but it is not thus with Christianity, nor is it thus with the great machine of the universe. Let us, my dear William, take a brief survey of some of the main doctrines of this religion; they concern us so nearly that it may be fatal to misunderstand them.

The invariable reply of the Apostles of our Saviour to that most important of all queries, "What must I do to be saved?" was "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Belief seems to be, if I may so speak, the main condition of man's acceptance, but belief in what or whom? In a Person Who is at once God and Man, and Who thus, to the perfection of a Divine nature, adds the feelings of a human heart. Now there is something amazing in this, something which, for its exquisite fitness to our moral and sentient constitution, is worthy of the conception of a God. Observe, my dear William, the false religions of the world, and you will find that they run into two opposite extremes. In the artificial religions which have been formed by the intellect of man, God is represented as a mere abstraction of wisdom and power. He is the Great First Cause of the philosopher, and it is scarcely more possible for the human heart to love Him as such, than it is for Him to love any of the great second causes, such as the sun with its light and heat, or the law of gravitation. And hence the coldness and utter inefficacy of all such religions, whether known under the name of philosophical Deism or Socinian Christianity; they are totally

unfitted to the nature of man. The religions of the other class are rather the offspring of passion than intellect; they arise in those obscure and remote ages when unenlightened man created his gods in his own image. What was Jupiter or his son Hercules, or what their companions in the Court of Olympus, the Dianas, Venuses, or Minervas with which the old poets have brought us acquainted, but human creatures bearing the very mould and impression of their worshippers? And such deities could be loved and feared just in the way one human creature can love or fear another; the belief in them powerfully influenced the conduct, but their worship, as it originated in the darkened human heart, was a worship of impurity. Observe with what a truly God-like wisdom Christianity is formed to avoid the opposite extremes of these two classes, and how it yet embraces more than the philosophy of the one, and more than the warmth of the other: the object of our worship is at once God the First Great Cause and the Man Jesus Christ our Brother.

But not merely must we believe in Christ as God, but also as our Saviour; as the Restorer of our moral nature, and our Sacrifice or Atonement. There are wonderful Janus-like mysteries here,—inexplicable in their one aspect as they regard God, though simple and easy in the other as they regard man. Perhaps an illustration from the human frame may serve to explain my meaning. Need I remind you, who are an anatomist and acquainted with Paley to boot, of the admirable adaptation of the human frame to the various ends for which it was created, or how easy it is for a person of even ordinary capacity to be made to perceive this adaptation? Almost any one can see how fairly and beautifully the machine works; but who, on the other hand, can conceive of the higher principles on which it is constructed? Who can know anything of the workings of the brain as the organ of thought, or of the operations of the nerves as the seats of feeling; of how the chyle is

chosen by its thousand blind mouths, and every other fluid rejected; of how one gland should secrete a liquor so unlike that secreted by another; of, in short, any of the thousand phenomena of our animal nature when we trace them towards their first cause? The working of the machine is simple, its construction we find to be inexplicably mysterious. Now it is thus with Christianity. No one can understand how the sufferings of the Saviour satisfy the justice of God; that regards, if I may so speak, the construction of the scheme: but every one who examines may see how wonderfully these vicarious sufferings are suited to the nature and the wants of man; for that regards its working. But it is not in the limits of so brief a composition as a letter that such a subject can be discussed.

May I recommend to you, my dear William, to lay hold on this Saviour as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life"? He is willing and able to save unto the uttermost all who trust in Him. You suffer from pain and dejection; He suffered from pain and dejection also, and hence His wonderful fitness to be the God and Saviour of a race born to anguish and sorrow. Not only does He know our weaknesses as God, but He sympathizes in them as man. Forgive me the freedom with which I write you; it is as a friend, as one foolish and careless, and often so wrapt up in the dreams of life as to forget its real businesses, but also as one convinced that the Saviour can through His Spirit make "wise unto salvation," and that to secure an interest in Him is to possess a righteousness that is perfect, and to have every sin forgiven through an atonement that is complete. May I ask, my dear William, that when you address yourself to Him,—and O! He is willing to hear and ready to help,—you will put up one petition for your affectionate friend.

* * * * *

I am sorry we should have missed so many opportunities of conversing on this subject; little can be done for it in the limits of a letter; and besides, in

the course of conversation, doubts may be stated and cleared which, though they may weigh heavily on your mind, cannot be anticipated by mine. It must have struck you as something very mysterious in the scheme of Redemption that man, instead of having to trust to his own virtues for reward, and his own repentance for pardon, must look exclusively to the righteousness and atonement of the Saviour. And yet so important is this doctrine, that the scheme of salvation is inefficient without it; for, for what other cause did the Saviour come into the world, or in what other sense could He be said to die for us? I have seen much of what may be called the working of this doctrine, and unable as I am to comprehend it in the abstract, have admired its wonderful adaptation to the nature and wants of man. There is no place where its importance can be better appreciated than beside a death-bed. In the closing scene of life man's boasted virtues become, in most instances, so intangible, that they elude his grasp, and his sins, however little noted before, start up around him like so many threatening spectres to call up all his remorse for the past, and all his fears for the future. It is then that the scheme of Redemption appears worthy of the infinite wisdom and infinite goodness of a God,—that the righteousness of Him Who ever "went about doing good," appears an inexhaustible fund to which we may apply,—that the agony in the garden, the mockeries and scourgings in the hall, the inconceivable sufferings and shame of the cross, array themselves on the side of mercy, and sum up efficacy enough to annihilate every sin. It is when every minor light of comfort is extinguished, that the Saviour shines forth, and more than compensates for them all.

So much for the fitness of this scheme. I have stated that, regarded in the abstract, it surpasses my comprehension; but do not suppose from this that it is more surrounded by difficulties than any of the many schemes of religion which men have opposed to it. The simplicity

of most of these is but an apparent simplicity, complete in the eyes of the shallow thinker, but which entirely disappears when subjected to the gaze of a superior discernment. True, the difficulties of Christianity may be more strikingly apparent than those of philosophic religions, but it is only because God in His goodness, instead of confining it to the acute and the highly talented, has brought it down to the level of the whole race of man; and thus common capacities are brought in contact with truths of so lofty and abstruse a character, that the greatest minds can but see their importance and consistency without being able to comprehend them. It is well, however, that the heart of the simplest can be made to feel their fitness, and that the excellence of doctrines too mighty to be grasped by the most capacious minds can be so appreciated by babes as to be made effectual to their salvation.

(To be concluded.)

THE MOON.

A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.

The moon from its bright hemisphere
Threw glories o'er the earth and sky,
Its every beam a silvern spear
Hurl'd noiselessly
Along the river's winding flood,
And through the beechen oriels of the
wood.

Before it floated flecks of cloud
As snow on unscaled ridges white,
Too thin and filmy to enshroud
Its calm soft light,
For through the airy fleece it shone
In peaceful splendour like a lucent stone.
Around its disc there was a ring,
Resplendent in its lovely hues,
As if all flowers the balmy Spring
In life renews,
From earth to heaven had been up-
caught,
And there in sevenfold garland softly
wrought.
Whence that, enchantment of meek
light?
The hues that glowed like storied
glass?
The moon itself is dark as night,
A jagged mass
Of craters black, and wildly torn,
And peaks that stand terrific and forlorn.
To its scarr'd face the sunbeam gave
The large yet mellow'd radiancies
With which it lit sky, cliff, and wave,
Brooks, fields, and trees;
And made even of the humid air
A zone with kingly pomps beyond com-
pare.
Lord, I confess my soul is dark,
But full resplendency is Thine;
Give me one gleam, one hallow'd spark,
And I shall shine
Most beautifully, and hues of heaven
Will to my toils and tears, my joys and
griefs, be given.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

THOMAS BRANT.

"A short life and a merry one," is the thoughtless motto we often hear; the subject of our sketch lived a short life and a holy one, and is now inheriting the "good things" that are reserved for eternal enjoyment.

Blessed with pious parents and affectionate sisters, whose company he preferred to any other associates, THOMAS BRANT profited early by the influences of a godly home.

When only six years old, he was greatly distressed at the serious illness of his mother, and without prompting, prayed in his childish but earnest way for her recovery. God graciously "heard the voice of the child," and Mrs. Brant amended from that hour. He began soon after to read his Bible attentively, and seldom closed his eyes at night till he had finished the chapter in his Testament, which always lay within reach of his hand.

In his twelfth year he joined his

father's Class, and was a consistent member of Society till his death. Of a gentle and affectionate disposition, he ever treated birds and animals with kindness, never forgetting the meal of crumbs when the former were suffering from the frost and snow. He won golden opinions from his schoolmaster; and his frank, genial good-nature made him generally liked. His friends still cherish memories of his high principle and thoughtfulness, which were developed beyond his years.

One day he had the misfortune to break something of value belonging to his father. "What must I do?" he cried to his elder sister, "what must I do?" A moment's consideration sufficed to decide him. "I had better go to meet father, and tell him all about it. If he beats me, it will pass off, but if I deceive him, I shall feel it for ever."

When about thirteen, young Brant entered into the service of the Midland Railway Company, at Tewkesbury, under his father's supervision. He gave great satisfaction, and would soon have earned promotion, but his Heavenly Father said, "Come up higher."

When returning from work late one

night, Thomas found a drunken man lying on the snow, with papers scattered around him. He gathered them up, raised the inebriate, and supported him to his home, before taking the rest which a long day's work had earned. The man was quite unworthy of such kind assistance, and the following week fell into the water when no helping hand was near;—a striking contrast to the death of his benefactor, which occurred soon after. Thomas was attacked by inflammation of the brain, and soon became delirious, but even in his ravings the ruling spring of his life was manifest, as he besought those who watched with him to shake hands and be friendly, and assured them with pathetic earnestness that it was always his aim to act rightly. He was conscious enough to leave a dying testimony that Jesus was precious to him, and that his hope of heaven was unwavering. He fell asleep in Jesus when little more than fourteen years of age, but his sorrowing friends know that it was "far better" for him to depart.

"The less of this cold world the more of heaven,
The shorter life, the longer immortality."

E. WADDY.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For AUGUST, 1874.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISEING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.
1874.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
July 30	4 20	7 51	4 8m	9 14a	3 34m	9 35a	7 56a
Aug. 9	4 35	7 34	3 13	8 50	3 31	8 59	4 8m
19	4 51	7 15	3 12	8 26	3 28	8 23	3 25
29	5 7	6 54	4 9	8 1	3 26	7 47	2 42

PHASES OF THE MOON.

4th, Last Quarter 10h. 47m. after | 20th, First Quarter .. 6h. 53m. morn.
12th, New Moon 4h. 0m. morn. | 27th, Full Moon..... 1h. 28m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Aug. 1st 8h. after., Perigee; distance 228,070 miles.
" 17th 1h. after., Apogee; " 251,592 "
" 29th noon., Perigee; " 224,939 "
Mean distance for the month 239,048 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

August 1st	93,021,360 miles.
September 1st	92,467,330 „
Decrease of distance for the month	554,030 „

Mercury attains its greatest elongation from the Sun, nineteen degrees westward, on the 13th; and, about that time, may be seen in the east before sunrise. On the night of the 4th, the apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from retrograde to direct. The planet will then be in Cancer, nearly in a line with Castor and Pollux, and about equally distant from the latter star and Procyon. On the morning of the 18th it will be in ascending node; on the 22nd, at six o'clock in the evening, in perihelion, or at the point of its orbit nearest the Sun; four hours later it will be very close to Mars, but the planets will then be far below our horizon.

Venus is now near Jupiter: the apparent distance on the night of the 12th will be less than one degree. The comparison of the planets in such close proximity will be deeply interesting. With the naked eye it will be a favourable occasion for judging of their relative brightness. Seen with a telescope, Venus will be gibbous, the diameter sixteen seconds; Jupiter, round, or rather slightly oval, for on account of its rapid rotatory motion the ellipticity is considerable, the diameter double that of Venus, or thirty-two seconds. On the afternoon of the 7th this planet will be very near Beta Virginis, a star between third and fourth magnitude; the star will look very like a satellite to the planet. The contrast of such a planet with a fixed star so very close to it will be striking and instructive. On the afternoon of the 15th, this planet and Jupiter will be both near the Moon. The three objects will form a very remarkable group, visible to the naked eye, near the horizon, after sunset; Venus between two and three degrees south-eastward of Jupiter, and the Moon about the same distance north-eastward of Venus. The Moon will be between two and three days old, and of course

a beautiful crescent; Venus gibbous, Jupiter full. On the morning of the 17th, Venus will be in its descending node, that is, it then passes from the north to the south side of the plane of the Earth's orbit. On the last day of the month it will be near a sixth magnitude star in Virgo: here again an unpractised observer might take the star for a satellite to the planet. It will be near Spica, the brightest star in Virgo, at the same time.

Mars is now a morning star, but will only begin to be visible to the naked eye toward the end of the month. It will be near the Moon on the morning of the 11th, the Moon will then be within one day of its change.

Jupiter will keep near to Venus throughout the month. We have already noticed its proximity to the Moon on the 15th. On the evening of the 20th it will be quite close to Eta Virginis, a star between third and fourth magnitude. It attains its greatest distance northward from the plane of the Earth's orbit on the 26th. It is too near the Sun for observation of the eclipses of the satellites.

Saturn will be in opposition to the Sun on the 3rd, and of course visible through the night. On the 25th it will be in conjunction with the Moon. It is travelling slowly westward among the fixed stars in Capricorn. The extreme length of the outer ring is forty-two seconds, the breadth nearly thirteen.

Uranus will be in conjunction with the Sun at noon on the 3rd.

Neptune will be stationary on the 4th, the apparent motion changes from direct to retrograde. It rises on the 6th at ten o'clock, and on the 21st at nine o'clock in the evening. It is drawing very near a seventh magnitude star in Aries; the distance toward the end of the month will be less than half a degree.



T. CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

WITHOUT following DR. CHALMERS in all the windings of his history, from boyhood in Anstruther, to the day when one hundred thousand people crowded windows and streets and every "coign of vantage" to see him borne from his home in Morningside, Edinburgh, to his honoured grave in the Grange Cemetery, we shall endeavour to form an estimate of his religious character, his intellectual powers, his influence and work. The grace of God imparted to him that aspect of greatness with which we are familiar, but had he been without grace he could not have remained in obscurity. His wonderful energy,

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his large and impassioned utterance, would have ensured for him a position in Scotland conspicuous as an illumined colossus on the peak of Ben Nevis, even if he had persisted in his antagonism to Evangelical belief. From the green undulations and picturesque homesteads of Kilmany, he would have gone to a University chair or a city pastorate, which would have been the basis of operations affecting great masses of his countrymen. He could not have been kept from the vanguard of ecclesiastical conflict, and had he not been the leader of the Evangelical, it is all but certain he would have been the leader of the Moderate party in the Church of Scotland. Loud and scornful would have been his denunciation of all efforts to awaken in the hearts of the people a desire for experimental religion, and in his hand the weapons of Dr. Robertson and Carlyle of Inveresk would have flashed consternation on ministers and elders struggling for the honour of Christ. His avidity for literary work would not have been more in abeyance if his pen had not been consecrated to the service of his Saviour, and he would have been the exponent of a negative Theology, or have unfolded his genius in scientific and political dissertations. His inborn qualities were such that his life must have assumed great proportions, and his name have been high among the biographic glories of his native land even if he had continued a stranger to the power of godliness.

Happily his soul received a right bias, and all its forces were concentrated in the work of the Lord; yet nothing seemed less likely during his University course than that he would become the bold and masterly advocate of the doctrine of grace. The Gospel, as showing the method of a sinner's reconciliation to God, was not recognised by him as belonging to the system of Divine truth, and he contented himself with the few articles which constitute the creed of the Unitarian. For a year he was almost entranced with ecstatic contemplations of "the magnificence of the Godhead," but the vision faded, and he found himself on the brink of a tremendous scepticism. The works of Godwin and Baron d'Holbach induced in him a tendency to doubt the first principles of natural and revealed religion, and instead of the splendour which had filled the horizon of his thought, there was darkness in which he was so wretched that he seemed like one deranged. From this state of gloom and disquietude he was rescued by the arguments of Dr. Robison, one of the Edinburgh professors, and he again had confidence in the being of God, and the credibility of Christianity. Still he was without spiritual life, and he took charge of Kilmany in utter destitution of the essential qualifications of the Christian minister. There was no lack of grand thoughts and sonorous periods in the pulpit, but Christ as a Saviour was never presented to the people. But the chastenings of the Almighty came

upon him, and affliction softened his heart and prepared him for the reception of the righteousness which is by faith. He saw a beloved brother and sister die in Christian peace and hope, and these bereavements, in connection with severe sickness which thoroughly prostrated him, led him to resolve on a purer and more useful life. He strove hard to obtain the favour of God, but his striving was ineffectual, until reading Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity," he discovered that it is not, *Do this and live*, but, *"Believe, . . . and thou shalt be saved."* Many greater but few more useful books have been written than that by Wilberforce. In addition to the benefits it has conferred on thousands who have lived and died in comparative obscurity, it solaced the mighty yet grief-worn heart of Edmund Burke, kindled in Legh Richmond the fervours which lend a sacred charm to the narrative of the *Dairyman's Daughter*, and helped the young minister of Kilmany in his way to salvation by faith. Thomas Chalmers found rest in Christ; the truths which he previously repelled afforded him joy and peace, and a new light shone in the manse and the church, and through the village.

The responsibilities of his office pressed upon him, and he prosecuted its duties with undivided energy. When, before his conversion, John Bonthron, one of his parishioners, said to him, that whenever he came to see him he was always busy, but never preparing for the pulpit; his reply was that an hour or two on the Saturday evening was quite enough for that. After his conversion the same friend said to him, "I never come in now, Sir, but I find you aye at your Bible." "All too little, John; all too little," was his response. Moral and political essays were laid aside, and his sermons from beginning to end were expressive of evangelical thought and feeling. As he expatiated on the great themes which dilated his soul, and besought his people to be reconciled to God, and to prepare for the solemnities of death and eternity, his pale face became strangely luminous, and his lips fervent as if touched with Pentecostal flame. Even when his discourse was over, and the Psalm had been sung, and he rose to pronounce the benediction, he would break out in a fresh appeal to his hearers to accept the grace of Christ that very moment.

Henceforth the salvation of men was his chief concern. He did not think that the end of his ministry was answered by crowded churches and enthusiastic admiration of his oratory, but felt that nothing was really gained unless souls were brought into living relationship with the Lord Jesus. Though the people of Glasgow were speaking of his *Astronomical Discourses* as the most magnificent sweep of intellectual power they had ever witnessed, and though on the Sabbath he found it necessary to preach the same sermon morning and evening in order to prevent the overcrowding of the Tron Church, he was yet in a state

of despondency because he saw no fruit of his labours. In conversation with a friend on the cause of his sadness, he said, "In short, the truth is I have mistaken the way of my duty to God in at all coming to your city. I am doing no good: God has not blessed and is not blessing my ministry here." On being told that one young man had been saved through his preaching, he replied, "Ah! what blessed, what comforting news you give me; I knew it not; but it strengthens me; for really I was beginning to fail, from an apprehension that I had not been acting according to the will of God in coming to your city."

Notwithstanding the excitements of public life, Dr. Chalmers was careful to watch over his own spiritual condition. He was not more remarkable for the vigorous discharge of his pastoral duties, than for the fervour and simplicity of his private exercises before God. Secret prayer was to him a refreshing employment, and he delighted far more in being alone in his study confessing his failings and pleading for mercy, than in throwing the blaze of his eloquence over enraptured multitudes. There are entries in his diary which would not have misbecome the pen of a Brainerd or a Fletcher. The following may be taken as a sample of many others of like import: "O, my God, may I be still and do Thy Work as Thy servant! Admit me into Thy service. Loose my bonds. Give me to strive that I may enter in at the strait gate. O! for Christ's sake be merciful to me, and put Thy law in my heart. Bruise Satan under my feet shortly. Give me to be 'patient in tribulation' and 'rejoicing in hope.' Introduce me into converse with the spiritual realities of my condition."

As he advanced in years his religious experience became deeper, his desires after God more ardent, and it was his wish to spend the whole of the later time of his life in sacred rest and quietude. "It is a favourite speculation of mine," he said, "that if spared to sixty we then enter on the seventh decade of human life; and that this, if possible, should be turned into the Sabbath of our earthly pilgrimage, and spent Sabbatically, as if on the shore of the eternal world, or in the outer courts, as it were, of the temple that is above—the tabernacle in heaven." It was not his lot to enjoy the peaceful old age he so beautifully pictured, for the Disruption and its sequences called him to gigantic toils. But when contending with Moderates, and asserting with his usual stormy grandeur the spiritual independence of the Church that was so dear to him, or when organising the Sustentation Fund, and making provision for the ministers who at the bidding of conscience had given up their stipends and their pleasant homes, he kept his soul near to God, and we find him at one time recording, "A luminous visitation by the shore," and at another time breathing the prayer, "O, my God, give me the language and lofty spirit of him

who realises eternity and has enthroned Thyself in his heart!" Sublimity and loveliness belonging more to heaven than to earth were blended in the character of the majestic old man; he was, in the truest sense of the words, ripe for a better world, and he came to his grave "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

In virtue of his intellect Dr. Chalmers was entitled to take rank with the leaders and kings of mankind. He was endowed with qualities naturally tending to large exploits and indisputable supremacy. He had no affinity with the narrow and minute, and was happiest in vast generalizations and in movements which needed the eagle-glance and the sceptred hand of an imperial mind. We do not get the full measure of his mental stature and breadth in his writings. They are such as only a great man could produce, but they are not uniformly great. Amplification is frequently carried to excess, and even commonplace thoughts are attenuated into a mere collocation of sounding syllables. Small matters are stretched to cover a large space, and a microscopic particle of gold is beaten into a cubit of leaf. The *Astronomical and Commercial Discourses* do not present so many examples of wordiness as some of the other works of Dr. Chalmers, yet it is scarcely possible to get through the unbroken sweep of huge and gorgeous sentences without a feeling of satiety. The reader sighs for an occasional pause in the rapidity of the argument, for a gleam of softer light, and an intermingling of less gigantic imagery. There are palms and amaranths in profusion, but the quiet charms of the daisy and primrose are wanting; panoramic grandeurs of steep mountain and impetuous river, but no soft vales and gentle streams; canopies blazoned with suns and comets, but few calm scenes of household joy. Such discourses, with the accompaniment of the preacher's clenched hand, glaring eye, foaming lips, and lion-like voice, could not fail to electrify an audience, but the constant succession of bannered pomps somewhat spoil them for perusal. Even the finest passages have not the finish, the perfect beauty, and melody which distinguish many parts of Richard Watson's *Sermons*. Through all the swell and magnificence we look in vain for the completeness without redundancy, the splendour without dazzlement, which characterize the glorious outburst beginning, "Go to the heavens which canopy man with grandeur."

Dr. Chalmers did not always write in his large, diffusive style; but, when not in the full swing of passion and imagination, he was apt to become artificial. The transition from those of his works which were written when his mind was in a state of fiery vehemence, to those written at the dictation of his cooler reason, is like the transition from a South-American coast with its glow of colour and tangled exuberance

of vegetation, to a Norwegian hill with its stiff and sombre pines. But Dr. Chalmers' literary faults were not occasioned by weakness of intellect. He who did so much could have done better if he had tried; he could have restrained the phraseology that is too luxuriant, and have imparted lustre to that which is lacking in adornment. It is, however, to be remembered that he wrote with a swift pen, and for an immediate end. Beset as he was by so many claims on his time, he could not afford to take Dr. Johnson's advice, and give his days and nights to Addison; his writings were thrown off with the rapidity of the pamphleteer, rather than elaborated with the care of the man who is conscious that he is addressing future ages. But though in his numerous volumes there are treatises and sermons which do not invite a second perusal, there are others which may always be read with advantage; and the effect of the whole is to leave the impression of a robust and regal genius. He was, and still is, notwithstanding his blemishes and defects, recognised as a power in literature, yet his books are but a partial manifestation of his riches and strength.

It was his own remark, that if nature had specially fitted him for any one profession above another it was that of a military engineer; and there can be no doubt that with his readiness in device, and his instinctive perception of how and when to act, he would have excelled in the arts by which camps are formed, cities fortified and mines secretly excavated. But his engineering faculties were drawn into another sphere, and with the exception of John Wesley, no man ever showed greater skill in organising schemes for the conservation of the faith and the overthrow of sin. His imagination never interfered with the processes of his reasoning on practical matters. In all his undertakings, from the establishment of a Sabbath-school in a neglected wynd to the scheme of Church extension which issued in the erection of two hundred and twenty churches; from the management of the poor in Glasgow to the constitution of the Free Church, there was evidence of the same masterly common sense and statesmanly grasp of circumstances. Moreover, he had moral and intellectual forces enabling him to mould men to his own will. He seemed to impress his own individuality on those with whom he was brought into contact; and elders and deacons in his Kirk Session, students in the Hall, ministers in the Presbytery, became Chalmers in energy and determination. His plans were such as to ensure confidence, and he advocated them with contagious enthusiasm.

(To be concluded.)

PRACTICAL REPENTANCE.

Translated from the French,

BY THE REV. W. H. JOHNSTON.

ONE afternoon when I was working in my garden a visitor entered and approached gently till he was about two feet from me, without my observing his presence.

"You seem very much occupied this afternoon," he said.

I raised my head, and was not a little astonished to see standing before me with an embarrassed air one of the most irreligious of men, who was also the most slavishly attached to this world's possessions of any in the parish.

"Yes, Mr. B—, these peas require supports around which they may be able to climb."

"And you appear as much occupied with your thoughts as with your work," he said.

"It is true, neighbour; we very much resemble these peas. We have need of a support to help us to rise above the earth, if we do not wish to be entangled in every kind of material and worldly care."

"I am, Sir, just endeavouring to find such a support." He pronounced these words with a voice almost choked with emotion.

Filled with joy and sympathy, "My friend!" I exclaimed, "there is but one Support, which is Christ. We can rest upon Him with an entire confidence, for He is love and truth. It is not necessary to seek a long while; you have but to turn to Him with your whole heart, and lay hold on Him by faith, as the tendrils of this plant lay hold on the branch which I give for their support. All that He commands you is to repent and believe."

My neighbour was a man of mature age, whose earthly cares had

early brought on grey hairs; his eyes were but little accustomed to express feeling: I was therefore moved to see his hard visage relax and his eyes fill with tears while he grasped my hand. Little by little he relaxed, and continued, not without emotion, to relate the cause of his inquiry.

"I experienced a strange feeling about three weeks ago. I had lately made several good business transactions, and one evening when returning home, I calculated my gains with a feeling of pride and of triumph at the thought of how I had made my way in the world by my labour and my skill. It was a starry night, and so silent that I heard nothing but the steps of my horse, when suddenly a voice seemed to say to me, '*What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*'"

"Was it really a voice?"

"No, and I did not doubt for a moment that it came from my own mind; nevertheless it seemed to me as distinct as if some one had pronounced these words alongside of me. Probably I learned them when a child, but I had forgotten them; I looked in the Bible to see if they were there, and I found them indeed. I found many other things besides quite opposed to my mode of action, and which upset all my calculations. These ideas have not ceased to trouble me since then; nothing has been able to remove them; and I came to the conclusion that I must be completely changed and live for an entirely different aim; and now I have come to speak to you about it."

I have given in these lines the commencement of the religious history of Mr. B—, just as he related it to me himself; and I will now describe in his own words his conversion, as he narrated it some weeks later in a gathering of Christian friends.

"I went to see our minister; I wanted him to help me to change my ways, but I had no idea of what repentance and a change of heart are. He conducted me into his study, and after having asked me to be seated, spoke to me a long time about the happiness of belonging to Jesus Christ, and of having an interest in His merits; he represented to me that happiness as being something beyond all that the world can give, and he told me that it was worth being sought for with ardour. Then he added,—

"‘Mr. B—, do you know the first thing that you have to do in order to become a true Christian?’

"‘I did not know it.

"‘The Christian life,’ our minister continued, ‘the life of a true disciple of Jesus Christ, can be secured only by repentance as a first step. Now it is easy to say and even to believe that one repents, but the only repentance of any value is a *practical repentance*. This goes further than sorrow for sin and a serious desire to abstain from it. True repentance impels us to repair, as far as we possibly can, the evil which we have done. Is there any one who can say of you, ‘That man has done me a wrong?’”

"He knew my vulnerable point," said Mr. B—, pursuing his recital. "Every man has a vulnerable point, and I think that it is in that wound that the probe must first be used. His question penetrated to the very depth of my soul, like a pointed iron,

which made me shudder and tremble within. The sweat covered my forehead, and I struggled a long time before answering. I saw that it would be difficult for me to become a Christian. Yet I resolved to get out of it as easily as I could, and to confess a roguery which I believed known to each one.

"‘An exchange of horses made in spring with Mr. Simon.’

"‘Then you did Simon an injustice?’

"‘A little.’

"‘How much? Tell me frankly.’

"‘I gave him a porsy horse, which I had doctored as well as I could, but which in reality was not worth more than fifty francs, for a fine animal that was sure and sound, and worth three hundred, and I asked from him one hundred and twenty-five francs to boot; in fine, to speak the truth in the matter, I am afraid I extorted from him three hundred and seventy-five francs.’

"‘And do you pretend that with three hundred and seventy-five francs which belong to Mr. Simon, you could commence a Christian life? Do you believe that God can hear your prayers and grant you the pardon which you ask of Him as long as you have the stolen money in your pocket?’

"I tried to exculpate myself by saying that business is business, and that people ought to open their eyes and know what they have to do when buying horses; but he interrupted me,—

"‘Your conscience would not admit these excuses, which are invented by your selfishness.’

"‘But the rule which you give condemns the most influential men of the parish. There is Mr. S—, who, although a member of the Consistory, is a horse-dealer, and

cheats every time that he has had an opportunity of doing so.'

"'It is of little consequence who is condemned by my rule or what Mr. S— does. You ought to concern yourself only about your salvation, and look only to God. I warn you of it; you may have a hundred times the reputation of being converted, but if you keep a single crown unjustly acquired it will be always like a millstone about your neck. Nothing proves the reality of convictions like practically carrying them out.'

"I could hold out no longer. The Spirit of God made use of his words, and produced within me deep anxiety. I was greatly agitated, for the truth which the minister presented to my mind convinced my understanding with a power that was irresistible. I went away; and as it was impossible to find peace, I took the three hundred and seventy-five francs and returned them to Mr. Simon, having made him promise to say nothing about them to anybody, for I should have been ashamed for any one to have known that my conscience was troubled, and that I had restored the money. I returned to the minister to tell him what I had done. He did not praise me at all as I had expected he would, but appeared to consider the matter just as natural as washing one's hands when they are dirty. On the contrary, he seemed to suspect that my hands were not yet quite clean, and asked if I had reason to charge myself with no other dishonesty than that perpetrated on Mr. Simon. I tried to answer in the negative, but my conscience would not permit me to do so. Not long ago I could have told without wincing the most barefaced lies, and it would have been possible for me to persuade

myself of them, but his question now quite confounded me. It appeared to me so much more difficult than I had ever supposed to become converted, that I regretted having ever come to converse about it with our minister. Like the young man who had great possessions, I was on the point of going away sorrowful. But my heart burned within me, and I was forced to speak:—

"'It is certain,' I said, 'that in doing business I have taken here and there advantage of circumstances, as is the case with every one, and with those who make a profession of piety as well as others.'

"'What others do ought not to be a rule for you or for me, Mr. B—. We ought to be the disciples of the Saviour in reality, and not to content ourselves with merely bearing the name.'

"Now I believed that Mr. R— had paid me twice the same account. The first time he paid it we were occupied with another matter, and he forgot to get me to receipt the payment. Later on I found the account, and it was a great temptation to me. I lay awake the whole night, asking myself what I should do. 'Mr. R— is a hard man,' I said to myself, 'and he has played the close fellow with me more than once.' I resolved therefore to treat him as I thought that he would have treated me if a like opportunity had presented itself to him. I kept therefore that account long enough to let him forget that he had paid it, and one day I said to him as if by chance, 'Now that I think of it, neighbour, if it will not inconvenience you, do me the favour to settle that little account which is already of some date.' He was surprised and angry, said he remembered having paid it; but as it was

not receipted, the matter ended by his paying it again, although with a bad grace.

“‘And what do you think of doing now?’

“‘I think that I must restore him that money.’

“I went therefore the next day to Mr. B—’s house, and said to him that on reflection I was sure that he was right, and I restored him, to his great surprise, his five hundred and sixty-five francs.

“‘This time I thought myself right,’” continued Mr. B—; “I tried to persuade my conscience to think the same. I feared, notwithstanding, to return to the pastor, knowing how it penetrates the recesses of the conscience and troubles the heart when the mire which is at the bottom and is never perceived by us is stirred up. Nevertheless, I felt that as long as I was afraid to see him I had no right to feel tranquil as to my state, and in examining myself there came into my mind a little affair of mortgage. I had estopped a poor man who did not doubt that I would grant him time to disengage himself, and I had compelled him to yield me his farm. By that means I had acquired a property much larger than the sum which was due. As that procedure had been strictly legal, I tried to persuade myself that it was perfectly just, but my awakened conscience did not cease to tell me that I had deprived a poor man of his property without having given him the worth of it; it told me that I had violated, if not the law of men, at least the law of God, and that I should find no peace before I had repaired this wrong and all the others that I might have done. For a long time I revolted against this declaration of my conscience. It seemed to me

hard to deprive myself of five thousand francs, and the interest of that sum accumulated since the day of the estoppel. I groaned in secret, and mourned over that money; I tried to pray, but that unhappy mortgage rose constantly between me and God, and I saw nothing but a threatening heaven. In short, it was impossible for me longer to resist the appeals of my conscience; I returned to the minister to confide to him my trouble and to ask him what I must do.

“‘You must be just towards your neighbour,’ was his reply, ‘if it should cost you your last shilling.’

“That was a terrible sentence; I went away tottering as if I had received a dreadful blow.

“‘O, my God!’ I cried out, ‘how is it possible for me to be converted?’ But His help was greater than I could have ventured to expect. Without it I should have given way in the struggle. I bowed my knees before God, and solemnly promised Him, for the sake of His gracious love, I would not only act justly with that poor man, but that if it was necessary, I would sacrifice all that I possessed in the world in order to find peace. An unknown feeling, full of sweetness and goodness, was diffused abroad in my soul, and I seemed to hear a voice say to me: ‘Then even if thou shouldst lose all that thou possessest, thou wilt find the true source of all happiness and of all life in the possession of thy God and Saviour, and in the peace of a good conscience.’

“The consolation which I experienced that night after I was permitted to conquer in that struggle was so great, that to enjoy always the same precious possession I would have willingly accepted poverty, exile and disgrace. The presence

of the Holy Spirit in the soul, the Spirit of Love Who bears 'witness... that we are the children of God,' was an ineffable privilege! The day following I felt as light as a bird, and I ran off in haste to Isaac Dor with the sum of money which I owed him. Ah!" continued the newly-converted man while tears ran down his cheeks, "I wish you had been present at that interview. Poor Isaac had fallen little by little into such discouragement, that he had resolved to set out for America. His wife and his children wept when speaking of that resolution; but they received me much better than I should have dared to expect, and said that I had acted legally, and that Dor had been guilty of great negligence. 'Yes, you have acted rigidly, but I was a great fool to contract such a debt. Of course all the world would in your place have availed themselves of the advantage which the law gives, but I am ruined, and what will become of that poor woman and these children.' At these words the poor man burst into tears.

" 'Isaac,' I said to him, as soon as I could recover my voice, 'I wish to prove to you that people can be honest without being forced to it by the law. I desire to be just towards you, because God has commanded me to do so, and you need not depart.'

"When he understood what I meant, Isaac pressed his wife and his children to his bosom, and sobbed so as almost to break his heart. I counted the money, and I have never seen so much surprise and joy as then; they would have kissed my feet if I had not hindered them. I seemed to see heaven open, and the joy which inundated my soul at that moment passed all that I could ever have believed possible.

"My friends," added Mr. B—, "I have felt myself compelled to make these confessions to you, and I thank you for having listened to them. Our minister told me that being a true Christian is a very different thing from only making a profession of piety. I desire to be a true disciple of Jesus Christ, and if ever my conduct gives the lie to my profession . . ." He could say no more, but his emotion was more eloquent than his words.

I have nothing to add to this narrative; all that I shall say is that the example of his true repentance, of his child-like faith in the Saviour, of his rigorous probity, and of his exemplary conduct, had the best influence on all the rest of the flock. He looked upon himself as a poor, unworthy sinner "justified by faith;" but it might be said in truth that, according to the statement of Luther, he "justified his faith by his works."

HAWKSTONE, IN THE COUNTY OF SHROPSHIRE:

WITH NOTICES OF THE HILL FAMILY.

BY JOSEPH JONES.

(Concluded from page 198.)

NUMEROUS anecdotes are told (some perhaps without authority) illustrative of the wit and humour of Rowland Hill, which were often irrepressible. We shall make no attempt at reproducing his droll sayings and doings, but there is one fact related of him, and given on good authority, which may not be generally known. It will be found in "The Fathers and Founders of the London Missionary Society: a Jubilee Memorial;" by the Rev. J. Morison, D.D., containing a Memoir of the Rev. Rowland Hill, in which the following incidents are related:—

"As Mr. Hill returned from Scotland in company with Mr. R. Haldane, a somewhat singular circumstance took place at Dunbar, between him and the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, pastor of the Anti-burgher Church in that town, which is so strikingly characteristic of the spirit and habits of the minister of Surrey Chapel, that it may with propriety be introduced into these memoirs, more especially as it has not appeared in print before.

"On reaching Dunbar, Mr. Hill and his companion were welcomed by Mr. Cunningham, and hospitably entertained at his house. After remaining a short time, they made arrangements to prosecute their journey southward; but it happened on the morning of their intended departure that Mr. Hill's horse was found so lame in one of his legs as to be utterly useless. Mr. Hill was much disconcerted by the untoward circumstance, especially as the horse had carried him several thousand miles in his Master's work, and was therefore greatly valued. A veterinary surgeon was immediately sent for, and, after an examination of the horse, he pronounced the disease to be incurable, adding that Mr. Hill might have him shot as soon as he pleased.

"This advice Mr. Hill did not relish, and was not at all inclined to follow it. In expectation that the favourite horse might recover, he remained two or three days at Mr. Cunningham's; and when he deemed it necessary to proceed on his journey, his servant was left behind to wait the issue of the animal's ailment. On the first evening after the discovery of the lameness of his horse, Mr. Hill, as usual, conducted family worship, when, among other petitions which he preferred at the Throne of Grace,

he prayed with his accustomed fervour that the Lord would be pleased to restore his horse to perfect soundness, and permit him to be still employed in carrying his master on many errands of mercy, in proclaiming the glorious Gospel of the great Creator of man and beast.

"Although this petition was presented with great reverence, and in the perfect spirit of prayer, yet as Mr. Cunningham's habits and modes of thinking were so stereotyped as to admit of no innovation or change, as every form of expression and every cast of thought that did not accord with the grave and formal usages in which he had been trained, seemed to savour of levity, or 'jesting which is not convenient,'—such an extraordinary supplication so outraged all his notions of decorum and propriety, that he had no sooner risen from his knees than he remonstrated with Mr. Hill on the subject. Mr. Hill defended the propriety of offering such a petition, on the ground of the continual providence of God, without Whom a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, and Who has created the lower animals for the service of man. In the case of his own horse, he urged the services he had rendered him in his ministerial capacity, the thankfulness he ought to feel on this account and the lawfulness of desiring that such services should be continued.

"Whether Mr. Cunningham relaxed the rigidity of his notions and admitted that petitions on behalf of inferior creatures were not altogether a violation of the solemnity and design of prayer is not known; but so convinced was Mr. Hill of the propriety of the course he had pursued, that he continued his prayers both at morning and evening worship whilst he remained at

Dunbar and after his departure. But when the result became known, Mr. Cunningham's notions as to the indecorum and impropriety of prayer on behalf of a horse must have undergone some slight modification. One morning, shortly after leaving Dunbar, while Mr. Hill and Mr. Haldane were sitting together at breakfast in the Black Swan, in York, they heard the sound of a horse's feet in the yard below, and on looking out, they saw the servant who had been left behind just arrived with the favourite horse, which had been the subject of the supplications of his master, perfectly recovered. Mr. Hill appealed to this fact as an instance of the value of prayer, and drew from it a moral, the importance of which cannot be doubted, maintaining that if we were in the habit of committing all our affairs to God, and asking His guidance, we should have more frequent occasion to acknowledge that He is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer."*

The same biographical sketch, when referring to the trying position in which Mr. Hill had been placed as a young man with respect to his family, on account of his decided religious principles, has also this remark :—

"Once in his old age, when visiting at Hawkstone, and when he had received the most delicate and polite attentions from Sir John Hill and his family, he remarked to a lady, while walking on the beautiful terrace, 'You have seen how I am now received here, but in my youth I have often paced this spot bitterly weeping; while by most of the inhabitants of yonder house, I

was considered as a disgrace to my family. But,' he added, while tears fell down his aged cheeks, 'it was for the cause of my God.'"

Sir John Hill, who succeeded his brother Richard in the baronetcy, was father to the first Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's forces. He was a man of considerable taste and intellect, much respected in his native county. Another brother, Mr. Brian Hill, is also highly spoken of as devoting himself mainly to literary pursuits, and cultivating devotion and piety. He was educated as a clergyman, but his conscientious scruples prevented his accepting preferment in the Established Church. He spent a long life in comparative obscurity at Weston, near Hawkstone.

Miss Jane Hill, the eldest daughter of Sir Rowland and sister of the above, was a striking example of female piety in its most exalted forms. Her letters to her brother Rowland when at school, and afterwards to the excellent Lady Glenorchy, with whom she became intimate, afford pleasing proof of her decided religious character.

Lord Rowland Hill, the first Viscount, was born at Hawkstone in 1772, and died in 1842. His career as a distinguished English general has frequently been traced. His exploits of military skill and bravery, especially in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo, were suitably acknowledged by the nation. His life, by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, the biographer also of his uncles, the preacher, and Sir Richard Hill, Bart., was published in 1845.*

* See New Edition, in One Volume, page 315, published by Fisher, Son, and Co., London.

* In the public manifestations of respect to the late Lord Hill on his return to England, it is said the Rev. Rowland Hill took the liveliest interest. He attended at Guildhall when a sword was presented

The youngest brother of the late Lord was also a distinguished military officer, and was present at the battle of Waterloo. He was knighted in 1814, and made a K.C.B. This was Sir Thomas Noel Hill, a Colonel in 1825, who served as Adjutant-General in the Canadas from 1827 to 1830, when he was appointed to the command of the dépôt at Maidstone, where he died in 1832, at the age of forty-eight.

The present Lord Rowland Hill, second Viscount and a Baronet, was born May 10th, 1800. He is the son of John Hill, Esq., of Hawkstone, eldest brother of the first Viscount. He succeeded his grandfather as fourth Baronet in 1824, and his uncle as second Viscount (under special remainders) in 1842. He is Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Shropshire. He had a seat in Parliament for the county from 1821 to 1842. The name of the heir-apparent, born in 1833, is the Hon. Rowland Clegg Hill.

The various branches of this ancient and remarkable family, who have been resident at or near Hawkstone during the present and past generations, have invariably commanded the respect and esteem of those living around them.

It is also a circumstance worthy of notice that the name ROWLAND, appears to have secured to itself nearly all the honours, ecclesiastical, military, diplomatic and civil, which have distinguished the family.*

to his Lordship by the City Corporation. At the close of the ceremony, when Rowland Hill came out, the populace cried out, "Here comes the good old uncle!" and they followed him with huzzas as he departed. He could not help contrasting these expressions of respect with the contempt and obloquy he had once experienced.

* Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., founder of

Before concluding this article, we should make reference to another fact, although it carries us back more than a century in the historical chain we have attempted to draw out.

The early life of the Rev. John Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley, was connected with a branch of the family, and the circumstances are tersely given by Mr. Wesley himself in his "Short Account of the Life and Death" of that good man, of which a copy lies before us as "printed at the Foundry" in 1786. After stating that, in 1752, Mr. Fletcher became "tutor to the two sons of Thomas Hill, Esq., at Tern-Hall, Shropshire," Mr. Wesley says:—

"I have heard two very different accounts of the manner wherein he had the first notice of the people called Methodists. But I think it reasonable to prefer to any other, that which I received from his own mouth. This was as follows:—When Mr. Hill went up to London to attend the Parliament, he took his family and Mr. Fletcher with him. While they stopped at St. Albans, he walked out into the town, and did not return till they were set out for London. A horse being left for him he rode after, and overtook them in the evening. Mr. Hill asking him, Why he stayed behind? he said, 'As I was walking, I met with a poor old woman who talked so sweetly of Jesus Christ, that I knew not how the time passed away.' 'I shall wonder,' said Mrs. Hill, 'if our tutor does not turn Methodist

the system of penny postage, does not appear to be of this family. He and his elder brother, M. D. Hill, Esq., late Recorder of Birmingham, and their younger brother, Mr. Frederic Hill, of the General Post-Office, are men well known for their intelligence and usefulness in civil affairs.

by and by.' 'Methodist, Madam,' said he, 'pray what is that?' She replied, 'Why, the Methodists are a people that do nothing but pray; they are praying all day and all night.' 'Are they?' said he; 'then, by the help of God, I will find them out, if they be above ground.' He did find them out not long after, and was admitted into the Society. And from this time, whenever he was in town, he met in Mr. Richard Edwards' Class. This he found so profitable to his soul, that he lost no opportunity of meeting. And he retained a peculiar regard for Mr. Edwards till the day of his death."*

The branch of the Hill family with whom Mr. Fletcher resided as tutor from 1752 to the time he became Vicar of Madeley, is described in the following terms by one who has courteously supplied the information from the genealogical family annals:—

"Tern-Hall is a few miles from Shrewsbury, and is now called Attingham. [At one time it was called Atcham.] Thomas Hill living there in 1752, was the son of Thomas Harwood, by Margaret, sister of the Right Honble. Richard Hill, of Hawkstone, and assumed the name of his mother's family.

"The two sons to whom Mr. Fletcher was tutor were probably Samuel, who died September, 1766; and Noel, created Lord Berwick, grandfather of the present peer."

The latter part of this information is confirmed by Mr. Wesley's "Short Account" of Mr. Fletcher, who states "that the pupils were removed to Cambridge, but that the elder of them died about the time of his coming of age." The other was

created a Baron in 1784, the year before Mr. Fletcher died; but for some time previously Mr. Hill had represented first Shrewsbury and then the county in the House of Commons, as his father had done.

To this kind family, under Providence, we are indebted for those interesting associations with Madeley which it is always pleasant to notice when referring to its former devoted Vicar. Mr. Fletcher was ordained in 1757, but took no regular duty till 1760, when the living of Madeley was entered upon. He had, whilst residing with Mr. Hill's family, occasionally taken the whole service at Madeley, ten miles distant, and had contracted an affection for the people there, but the circumstances under which he accepted the vicarage in preference to another of more than double the value are remarkable and characteristic.

One day, Mr. Hill informed him that the living of Dunham, in Cheshire, then vacant, was at his service. "The parish," continued he, "is small, the duty light, the income good; (£400 per annum,) and it is situated in a fine, healthy, sporting country." After thanking Mr. Hill most cordially for his kindness, Mr. Fletcher added, "Alas! Sir, Dunham will not suit me; there is too much money and too little labour." "Few clergymen make such objections," said Mr. Hill; "it is a pity to decline such a living, as I do not know that I can find you another. What shall we do? Would you like Madeley?" "That, Sir, would be the very place for me." "My object, Mr. Fletcher, is to make you comfortable in your own way. If you prefer Madeley, I shall find no difficulty in persuading the present Vicar to exchange it for Dunham, which is worth more than twice as

* For Mr. Fletcher's own account in his own words, see "City-Road Magazine," 1872. Page 514.

much." In this way he became Vicar of Madeley, with which he was so perfectly satisfied, notwithstanding the rough treatment he at times received from the people, that he never afterwards sought any other honour or preferment.

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.

If a pail of water be placed within six inches of either side of the stem of a pumpkin or vegetable-marrow, the latter will in the course of the night approach the former, and will be found in the morning with one of the leaves on the water. This experiment may be continued nightly until the plant begins to fruit. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus, or scarlet-runner, it will find it, although the prop may be shifted daily. If, after it has twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound, and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position, or die in the attempt; yet, if two of these plants grow near each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of the spiral, and they will twine around each other.

Durhamel placed some kidney-beans in a cylinder of moist earth, and after a short time they commenced to germinate, of course sending the plume toward the light, and the root down into the soil. After a few days the cylinder was turned one-fourth around, and again and again this was repeated, until the entire revolution of the cylinder was completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth, and it was found that both the plume and the radicle had bent to accommodate themselves to every revolution, and,

the one in its efforts to ascend perpendicularly and the other to descend, they had formed a perfect spiral. But, although the natural tendency of the roots is downward, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance be above, the roots will ascend to reach it.

LIFE LIKE THE ROSE.

THOUGH sweet and blooming be the rose,
And every breath of wind that blows
Diffuses its rich fragrance round,
On the slight stem sharp thorns abound,
Which pierce the hands that rudely pull
Those blossoms frail, though beautiful.

So life, with many a pleasing scene,
And bless'd with all that hope can
glean

From the fair prospect spread between
The mount of fortune and the line
Where heaven and earth their bounds
combine,

Yet has its thorns. But why repine?
For he who would possess the rose,
Must take the thorn that with it grows.

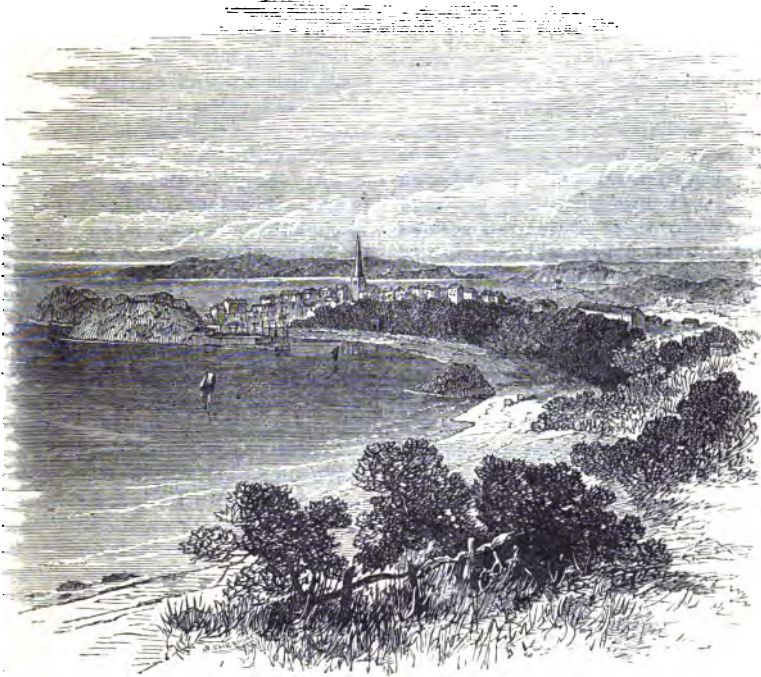
While sunshine favours, and the dews
Of early morn fresh life infuse
Each day, reviving with the light,
The modest rose unfolds to sight
Her blushing beauty, and sheds forth
Her balmy odours, but the north
Unpitying frowns, and bids the blast
Chill her too gentle life at last;
Yet though her transient glory fade,
Her fragrance seems immortal made.

So life with all its joys decays,
And the proud monuments men raise
Crumble to ruins 'neath the power
That prostrates thus this feeble flower;
Yet while life dies, life's fragrance still—
Virtue—survives, and ever will.

F. M. KEELING.

TENBY.

THE portion of South Pembrokehire lying between the Bays of St. Bride and Carmarthen was the scene in ancient times of many a marauding incursion by



those adventurers whom the ocean bore to its shores. For a long time it was in an unsettled state, owing to the ravages and retaliations committed by opposing tribes upon one another in their attempt to gain or regain possession of the land. At an early date the Celtic inhabitants were driven northwards by the Danes, later by the Normans, and later still by a colony of Flemings. For the defence of this Teutonic settlement, and as a barrier against Welsh reprisals, a line of castles was built from Amroth on the east to Roche on the west, the ruins of which may be traced. This line still indicates a distinct division of race. South of it, English is universally spoken; on the north, Welsh prevails. Within a mile or so, without any geographical separation, the language is quite changed.

This southern portion of Pembrokeshire, of which Tenby is one of the most important and ancient towns, has been called *Anglia Transwalliana*; or, "England beyond Wales." It is not a

little startling to an Englishman who has travelled hither by rail to be reminded that there is another country between himself and his native land. He inquires for a friend, but may possibly be told "he is away, he *went to England* last week." Or, he may have some article urged on him for purchase by the recommendation that it has just come *from England* and is much used there. It sounds such a long way off! It makes him wonder where he is. Surely he must have been emigrating to *New South Wales*, instead of taking a pleasant ride by rail for a few hours through the South Wales of Great Britain!

The origin of the name "Tenby" is a matter of dispute among antiquarians. Some think it to be of Danish extraction, judging by the terminal syllable "*by*," so characteristic of Danish names on the East Coast of Britain. Others, however, affirm the word to be really a Welsh one, being a variation of the northern name of "Denbigh," i.e., "little hill," or

"little fort." In old Welsh MSS. Tenby is called *Denbych y Piscoed*, i.e., "the place for fishing."

It is situated at the western extremity of Carmarthen Bay, the whole sweep of which, with its shores, may be seen on a clear day. As may be observed in the Woodcut on p. 273, Tenby is built upon a cape of limestone rock, gradually shelving down to a "narrow neck of land." This suddenly widens again, and terminates in a bold rocky projection, upon which stands the ruined keep of an ancient castle. The town is therefore triangular in shape, two sides presenting a front to the sea, and the third looking inland over a pleasing prospect of hill and valley. At the foot of the north and south cliffs are extensive reaches of sand descending very gradually into the water; thus affording safety to the bather, and a pleasant promenade for the pedestrian. In the rocks around, with their numerous tide-pools teeming with marine life, and the shores bestrewn with shells and pebbles, the taste for searching after those sea-side curiosities of which Mr. Gosse has so pleasantly written, may be fully gratified. Specimens of no less than two hundred species of marine molluscs have been found in the waters surrounding Tenby, and there is an unrivalled variety of zoophytes and polyzoa in the caverns left exposed at low water.

Let us take a stroll through the town, and point out a few of the objects of interest, ancient and modern, natural and artistic. Entering from the Narberth Road, we pass on the outskirts the modern mansion called "Sion House," the marine residence of Richard Fothergill, Esq., M.P. for Aberdare, one of the mighty iron-masters of South Wales. A little further on, the sea bursts into view as we find ourselves on the edge of the cliff skirting the north Bay. Turning back at a narrow angle, we walk down Croft Terrace, seen on the right of the Woodcut, commanding a view of the whole Bay. The cliff at this point is fringed with trees, shrubs and gardens almost down to the water's edge, re-

on a calm day and at high

water, of the shores of our inland lakes, clothed with verdure.

Continuing our course up "the Norton," with a row of excellent lodging-houses and private dwellings on our right hand, we arrive at the substantial structure called "The Royal Gate-House Hotel:" the "Gate-House," because here in ancient times stood the main entrance through the town walls; and "Royal," by virtue of its reception of H.R.H. Prince Arthur in 1865, when he inaugurated the Welsh Memorial Monument of his lamented father on the Castle Hill. There had been no royal visitor to the town since 1471, when Henry VII., then Duke of Richmond, fled hither after the battle of Tewkesbury, and escaped to Brittany.

We proceed through High Street, passing the Town Hall, and a covered market-place, which on Saturdays presents a very animated appearance. On the left, and close to the pavement, is the Wesleyan Chapel. It has the advantage of a very central site, but being in the line of the street, is not so readily observed as might be desired. The Wesleyan-Methodists are the oldest body of Nonconformists in the town. They formerly occupied a large room in the Norton, until the site in High Street was presented by the Rev. Thomas Roberts, and a chapel erected in 1804. Since that it has been altered and improved, the peculiar form of the site affording a puzzle to many ingenious minds to lay it out to the best advantage. The last and best variation was accomplished in 1867, with the aid of a grant from the Watering-Places Fund. The chapel affords accommodation for three hundred persons, and is well occupied during "the season."

Wesleyan-Methodism ought to be represented in this rising watering-place by a more commodious and attractive sanctuary. Efforts have been made to acquire a site on the South Cliff, where a new town is rising, but hitherto without success.

We are next attracted by the parish church. It is dedicated to St. Mary, and is one of the largest in Wales, crowned by a tower and spire one hun-

dred and fifty-two feet in height. The antique building stands in a neatly-kept churchyard, and *on the outside* appears to be a good, honest ecclesiastical structure of the Church of England, where the Protestant worship which we *thought* the Reformation had secured to us might be decently celebrated. The writer of this article has felt it a matter of conscience never to enter this church. He does not think it right to attend any religious service "out of mere curiosity," and he wishes all Protestants thought so too, to the decided weakening of Ritualism in watering-places. He can therefore only speak from credible report that the inside of this honest-looking church is desecrated by theatrical exhibitions and mumbled prayers!

Leaving the church, with the fervent prayer, "God save the Church of England!" we enter Tudor Square, where formerly stood the Cross, the site being now occupied by an ornamental drinking fountain. Here the first Methodist sermon was preached in Tenby. The preacher shall tell of it in his own words:—

"A little before the Conference [1762] I went to Tenby, where the people had held out stoutly for their master, and boasted that no preachers had ever come there, neither should they, but at the price of their lives. I was determined to make the attempt. So a few friends accompanied me, one Sunday morning, from Pembroke. We arrived there by eight o'clock, and, after putting up our horses, went to the Cross. I gave out the Hundredth Psalm. The people flocked together amain, and all behaved very well. But they presented a strange figure; some looking through their windows, naked as they had jumped out of bed; some running to the Cross with part of their clothes on. After singing and praying without interruption, I gave out my text, and all was quite still.

"By and by, I observed a person with an air of importance, walking up and down, who, I soon learned, was the mayor. He would fain have got some of the crowd to pull me down; but all the people stood staring with their mouths

and eyes open, as if they would have dévoured every word. Finding the townspeople took no notice of him, he addressed a couple of sailors who stood by themselves; desiring that they would take that fellow down. But the honest tars answered in their own style, 'The devil shall take him down for us.' He then fetched out the Riot Act, and came into the midst of the crowd to read it: so I ceased speaking until he had concluded. I asked if he had done reading. He said he had. 'Well then,' said I, 'I will begin again:' so I went on, and concluded in peace.

"After sermon, the constables came to fetch me before the mayor. When I came thither, I found the rector, the curate and the town clerk there. Mr. Mayor insisted that I had been making a riot. I denied the charge, and desired him to prove it. He said he would not stand proving the matter with me; but, says he, 'Show your authority, or to prison you shall go.' I told him, 'I have been preaching, and have a license so to do;' which I then produced. This being read, 'These justices,' (who had signed the license,) said he, 'are Methodists, every one of them. Well, but is this all you have to show?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'Then,' said he, 'you must go to prison. Let his mittimus be made out.' For which purpose, pen, ink and paper were brought. But he was informed there was an Act of Toleration. This was produced; in which it was asserted, that a qualified preacher might preach in either house, field or other place. This seemed to puzzle Mr. Mayor a little; and he thought it best to dismiss me, on condition that nothing of the kind might be attempted again. I told him I intended to preach again at two o'clock; which I did to well nigh all the town, and had no interruption. I went again that day fortnight, and preached three times, and had very large congregations each time. Presently after I left the country, and must confess I cannot help blaming those who came after me for not following the blow." *

* Jackson's "Lives of Early Methodist Preachers:" Thomas Taylor.

Wesleyan-Methodism has never lost the foothold it gained on that occasion, and Tenby is now the head of a Circuit.

Leaving Tudor Square, we wend our way down St. Julian Street. The houses on both sides are for the most part let as lodgings; those on the right hand affording from the other side a view of the South Sands, Caldy Island, and the roadstead which it protects from the ocean beyond. At the tip of the tongue of land on which Tenby stands, is the small harbour in which numerous "trawlers" and pleasure yachts find a resting-place. The harbour is enclosed seawards by the pier, a solid structure of stone. The first half of it is interesting from its antiquity. At the end there stood, till 1844, St. Julian's Chapel, where, in mediæval times, prayers were offered up for safety and success by the assembled fishermen before they departed on their perilous employment. It is an exhilarating sight to stand at the end of the pier on a fine breezy morning, and watch the long file of trawlers as, one by one, they hoist sail, and with many a merry shout of farewell make for the fishing-grounds in the Bay.

We now pass the Baths and Reading-Room in Castle Square, and enter by an old archway the principal promenade of the town, the Castle Hill. Only a few portions of the ancient fortress remain. There is the gateway and its protecting bastions, and, on the summit of the hill, the keep or watch tower, battered with the violence of many a storm. The Hill is a massive limestone rock, presenting a bold front to the waves which dash at its base. "Its grassy slopes, well-kept pathways, and seats for the accommodation of visitors, together with the picturesque ruins on the summit and the rugged cliffs, present a scene unequalled for beauty in any part of Welsh or English shores. The extensive sea-view, with the rocky island of St. Catharine in the foreground; the bold outline of the cliffs on both sides, on the north clothed with a luxuriant vegetation, on the south rising in stern majesty from the edge of the beach, and worn by the action of the

waves into a thousand fantastic shapes, the various terraces with their clean and neat appearance, overlooking the sea, and the beautiful transparency of the water, form a combination of effects which must excite admiration in all that behold them."

On this Hill stands the Welsh Memorial to the late Prince Consort, consisting of a majestic statue, eight feet nine inches in height, and standing on a pedestal eighteen feet high. It is an honour to the Principality and the Welsh sculptor, Mr. John Evan Thomas, who produced it. One marble panel at the base represents the monogram, "V.A.," within an escutcheon, supported by the rampant "Red Dragon of Cadwaladr;" there is also a leek, and a scroll, inscribed with the motto, *Anorchfygol Ddraig Cymru*, "The Dragon of Wales is invincible." The front panel forms a tablet bearing the following inscription, *Albert Dda, Priod Ein Gorhoffus Frenhines, Victoria*, "Albert the Good, Consort of our beloved Queen, Victoria." The total cost was £2,250, subscribed by about sixteen thousand five hundred Welsh subjects of her Majesty.

We now descend to the South Sands, and if it be low water, may examine St. Catharine's Rock, which rises abruptly from the sea. It is pierced by numerous caverns of remarkable size and beauty, which contain abundant objects of natural interest, such as sea-anemones and zoophytes. The rock is crowned by a fortress, erected in 1868. It forms one of the many defences of Pembroke Dockyard, and is fitted for nine guns and a garrison of one hundred men.

As we walk along the sands, thronged during the season with groups of children engaged in merry play, or parties of visitors enjoying the invigorating sea-breezes, our eye rests as we look towards the sea on the Island of Caldy. It is distant from the mainland about two miles and a-half, and forms a natural breakwater, protecting this coast from the fury of the Atlantic. It is a pleasant marine excursion to visit

this island. Its old red sandstone strata are rich in fossil remains. There are also the remnants of an old monastic pile and mediæval castle. The highest point of the island is occupied by a lighthouse, one of the best on this iron-bound coast. The light is two hundred and eleven feet above the level of the sea, and is visible for twenty-six miles round. The beautiful apparatus and lenses are readily shown and explained by the keepers. There is an old chapel, which, having escaped episcopal consecration, is ready for the use of any one who will volunteer to preach the Gospel there to the small population of eighty souls. One of the lighthouse-keepers, a good Methodist, works on quietly for the Master, by conducting a Sunday-school and holding Divine service. His reward shall be in "that day."

Returning from Caldy, we can ascend the cliffs from the sands by steps cut in the rocks, and either enter the older portion of the town, or the "South Cliff Estate," where a new district has been laid out in streets, and is being gradually covered with large, comfortable lodging-houses. We will take this latter course, and stroll along the esplanade on the edge of the cliff, from which an extensive prospect of sea and land is obtained. When the buildings are completed and the pathways laid down, there will be no finer promenade than this at any of the watering-places on our coast. It will vie worthily for structure, prospect and sea-breeziness, with the terraces of Brighton or Scarborough.

We must, however, bring our walk to a close, and can readily complete our circuit of the town by passing along South Parade, skirting, as we do so, the old walls of the town. They still stand tolerably perfect for nearly half-a-mile, with their battlements, gateways and towers. They were the ancient fortifications of the place on the land side, defending it from the attacks of the Cymry who would fain have driven back the Danish or the Norman foe into the sea from whence they came. The walls are pierced all over with loopholes through which archers discharged their

shafts at the assailants. In one place a stone is inserted, inscribed, "A° 1588, E. R. 30," alluding to the repairs made in the thirtieth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, being the date of the Spanish Armada. But "*God* blew, and *that* was scattered." Fifty years after this time, however, the old walls witnessed "the furious tide of battle and horrid din of war." During the Civil War, Tenby declared for the King, and twice over was besieged by the Parliamentary army, who forced their way in in spite of an obstinate resistance. Such times are happily of the past. If ever they come again, Tenby will require some stronger defences than the moss-grown, disjointed and age-worn walls which now are no small attraction and delight to the antiquarian visitor.

In concluding this paper, it may be said that not only is Tenby interesting in itself, and lavishly gifted with natural beauty and a healthy atmosphere, but the whole country around is rich in places of interest, within walking and driving distance. Rural and antique churches, such as those of Penally, St. Issell's, Gurfriestow, and Begelly; old castles and ruins such as Manorbier, Pembroke, Carew, Narberth, Llanhadden and Amroth; richly-wooded valleys, such as St. Florence, Scotsborough, Knightston and Waterwynch; sea caves and towering cliffs, such as the Stack Rocks, the Huntsman's Leap, Lydstep, Proud Giltar, Fern Cliff and Monkstone; all these supply an abundant choice for pleasant trips by which the monotony of a sea-side sojourn may be varied. Any friends who may be searching the map for a place where they may quietly and pleasantly spend their summer vacation, cannot better free themselves from the horrors of indecision than by fixing upon this corner of Wales, and directing their luggage to Tenby.

I conclude with thanks to you, Mr. Editor, for inserting my little sketch of a place from which I carry away the happy recollections of three years of a Methodist preacher's life.

E. HAWKIN.

"THE OLD, OLD STORY."

It was on a bright March Sabbath afternoon that two ladies stopped at the door of a house in one of the long, dull streets with which the nearer suburbs of Liverpool abound, and the elder, addressing a very young servant girl who opened the door at their summons, inquired if Mrs. D— was at home.

"Yes 'm, but she's poorly to-day, and can't see nobody," was the reply.

"Be so good as to tell her that Mrs. C— has called to inquire for her, fearing she was ill, having noticed her absence from chapel this morning."

The slipshod damsel departed, and returned in a few moments with the request that they would enter, showing them into a front parlour, the door of which she shut with a bang, and left them to sit or stand as they liked best.

It was a cheerless room, of large dimensions and very lofty, with two good windows, and a northern aspect. The walls had once been oil-painted some light shade of green, and there was a great amount of very elaborate cornice-work in the ceiling. All the superfluities seemed to have flown upwards, with a good deal of the soot to bear them company, and bring out their quaint conceits with greater effect in the way of light and shade. The carpet was a very small square of very faded Brussels, that nearly hid itself in its modesty under a great forlorn-looking dining-table, with a multiplicity of starved-looking spindle legs, while six chairs, and a chintz-covered sofa whose shabbiness matched the carpet, completed the furniture of the room.

Mrs. C—'s companion took it all in, in far less time than it takes to tell it.

"Yes," said that lady, in answer to her glance of surprise at the fireless grate and general aspect of hopeless poverty, "one would not think there was anything to envy here. These houses and this street were fashionable, and tenanted by wealthy people at the beginning of this century, but the town, with its smoke and noise, has crept up to them, and they are chiefly occupied as

lodging-houses now. I will tell you the history of my friend Mrs. D— as we go home, and in spite of her comfortless surroundings, I know no one who lives in such close communion with God as she does."

As she uttered the last word the door opened, and Mrs. D— entered: a small, slightly-deformed figure, dressed in faded black, of somewhat Quaker cut, as in the days of early Methodism; a face pale and pinched with care and privation, but with a "look beyond" in the quiet eyes that filled with irrepressible tears as she faltered out:—

"How good of you to come so soon! I have been wishing it so much!"

"I am glad I came, then," was the reply; "and I brought my friend Mrs. A— with me, who is our guest for a day or two; but what is the matter?" she continued, as Mrs. D—, after vainly striving to be calm, wept and sobbed.

"Forgive me, my dear friend," she at length exclaimed, "but you have long known my sorrow, and have a right to be partaker of my joy. This morning's post brought me a letter from my brother, my poor, unhappy, prodigal brother, for so many years one of my heaviest burdens, but now my greatest joy. For forty years I have never ceased to pray that the Lord would convert him, but until to-day I never had a gleam of hope or a sign of success. He had led a far worse life than the poor prodigal in the Parable, inasmuch as his sinful course did not last long. But my brother threw away the advantages of health, wealth, position and education, and gloried in his degradation. Through all these weary years I have lived on the promises, and have pleaded them in the name of Jesus, believing that He also was making intercession with the Father that my dear brother might be brought back to the arms of the loving Saviour. My letters of exhortation were either answered with abuse and revilings, or with demands for money, and reproaches for the smallness of my supplies. To-day I learn that 'a new song' is put into his mouth, 'even praise unto our God.' He

writes, after a silence of many months, from a hospital, where he has found shelter in his destitution, and better still, where he has found the Saviour. With paralysed limbs, helpless, and drawing near to the verge of the grave, he writes,

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!'

O! help me to bless and praise the faithful Promiser, Whose word never fails, if our faith does not."

"Let us pray," was Mrs. C—'s only reply. And united thanksgivings ascended from that poor room to the throne of the Heavenly Grace, that another wanderer had been brought back to the fold of the Good Shepherd.

A silent pressure of the hand, and they were once more in the street. Mrs. C— then began:—

"I am sure it will interest you to hear a few particulars of Mrs. D—'s history. She is a lady of very good family, whose favour and her own fortune she lost by her marriage when almost a child in years. The only recommendations possessed by the man she married, was a handsome person and a plausible tongue that concealed one of the meanest and most depraved characters in the world. He dragged the poor young creature down to his own level, but when in the depths of despair, bereft of every earthly comfort, the Lord made her His own, and since then she has stood firmly and faithfully testifying for Jesus for more than forty years.

"Her brother, whom she tenderly loved, was the only relative who maintained any sort of correspondence with her. His motive was a selfish one, for being dissipated and extravagant, he found means of extorting small sums of money from her.

"As long as she could, she supported herself and her lazy husband by teaching, but as years advanced and her health declined, this became impossible. She then took a house for the accommodation of lodgers, but the depraved habits of her husband have driven her from place

to place, until, with the few remnants of her furniture, she has found refuge where you saw her. And in that miserable abode Jesus has visited her to-day, to prove to her and to us that He is the same as in the days of old, when to one of His suffering daughters He exclaimed, 'O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt!'"

Engrossed by her subject, Mrs. C— did not notice the silence of her friend, who walked slowly beside her, the veil she drew closely over her face hiding her fast-falling tears. The unexpected revelation of that brief visit, the rapturous joy of the tried believer, after so many years of weary, anxious waiting for the long-sought answer, were too much for her. They awoke a sympathy in her soul that thrilled its tenderest chords. For she, too, had a prodigal brother, for whom prayers and tears had been unceasingly poured out for sixteen years. The child of many prayers, the son of "parents passed into the skies," the youth of so much promise, had in his early manhood forsaken the Fountain of living waters, and made "shipwreck" of "faith and a good conscience." Bankrupt in fortune, in health, in character, forsaken by all but sisterly love, he wandered from place to place, with no relic of past happiness but its bitter memories.

Mrs. A—'s overcharged heart sent a quick prayer upwards, that the unchangeable God to Whom all things are possible, would visit *her* prodigal in like manner. She resolved *never* to give up praying for him, but the more desperate his case, the more she would cry, like the Canaanitish woman, "Lord, help *me*!"

Time passed away. The close of the year 1873 came. Its last evening was a time of deepest anxiety to Mrs. A—. It seemed as if things had gone so badly through the year with her brother, that nothing could make them worse. She sat alone, the children in another room, her husband busily engaged in his office. A letter was in her lap, just received

from her unhappy brother, overflowing with misery and dark with forebodings of the future. She resolved to plead again as she had done for years past, but with a resolution not to be denied to-night, in the silent moments of the Watch-night, for pardon and grace for the poor prodigal. This was always a special season for special mercies, and the language of her heart should be to-night, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."

Full of the one thought, she heard little of the service, but when that solemn time came, Mrs. A— presented her petition, and felt as she had never done before, that however long the Lord's time might be, her petition would be granted.

Months passed, and then came the tidings of great religious feeling all over the kingdom. And then the long-looked-for, long-prayed-for intelligence from the prodigal himself, telling how, when friendless and miserable, the Friend of sinners came to him, and made him a new creature; and the fruit of all the prayers that have been offered and all the tears that have been shed is seen in him who is now "sitting" at the feet of Jesus, "clothed, and in his right mind."

Yes, be assured that the answer *will* come, if we only with faith and patience wait for it.

"Drooping soul, shake off thy fears;
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold!
Murmur not at His delay,
Dare not set thy God a time:
Calmly for His coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to Him."

This is a true tale, written simply for the encouragement of those who pray for prodigals. How few families are without one! O, cling the closer to them the deeper they sink in sin, and let your prayers *follow* them, wander as far as they may! Keep a *loving* hold upon them, and Jesus will send the answer at the right time.

P. D.

HUGH MILLER ON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

(Concluded from page 254.)

AFTER all our reasonings, my dear William, it is through the heart alone that we can lay hold of the Saviour; and to prepare the heart "by working faith in it" is the office of that Spirit which God giveth to all who ask it. Have you ever considered the doctrine of the Trinity, and the peculiar fitness which it gives to the character of God as a God of man? Perhaps the query is rather obscure; what I mean to express is this,—one great proof of the wisdom of the Deity is derived from that exquisite adaptation of parts which obtains throughout creation. You have studied this in the human frame, and must have seen, in extending your view, that not more admirably are the parts of that frame fitted to each other, than man as a whole is fitted to external nature. Now, by rising a little higher, and taking with you the Scripture character of a *trine* God, you will perceive that there is yet a third exquisite adaptation of the nature of man to the nature of the Deity; what indeed we might expect, when we consider for what purpose and in Whose image man was originally created. The subject far exceeds the limits to which I am restricted, but I must attempt giving you a brief outline of my meaning:—In all true philosophy, God is regarded as First *Cause* of all things, and as *uncaused* Himself. Necessarily, then, He must have existed from eternity, while everything else must have *begun to exist*; and ere that beginning, He must have existed an eternity alone. But in this, His eternity of solitude, * * * in which, though His *thoughts* might be employed, (I am acquainted with only the language of earth,) did His *affections* lay dormant? Surely not. Who can think of a God of infinite goodness existing for an eternity without love! But love requires an object, and God existed alone. Yes: but when we feel that the ill-conceived God of the

philosopher must, so circumstanced, have been a solitary Being, we know that the God of the Christian existed in the society of Himself,—regarding the Son and the Spirit with an infinite love, and infinitely beloved by them. Is there not something wonderfully pleasing in this view of the character of God,—something that harmonises with our nature and all its affections of love, friendship, brotherly affection, filial attachment and paternal regard? And then to think that all the persons in the adorable Godhead are interested in us, and perform a part in our redemption! The Father willed that the Son should be sent, the Son became man and died for us, and by the Spirit is the Sacrifice made effectual to us, and our hearts prepared. It is surely no marvel that angels desire to look into a mystery so fraught with the wisdom and goodness of Deity!

Permit me again, my dear William, to recommend to you Jesus Christ as the only Saviour. Open all your heart to Him, for He is man and can sympathise in all its affections; trust yourself implicitly to Him, for He is God, omnipotent to aid, and unable to deceive. Faith can realise His presence, and there is happiness to be found in His society, when the full heart pours itself out before Him, of which the world can form no conception. In life or in death, in health or in sickness, it is well to be able to lean oneself on Him, as John did at the last Supper, and to feel as it were the heart of His humanity beating under the broad buckler of His power. Whatever it may be your fate to encounter,—whether protracted, spirit-subduing indisposition, or that solemn and awful change so big with interest to the human heart, and so fitted to awaken its hopes and its fears,—or whether you are to be again restored to the lesser cares and narrower prospects of the present life,—in whatever circumstances placed, or by whatever objects surrounded, you will find Him to be an all-sufficient Saviour, and the "Friend that sticketh closer than a

brother." Would that I were more worthy to recommend Him to you,—more like Himself; but I know you will forgive me the freedom with which I write, and that you will not associate with His infinite wisdom and purity any of the folly or the evil which attaches to, my dear William, your sincere and affectionate friend,

HUGH MILLER.

HEARING ACUTE, YET FATALLY DEFECTIVE.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

"A wicked doer giveth heed to false lips; and a liar giveth ear to a naughty tongue."—
PROVERBS xvii. 4.

PERSONS who have not the sense of hearing are much to be pitied. When they are surrounded by loving friends, in some pleasant social gathering, they are almost entirely excluded from the joy. When in the sanctuary, they cannot hear the glad tidings uttered by the minister. When journeying, they are apt to make awkward mistakes. Indeed, not unfrequently, life has been sacrificed through the absence of the sense of hearing. Some years ago, for instance, an aged woman who was deaf, was walking with the intent of paying a visit to a married daughter. The public road was crossed by a railway entirely employed in the conveyance of minerals from some iron-works. A train approached. The poor woman did not hear it for she was deaf, and did not see it because her back was towards it. The engine-driver did not see her, for in order to save trouble, the engine, on this return journey, was at the latter end of the train, pushing the wagons. The result was that the aged woman was knocked down and killed. A verdict of "accidental death" was returned, with a mild suggestion to the company to avoid for the future such fatal heedlessness.

But we could imagine a condition of the ears which would be far worse than deafness. If the sense of hearing remained

acute, yet inaccurate, so that the person thus afflicted was continually imagining he heard statements the reverse of what was really uttered, he would daily be exposed to injury, and constantly liable to inflict such injury. A helmsman who mistook the word "starboard" for "larboard," might, by an erroneous turn of the wheel at a critical moment, sacrifice his own life and the lives of crew and passengers; while had the man been deaf as the rudder, he would not have been placed at the helm unless the officer in charge was satisfied that the man's own eyes and nautical skill would prove sufficient for his guidance. Should it be suggested that no such distortion of the sense of hearing is known to aurists, we may reply that something corresponding to this is too common in morals. Ignorance is bad, but there is something worse than ignorance. We had better be ignorant than deceived. The heart that listens to falsehood is in worse condition than if it had just then heard no sound.

We are here instructed concerning a twofold occasion of deception. This occasion is avoidable, or there would be little advantage in referring to it. We are all in danger from "false lips" and a "naughty tongue." There is no use in denying this. If we knew of some aurist who could furnish us with a convenient ear-trumpet by which all the falsehood of a statement should be filtered out before it reached the brain; or we knew where we could buy a magical wand which could reveal a dissembler in his true character, we should be inclined to purchase. But we cannot thus protect ourselves. Young people are inexperienced; others are striving to retain some little of their early unsuspiciousness; and we all are ignorant of many things. So we may be deceived. But the liability to be deceived may be greatly aggravated by wrong doing. This is placed before us in a twofold aspect.

1. *We may be deceived because of a diseased state of heart.*—In the physical frame when anything is wrong with the

heart, various unpleasant symptoms make their appearance. We here learn that, in morals, the heart affects the ear. A bad man is, because of his badness, specially liable to become the prey of designing and selfish associates. Sin has often kept open the ear for falsehood. The lie would not have found admission, and the ruin would not have occurred, if the heart had been right. When we become treacherous towards God, we are specially exposed to the treachery of evil men. Goodness may not, during this life, always prove sufficient to save us from "false lips," but it is an admirable protection.

Worldly ambition will open our ear to deceivers. Ahab had resolved that he would wrest Ramoth-Gilead from the Syrians. He was not directed to do so by God, nor by any indications of Providence. But the extension of his dominions would redound to his glory. If Ahab could, in that direction, restore the ancient frontier, the people would more readily forgive much villainess and oppression which they had endured from Ahab and Jezebel. False prophets encouraged Ahab to enter on the war-like expedition. Ahab believed these "false lips" because he found pleasure in what they uttered. The wicked prophets knew what their master wished them to say, and spoke accordingly. Ahab persisted, though solemnly warned, in giving credence to the falsehood which suited his inclination. So he went to Ramoth-Gilead, and was there slain. In the conflicts which take place in the market, on Change, and elsewhere, there are many deceptive voices. Godly and prudent men who do their best to follow out the directions of Holy Scripture, and are seeking "first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," may thus be deceived. But thousands are led on to bankruptcy, disgrace and privation in consequence of a culpable haste to be rich. Otherwise they would never have been deceived by the statements made concerning Mines and Banks and other speculations, where the profits were to prove fabulously splendid, but the risk

was of course proportionate. In many cases the whole project was a wilful and wicked fraud. Eagerness to be rich opened the victim's ear. We are thus instructed by our gracious Lord: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." (Matt. vi. 20, 21.) The ear that fully and persistently listens to Christ's words, will be happily preserved from many delusions from which it might otherwise suffer.

Desire for sinful gratification will expose us to fraud. Of the two hundred young men who followed Absalom when that wicked prince repaired to Hebron there to raise the standard of revolt against his royal father, we read, "they went in their simplicity, and they knew not anything." They had not been made acquainted with the base treason which was contemplated by their leader. But they had abundant reason to know the character of the man they were following. Had he been likely to precede them in paths of self-denial and resolute rectitude, they would have inquired anxiously. It was certainly not wise to follow a prince of such antecedents without any information as to his purposes. But Absalom had been artfully contriving to persuade those with whom he held intercourse that, were he made king, their wishes should all be gratified. So these young men went where they were told because they believed that so doing would result in their pleasure or elevation. They were disposed to listen to any tongue which promised what they desired. They were therefore led into mischief, and fell victims to the deception of "a naughty tongue." Thus, in our own days, many readily believe that there is no harm in the Sunday pleasure excursion, or the loitering at the public-house, or the resorting to theatre, race-course or card-room, because they are craving after worldly and evil gratification. The ear drinks in

the fatal sophistry because the heart is not right with God.

Pride in us will ensure power to the flattering tongue. To secure their own ends the men of Tyre and Sidon sought to propitiate Herod Agrippa. "And upon a set day Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration unto them. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." (Acts xii. 21, 22.) Herod Agrippa had had sufficient opportunity for learning his own impotence and sinfulness, and the greatness and purity of the Most High. He would at that moment be unable entirely to hide from himself the fact that the utterance was in itself monstrously foolish, and that it was used for selfish purposes. Yet was the flattery too pleasant to be promptly and sternly rebuked. So Herod listened until he was smitten by the Almighty One Whose rights he had thus outrageously allowed to be invaded for his insane gratification. The false lips of the Tyrians and Sidonians would have shouted their audacious lie in vain if Herod's heart had been right with God. When a man of vicious and selfish purpose declares to some maiden that her face and form are of unparalleled beauty, that she is in all respects angelic, and yet makes no honourable proposal of marriage, she will be saved from listening to the wily deceiver if her heart be influenced by Divine grace, and she cry to the Lord for wisdom and strength. If, however, pride have the mastery within her soul, her ear may be so deluded as to receive the pleasant falsehood, and thus she may be drawn onward to her shame and ruin. Many a young man who is hailed by his associates as "the prince of good fellows," in consequence of his resources being somewhat more ample than theirs, and his hand being readily opened to supply their desire, has deep down in his heart a conviction of his own meanness and their selfishness, which he can scarcely avoid feeling even when in the festive circle. But pride will lead him to accept the worthless compliments of

his senseless associates, and thus he is drawn farther from the right path. The "false lips" prevail because he to whom they address themselves is a "wicked doer." The diseased state of the person's heart affects the ear.

2. *We may be deceived because our lips are misused.*—"A liar giveth ear to a naughty tongue." Any person who utters wilful falsehood must have a wicked heart. This second clause is, therefore, really included in the former. But, though thus included, it is separately specified because of its pre-eminent force. Of all the indications of a bad heart, none so unfavourably affects the ear as the utterance of wilful untruth. We might not, unless thus taught, and our attention thus directed to what is occurring around us, have supposed that the man who utters most falsehood is specially likely to be deceived by falsehood. We might have reasoned, He who knows that he is himself unworthy of credit and frequently striving to deceive, will suspect other people, and so be preserved from fraud. There can be no doubt that liars are suspicious. Hence they pass their days very uncomfortably, and often fail to accept testimony from which they might have derived much comfort and profit. Thus far they suffer loss and endure misery. But it does not follow that, because they naturally disbelieve honest witnesses, they will escape the frauds of those who are dishonest. "A liar giveth ear to a naughty tongue."

Deceivers are often in the company of persons whose tongues are naughty. They are thus far in special danger. They may imagine that their familiarity with intrigues and pretences will prove a safeguard. But their associations certainly augment their peril. Richard, the lion-hearted King of England, was mortally wounded by an arrow shot by a strong and skilful archer. The fact was that Richard had urged his way near to the castle he desired to capture, and had so placed himself where arrows were flying very thickly. Probably, no warrior on the field was better armed than the English monarch. But the

position was one of danger. However we may estimate the propriety of his being there, the special peril was undeniable. Richard's coat of mail proved insufficient. In modern days an African warrior who posts himself where the poisoned arrows of his foes are flying in clouds, must be in great danger. He may have charms and amulets on which he relies for protection, or even some sort of defensive armour; but the position itself is one of peril. Whether he will escape remains to be seen. Now men who endeavour to effect their purposes by falsehood, are more frequently in the company of deceivers than honest men are. They stand where the arrows, tipped with poison, fly most thickly. Thus far, false men are specially liable to be injured by falsehood. Naughty tongues are often nigh to them.

(To be concluded.)

OUR NOBLE WOMEN.

THE Catholics boast of their Sisterhoods or Orders, devoted each to a specific work. The Episcopalians have tried over and over again, since the Reformation, to set up an order of women who should imitate, if not rival, the Romish sisterhoods. Protestant Churches have been content to bind woman up with the sympathies and duties of domestic and social life; let her become the "joyful mother of children," and after looking "well to the ways of her household," devote the overflow of her charity to the destitute and suffering outside. The arrangement has worked well, being copied from the Divine model. Without being isolated or set apart, our Christian women have taken their share in the great religious and humane work of the Church. Nothing goes well in which woman has not a share. The Foreign Mission work was not brought home to the heart of the Church till the fragile girl from the banks of the Merrimac consecrated herself to the mission cause. The Sunday-school work, the tract

cause, home-missions, and labours among the lowly and destitute in our cities, gather their power from the consecrated labours of the Christian wives, mothers and sisters of our land.

When the question was asked, "Can not something be done to reach and save, at least, the children of the foreign poor of our cities?" the heroic women of our Churches answered the question. Women, whose wealth would have enabled them "to dwell at ease in Zion," went down to the Points—then a dangerous as well as dissolute locality—to see what could be done for the abandoned. The police advised them not to remain in that locality if they did not wish to be covered with insult. They could not afford them protection in that home of the desperadoes of the city. Sunday was the worst day of the week, it was said, for it was a day of leisure. If they would go, the ladies were advised to dress as domestics. The ladies thought otherwise. They went on Sunday, dressed as they dressed for their own church, took the vilest room at the Points, subdued the turbulence of the people, and, after a labour of nearly twenty years,—rescuing and saving thousands, turning the den of infamy into a temple of praise,—have nearly renovated the Points, and made it as safe at midnight as Broadway.

To serve the Lord, women need not be cooped up in monasteries, apart from the great throb of social and domestic sympathy.—*New York Examiner*.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Jesus hanging on the tree,
Crucified for me—for me;
Pierced and wounded, torn and scarr'd,
Arms outstretch'd and visage marr'd;
Suffering, patient Lamb of God,
Crimson'd with Thine own dear blood,
Prostrate now I worship Thee,
Crucified for me—for me.

Kneeling bent with reverence meet,
Lo! I kiss Thy sacred feet,
While I clasp in love's embrace,
Tears of anguish flow apace,

Tears of shame, that Thou, my Lord,
Thus by earth and hell abhorr'd,
Shouldst for all Thy deeds of love
Cruel wrong and anguish prove.

Now I look on Thee and mourn,
See Thy sorrows meekly borne,
Buffeted and crown'd with thorn,
Gentle as a lamb new born;
But Thy thorny crown grows bright,
Darkness is dissolved in light,
Ignominy glorified,
Flashes radiance far and wide.

All is wrought—the vengeful rod
Smites the spotless Lamb of God;
Languid cheek and faltering breath
Tell the agony of death.
But from that dread silent gloom,
Hour of wonder, hour of doom,
Shame and glory, love and strife,
Springs our everlasting life.

Man of sorrows, God Most High!
Jesus! bring salvation nigh;
Bruised and slain on Calvary's brow,
Great High Priest, in glory now,
Be Thy power and mercy show'd,
Save me by Thy precious blood:
Jesus! hanging on the tree,
Crucified for me—for me!

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

STAR-DUST.

CONTENTMENT will make a cottage look
as fair as a palace.

He who looks upon heaven with desire,
will look upon earth with disdain.

Repenting is the act of Christian men,
but repining is the act of carnal men.

Youthful sins lay a foundation for
aged sorrows.

We do not sail to glory in the salt sea
of our own tears, but in the red sea of a
Redeemer's blood.

A believer not only grows in grace,
but groans for glory.

Christians are like the moon, which
increases her beauty till she is at the
full.

Outward prosperity cannot create
inward tranquillity. Heart's-ease is a
flower that never grew in the world's
garden.

You can never come too soon to Him Who is your beginning; and you can never stay too long with Him Who is your ending.

When the snow-drops of youth appear in the garden of the Church, it evinces that there is a glorious summer approaching.

Make not an enemy of your friend by returning evil for good; but make a friend of your enemy by returning him good for evil.

Dashing storms do but destroy the seed, while gentle showers nourish it.

To discover grace in an old sinner is well, but to view it in vigorous youth is

better. All the beasts of sacrifice were offered to God in their prime.

If youth be sick of the will-nots, old age is in danger of dying of the shall-nots. It is hard to cast off the devil's yoke when we have worn it long upon our necks.

It is reported of a woman who, being sick, was asked whether she was willing to live or die, she answered, "Which God pleases." "But," said one, "if God should refer it to you, which would you choose?" "Truly," replied she, "I would refer it to Him again." Thus that man obtains his will of God whose will is subjected to God.—*Seeker*.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

ANN JONES.

ANN JONES was born at Devonport, in the year 1815. When yet young, she lost her parents. She was a regular attendant at the Wesleyan Sunday-school, and in 1837 became a member of the Society, having been gradually and gently led to decision for Christ. Doubtless in her case the instructions of the Sabbath-school and the counsels of pious friends were the instruments of God's grace, and perhaps received their prayed-for issue unknown to those who had used them. Her husband served in the Royal Navy, and for some time after their marriage was ordered on foreign service. During his absence, Mrs. Jones found great benefit from her religious associations, as they were the means of keeping her from the world. Very wisely, she chose for her companions those who feared God, and she sought her pleasure in the ways of holiness.

On her husband's retirement from the Navy into the Coastguard service, their lot was cast in places where Methodism had not been established, so that a severance from the beneficial influence of the Class-meeting occurred. Feeling the want of such spiritual privileges, and being also anxious for the training of their children, they, at some personal

expense, obtained a removal from a remote station in Ireland to Pembroke Dock, in South Wales, and at once rejoined the Wesleyan Society. In course of time, Mr. Jones was pensioned off from active service, and went to live at Broadfield, near Tenby. Here Mrs. Jones lived for some time a godly, consistent life, and is justly remembered in the neighbourhood for her kindliness of disposition and Christian graces. Her death was very sudden. She had spent the evening in visiting the sick, walking some distance to do so. She joined afterwards, with her husband and daughter, at the family altar in singing the hymn,—

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," etc., and retired to rest. In the night she woke her husband, and was speaking of a dream she had had, when in an instant, with only a sigh, she yielded up her spirit to God, and her body dropped down lifeless. This took place on the 28th of September, 1873, at the age of fifty-eight years. She had long had a presentiment that her death would be sudden, and kept her affairs in constant preparation for such an event. When it actually occurred, all was found right, both temporally and spiritually. Her anchor was cast within the veil, and she had nothing to do but to die. Though

the suddenness of her departure rendered a dying testimony impossible, there is every assurance from the reliable testimony of her life, that she has reached the haven of eternal repose,

and sleeps in Jesus. "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." (Prov. xxxi. 28.)

E. H.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Memorials of the Rev. William Toase. Compiled by a FRIEND. With an Introduction by the Rev. W. ARTHUR, M.A. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 1874.—The body of this book consists, as its title-page states, "principally of Extracts from" Mr. Toase's "Journals and Correspondence." It contains much interesting information relative to "The Rise and Progress of Methodism in France and the Channel Islands," and some of the raciest anecdotes we have ever read. Specially noteworthy is the picture of the heathen darkness of Roman-Catholic France. Fancy a dying man replying to the questions of his priest concerning his soul, *Je ne connais pas un tel animal*, ("I do not know such an animal!") Rich as Methodism is in records of saintship and service, she could ill afford to lose the memory of such a work as Mr. Toase did, and such a reputation as Mr. Toase won.

It is to be regretted that the "succession of fragmentary extracts" from his Journal does not enable those

who were unacquainted with Mr. Toase in the flesh to form any very definite and clear comprehension of his character, and that the Compiler has not attempted to supply any of its numerous and wide gaps. Whole years are passed over with barely an entry; little is said of the home life of Mr. Toase, or his labours in English Circuits. Still, what has been written will well repay reading: it tells of a noble man and noble work. There is danger lest the marvellous success that has attended other missions and missionaries should induce forgetfulness of one who laboured as arduously as any, and won trophies on a field where the trophies are very few. None of the older generation of Methodists could forget Mr. Toase. We gladly welcome a book that will tend to procure the honour that is due to his memory among a younger race.

An Appendix of characteristic letters from various Methodist worthies greatly adds to the value of the volume, as does Mr. Arthur's admirable Introduction.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR SEPTEMBER, 1874.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1874.							
Aug. 29	5 7	6 54	4 9m	8 1a	3 26m	7 47a	2 42m
Sept. 8	5 23	6 31	6 41a	7 37	3 23	7 11	1 59
18	5 39	6 8	6 26	7 13	3 20	6 35	1 17
28	5 55	5 45	6 7	6 51	3 17	5 59	0 36

PHASES OF THE MOON.

3rd, Last Quarter	4h. 54m. morn.	18th, First Quarter ..	11h. 5m. after.
10th, New Moon	6h. 10m. after.	25th, Full Moon	10h. 6m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

September 14th	6h. morn., Apogee; distance 252,225 miles.
" 26th	6h. after., Perigee; " 222,515 "
Mean distance for the month	237,370 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

September 1st	92,467,330 miles.
October 1st	91,719,000 "
Decrease of distance for the month	748,330 "

The Sun enters *Libra* on the 23rd, at five o'clock in the morning, and the Autumn quarter commences. Its apparent diameter on the 1st is thirty-one minutes forty-seven seconds, and on the 30th, thirty-two minutes two seconds.

Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 7th, at eight o'clock in the evening; but it is not until the 14th that it attains its greatest distance from the Earth. It will be at its greatest distance, northward, from the plane of the Earth's orbit on the morning of the 2nd. On the 10th it will be near the Moon, on the 21st nearer still to Jupiter, and on the 25th in the plane of the Earth's orbit.

Venus sets throughout the month about 1h. 6m. after the Sun, so that it will be hardly visible as an evening star, although on the 28th it attains its greatest eastern elongation; its increasing southern declination compensating in this respect for its increased angular distance from the Sun. It is a curious fact, too, that though its Right Ascension increases during the month by more than two hours, the mean time of its crossing the meridian increases by only two minutes and a half: in other words, it is travelling in Right Ascension nearly at the same rate as the Sun. If it were not so near the horizon after sunset, it would be interesting, about the beginning of the month, to watch night after night its eastward progress from *Spica*, but the latter star is soon lost in the light of the Sun, which is approaching it as rapidly as *Venus* is receding from it.

Mars is the morning star; it has no other large planet visible to the naked eye to dispute its claims. It will be near the Moon on the 8th, and much nearer to *Regulus* on the 12th. We have often had occasion to remark how frequently this latter star comes in the way of the Moon and planets; the reason is, that it is near the ecliptic, and so not far in any case from the paths of the larger planets.

The Sun is rapidly gaining on *Jupiter*.

Saturn is now our evening star proper, for *Venus* is only discerned with great difficulty and for a short time. It will be near the Moon on the night of the 21st. It will be on the meridian, or due south, on the 2nd, at ten o'clock, and on the 16th, at nine o'clock in the evening, at an altitude of about twenty degrees. The apparent dimensions of the ring are slightly diminishing.

Uranus rises on the morning of the 12th, at two o'clock; and on the 28th, at one o'clock. It will be near the Moon on the night of the 7th, and morning of the 8th. It is drawing near a Nautical Almanac star of the sixth magnitude, designated eighty-three *Cancris*; the distance at the beginning of the month is nearly three degrees; towards the end, between one and two degrees.

Neptune rises on the 5th, at eight o'clock, and on the 20th, at seven o'clock in the evening. It is almost in a line between the two brightest stars in *Aries* and *Pisces*, a little to the south of the ecliptic, ten degrees north of the Equator.



Kilmany Church.

T. CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

(Concluded from page 262.)

THE religious influence beginning in Kilmany widened until it affected the whole of Scotland. Though Dr. Chalmers was not an itinerating evangelist there was scarcely a town or village in the lowlands, or a cottage perched on a highland crag, which did not feel his power. Whatever might be his centre of action, Glasgow, St. Andrews, or Edinburgh, he was the cause of spiritual vibrations which shook the land to its southern border and its northward cliffs. His specific duties were local, but he was emphatically a national man. It was his ambition to see the whole of his native soil overspread with evangelical agencies, and all its people instructed in the doctrines of the everlasting Gospel. It was not enough for him that Scotland was renowned for heroism that was swift to do or die, for religious constancy that had not blenched before the stake and the

axe, for genius which made its barest rocks and its wildest moors an inspiration and a glory; it was the passion of his life to throw over every part of it the transfiguring light of truth and holiness.

Under his leadership the evangelical party in the Scottish Church gained such strength and consistency, that it could no longer be repressed by the sarcastic arguments and contemptuous laughter of its opponents, but struck out into a path worthy of the spirit it avowed. The Home-Missionary feeling was aroused, provision was made for the religious wants of thousands who had been hitherto neglected, and evangelistic labours of which no one had previously dreamed were prosecuted with hopefulness and success. Hugh Miller has said, that Presbyterianism cannot lie in State; it has none of the Ritualistic adornments that hide the ghastliness of a dead Church. If not dead, when Dr. Chalmers began his career, the Church of Scotland was making an ineffectual attempt to sleep with dignity, but sleep was impossible when he came with his tremendous denunciations of indolence; and his trumpet-like calls to instant activity. Though many of the ministers and people did not coincide with his views of experimental godliness and the necessity for Christian work of an aggressive character, a band of men sufficiently strong to originate the Free Church claved to him.

The possibility and the actual realisation of that Church may properly be regarded as cause for devout thankfulness. It may be thought by some that the questions in dispute were not of a magnitude to justify severance from the Establishment, and that the ministers of the Evangelical party would, by manly persistence, have ultimately gained their end, and have given to the whole Church the features of their own vital Christianity. But if there be any doubts as to the wisdom of the Disruption, there can be none as to the successful operations of the Free Church. Its multiplication of religious agencies in large towns; its care for the rural population; its educational and other philanthropic institutions; its Foreign Missions, illustrated by such names as Duff and W. C. Burns, and honoured by large success in heathen lands,—all show that even if the Disruption could be proved to have been an evil, it has been overruled by Providence for good. Nor should it be forgotten how the existence of the Free Church has acted favourably on the Establishment, moving it to serviceable rivalry, and so arousing its energies as to enable it not only to fill up many of the gaps left by the Disruption, but also to make considerable increase in some of its departments of operation. As we look on the Free Church, with its splendid liberalities and its expansive instincts, and on the Establishment, with its improved tone and spirit, we see the signal effects of the Divine Grace which laid hold of the young Pastor of Kilmany, and induced him to consecrate his gigantic powers to Christ. There were good men in the Church of

Scotland before he came forth to plead so mightily for the cause of God, but they were emboldened by the accession of his energy and genius to their ranks, and it was mainly owing to him that the pulpits and Divinity Halls of Scotland became the centres of a more vigorous life and that so much was done to evangelise the people.

But Dr. Chalmers was not content to bid others act, he was himself a thorough Christian worker, and was never happier than when trying to impart the blessings of religion to the inhabitants of a degraded neighbourhood. After the Disruption he selected the West Port, Edinburgh, as the scene of Home-Missionary effort. This part of Edinburgh consisted principally of filthy closes, the wretched flats of which were occupied by men, women and children who were not only utterly godless, but unmindful of the common decencies of life. Dr. Chalmers got possession of a deserted tannery, and made use of the rough unplastered loft as a preaching-place. He conducted the first service, and frequently preached in that rude sanctuary. He had sat as Moderator of two General Assemblies, the Established and the Free; he had been the guest and the intimate friend of nobles; he had won the homage of bishops and statesmen by lectures delivered in London in defence of a State-supported Church; he had thrilled and delighted thousands by his wonderful discourses; but he never so signally asserted his innate greatness and the grandeur of his calling, as when, lifting his venerable head, he looked on the ragged company gathered in that old loft, and, subduing the pomp of his eloquence, preached in words that the simplest could understand. His interest in the work was deep, and it is affecting to read in the record of his private devotions:—"It is yet but 'the day of small things' with us, and I in all likelihood shall be taken off ere that much greater progress is made in the advancement of the blessed Gospel throughout our land. But give me the foretaste and the confident foresight of this great Christian and moral triumph ere I die. Let me at least, if it be Thy blessed will, see—though it should be only in one or in a small number of specimens—a people living in some district of aliens, as the West Port, reclaimed at least into willing and obedient hearers, afterwards in Thine own good time to be doers of Thy Word. Give me, O Lord! a token for the larger accomplishment of this good ere I die."

The Lord granted his prayer in reference to the West Port. His own labours, aided by those of a Missionary, a school-teacher and a number of Christian friends, so far succeeded that a Church was built and he was able to write:—"I have got now the desire of my heart; the Church is finished, the schools are flourishing, our ecclesiastical machinery is about complete, and all in good working order. God has indeed heard my prayer, and I could now lay down my head in peace and die." He preached the first sermon in the Church. After

the service, a friend remarked to him that thirty-one years previously he had heard him preach before the Lord-Commissioner and a brilliant crowd, at the time of a General Assembly. He replied with great emphasis, "I can assure you, Sir, I value this far more than the other." The Church in the West Port was the crowning achievement of his life; a few months passed away and the Lord took him to Himself. His last days were not embittered by disease, nor had his friends to mourn over the decay of his magnificent faculties: he died in the night, suddenly yet serenely, and was found in the morning with an expression on his face which, according to one who saw its grand repose, seemed to say, "I am gone up."



(Anstruther, the birthplace of Dr. Chalmers.)

NEITHER CERTAINTY NOR CHANCE.

"The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."—**PROVERBS xvi. 33.**

WHEN Joshua and the elders of Israel, at the command of God, cast lots to decide where each tribe should have its inheritance in the land of Canaan, all was uncertain to the expectant people, yet nothing happened by chance. The godly among them said within their hearts, The Lord "shall choose our inheritance."

Their consolation on the momentous day was that the Lord would appoint.

When the wicked and cruel Grand Vizier of Persia, Haman, cast lots to find a lucky day for the slaughter of the Jews, his cunning was altogether at fault. No effort or skill on the part of Mordecai or Esther or their people could avail, yet was there an

overruling Providence protecting the innocent in their helplessness from the sanguinary rage of their powerful foe.

Thus in all human affairs we can arrive at no certainty concerning future events, yet are we never left to mere mischance. We exult not in an unerring foresight, nor are we depressed by regarding ourselves as the mere sport of accident, but we rejoice that "the Lord reigneth."

In the Divine government of human affairs we are allowed to perceive some features for our direction and encouragement. Though there remains much that is to us incomprehensible, there is much that has been distinctly revealed. Thus we learn that our personal salvation is not left to any mere accident. God's grace will fit us for heaven, and bring us to the glorious city if we rightly improve that grace. So long as we give all diligence, according to God's Word, we shall never fall. We learn also that however men's purposes may be frustrated, there is room for the manifestation of their character. Joseph's brethren really promoted his welfare, and thus did something towards providing for their father's needs and their own, in the time of famine; yet their envy was detestable, and the selling of their brother was unnatural cruelty. We also learn that, in the affairs of the present life, the Lord so governs as to encourage in us effort, foresight and self-control. In such affairs, when we have done our best, we must not affirm what will be the result; but that result is so far probable that we ought to be stimulated to suitable conduct. We cannot rise to certainty concerning the circumstances of our earthly sojourn, but we shall not so sink as to be governed by mere chance. So we must do what is right, and trust in the Lord.

We are dependent on God *for temporal prosperity*.—Much that is said to young men, when starting in life, concerning the success which awaits them if they act in a suitable manner, is absolutely incorrect and misleading. Such youthful aspirants for wealth and distinction are told of a barber boy who became Lord Chancellor, and of penniless outcasts who have amassed millions, and uninstructed orphans who have immortalised their names, and the assertion is repeated that a young man, if he will work and wait, may, in this free country and this wondrous age, become anything, or almost anything, he chooses. All this is mere nonsense. Myriads are now living who, from childhood, have done their utmost to secure worldly prosperity, yet have failed to win wealth or fame or eminence of any kind. Those who begin early, work hard, live economically, and keep at it, are likely to be moderately successful, and may become specially so. But a few circumstances, altogether beyond their control, especially if occurring in their early career, may doom them to life-long toil or even poverty. "The whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." We may make sure that such Divine disposal shall secure our true blessedness, but we cannot be certain of worldly success.

We are dependent on God *for social joys*. Here again the Lord so governs as to stimulate us to earnest and patient effort. Nevertheless He does govern. He neither allows events to occur at random so as to paralyse all exertion, nor to be so regulated by human energy and cunning as to exclude any need of appeal to Him. There are happy homes without number in which wise parents now enjoy a comfort

for which they have toiled. The sacred enclosure of home is to these as a garden wherein plants and flowers abound, which repay the assiduous culture bestowed on them many years ago. But many parents have acted wisely and well, and yet have now little in their homes which indicates their painstaking effort. The children for whom they cared may have been led in God's Providence to far distant lands, and may there be hard struggling for bread; or they may be the subjects of premature decay, or they may, long since, have been removed by death. In all cases a godly parent may find consolation in reflecting that, by God's grace, they were enabled to act aright while their children were yet about them: but, in many cases, where such fidelity has been manifested, aged parents have not the happiness of listening to the music of their children's voices, nor the advantage of leaning on their arm for support. We must, in our homes, approve ourselves unto God, and leave the rest. We cannot be certain what may betide, yet are we sure that chance will not determine. "The Lord reigneth!"

We are dependent on God *for prolonged life*.—This circumstance especially places everything at the disposal of the Lord. If I succeed in my worldly aims and become wealthy, and at the same time retain the confidence and love of my children, so as to lead them in good and pleasant ways, yet may I, at any hour, be taken from the inheritance which I have so assiduously and successfully cultivated. To-day I may have such an estate as to be envied by all on-lookers, yet to-morrow I may have no part therein whatever. The Lord so governs in the matter of human

life as to stimulate us to employ our utmost prudence and skill to avert death, but He does govern. In many cases the most carefully-guarded lives are prematurely terminated, and some of those lives which are most heedlessly risked are prolonged. We can only act with prudence and look up to God. Our future will not be determined by chance, nor will it escape the control of the Most High.

George M. Kemp was the designer of the beautiful "Scott Monument" at Edinburgh. Kemp was no doubt greatly pleased when his design was selected. The competitors were numerous, and among these were some most celebrated in classical architecture. The success of Kemp was a remarkable triumph of natural genius and patient plodding. He was the son of a poor shepherd on the Portland hills. When a lad he was sent on an errand to a neighbouring castle by the farmer who employed his father. The sight of the beautiful building impressed the lad so as never to be forgotten. Henceforth George toiled to fulfil present duty and yet cultivate his taste and skill. Melrose, Dryburgh and Jedburgh Abbeys were all visited and carefully studied by Kemp while yet a day-labourer. When working in Lancashire he walked fifty miles to York, that he might inspect the noble Minster; and, after thus employing a week, he walked back. In 1824 Kemp visited several places in Europe, toiling for bread, and seeking after the knowledge and skill he coveted, and afterwards traversed half Scotland in a similar manner. He never forgot that when an ill-clad and weary pedestrian, a gentleman in a carriage had directed his coachman to give the young man a ride. That kind-hearted man was

Sir Walter Scott. Many years had passed before Kemp's design for the "Scott Monument" was unanimously chosen and greatly admired. But the artist lived not to see the embodiment of his thought in stone. He was suddenly removed from among the living. We must toil and strive, but look up to God. So will He direct our steps to paths of peace and to heavenly bliss.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. E. BAYLIS.

EVERY system has a centre. What would the human body be without the pulsations of the heart? Could the eyes see, or the ears hear, or the feet walk, or the hands handle, or the tongue speak, or life exist?

May we not view the Cross of Christ as the great centre of Christianity? We are told there are many systems in the starry universe: but what if they all derive their harmonious operations from one chief and central power? Suppose we confine our thoughts, for the sake of illustration, to that system to which our globe belongs. Each planet is not equally near its centre; but in all probability each is the scene of different manifestations of the wisdom, power and goodness of the great Creator, because of its connection with the Source of all its operations.

Have we not in such a fact in nature a beautiful illustration of the gradations of existence in the spiritual universe? The Bible, which is our great source of information, tells us of different orders of created intelligences. Besides human spirits, we read of angels, cherubim, seraphim and others; and Jesus, as God, is the Source of life and bliss to all. It is a fact, which goes beyond speculative curiosity,

and belongs to the practical purposes of human life, that the angelic life, nay, even that of Adam in paradise, is beyond us as fallen spirits, so that what is essential to angels or was necessary to unfallen Adam, would be *fatal* to us. Yet we in our present standing in the scale of existence, as redeemed beings, can enjoy the peculiar bliss of our existence both now and for ever.

The Christian has been called "the highest style of man." Every man who rightly considers his own faculties, capacities and destiny, as a moral or spiritual being, must soon be aware of the greatness and pressure of the necessities of his immortal spirit; and hence, that religion which can supply them in agreement with his convictions and desires must be to him the best blessing even in this life. Has not the history of mankind proclaimed and confirmed that fact? Religion, we know, is as old as the human race, and whither can we go without seeing it in some form or other at the present time? The progress of the human mind in its various attainments for thousands of years has not set aside the need of religion. Now the religion suited to human spirits in consequence of the fall is *Christianity*.

The Cross of Christ is the centre of the spiritual universe to which we belong, and is the source or medium of all the blessings in it, because the price was paid there for all we have and all we need. As the globe on which we now dwell when in its pristine state existed principally for the benefit of man as a spiritual being, so the fall of mankind in Adam involved the loss of all. Then "by one man sin entered into the world, and death

by sin," thus death was everywhere the common doom of all, so that everything in this life of a beneficial character and tendency we trace to the Cross of Christ. The shining of the sun, the descent of the rain and the dew, the fruitfulness of the earth, the succession of the seasons, and all the other beneficent operations of nature. Yes, all blessings small and great, temporal and spiritual, for the body and the soul, come from the same source.

All such favours as now crown this life are included in the great purchase on the Cross, because, in the grand plan of human redemption, Nature and Providence are subservient to the designs of Grace. If the fall of man had been left to its consequences, this globe would have been as fatal to human happiness as the abode of fallen angels was to theirs after they ceased to keep their first estate. In the great work which was accomplished on the Cross, provision for the welfare of the human race was made contemporary with the need; and hence Christ Jesus is called "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." After Adam's fall the needful blessings of nature were continued, and the saving blessings of grace were provided. "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh." Thus the Cross of Christ becomes a subject of the deepest interest and the greatest importance to the human race in every age to the end of time, and then to the saved and glorified, when in heaven they will be "for ever with the Lord."

The Revelations which the Cross makes have the highest claims on

the attention of mankind. Christianity as a body of truths is not a human science to be discovered and improved by degrees, but a Divine proclamation, perfect at the beginning, and above human additions. It proclaims a religion having God for its Author, and the happiness of mankind for its end. Now the ground or basis of religion throughout the moral universe is God, His attributes, perfections and claims. The manifestations of the Deity to different orders of beings may vary in accordance with their constitution and circumstances. Take, for example, the history of angels. We know that some locality in space was the scene of their probation, and there God gave them appropriate revelations of His character and claims, and their own position, duties and interests, as candidates for a blissful immortality. Did not the unfallen angels attain heaven by personally keeping their "first estate" and their tested loyalty to God? And was not the everlasting ruin of the others the result of their rebellion against God?

Was it not substantially so with Adam in paradise? Made in the image of God, and placed in appropriate circumstances, he knew his origin, his standing in the scale of existence, his destiny, and his position as the representative of his race. God proclaimed His will, and Adam knew the consequences of its observance or violation. (Gen. ii. 16, 17.) Thus the way from earth to heaven *without a Redeemer* was open to Adam in paradise, as it was to angels in the scene of their probation. But Adam's fall closed that way, and under the covenant of works all was lost. Would not those manifestations of God which occasion so much bliss to unfallen angels

produce opposite results if beheld by those who have rebelled against God?

We, as fallen spirits in this life of trial for a happy immortality beyond the grave, need a religion *suited to our state*, and the Cross of Christ proclaims it. It shows us that the ignorant can be instructed, the guilty can be forgiven, the rebellious can be subdued and made loyal, the enslaved can be liberated, the dead in sin can be quickened, the vile can be made pure, the weak can obtain strength, the miserable can be made happy, the endangered can be rescued, the lost by sin can be saved by grace, and those who have merited a place in the bottomless pit can become entitled to "the inheritance of the saints in light," can be made meet for its enjoyment, and in due time rise from earth to heaven to dwell for ever amidst its joys! Could any but God have devised such a display of love? Who else could have sustained such an outlay as it cost? or what resources less than Divine could have accomplished such grand and glorious designs? Yet the Cross of Christ reveals it all!

If a religion should be estimated by its adaptation to the necessities of those to whom it refers, we see that the claims of Christianity on the attention of the human race are supreme. It is a religion suited to fallen spirits. It enlightens, instructs, subdues, quickens, converts, transforms, elevates, purifies, blesses and saves all who come under its gracious operations. It offers the very blessings which fallen spirits need; blessings, which are indispensable to their bliss, whether in time or in eternity. The Cross of Christ alone gives those revelations of the Divine character which are the most suitable and welcome to us.

It is a display of the Deity new in the annals of creation. It cost God more to redeem mankind by the death of His Incarnate Son on the cross, than to create, and bless and take into heaven all the other orders of intelligent and immortal beings that are there. It stands supreme amongst all the revelations of Divine wisdom and power and love in the whole universe on earth or in heaven, in time or in eternity. Yes, the heaven which saints enjoy through the Cross of Christ is, if we may reverently so speak, vastly more expensive to God than the heaven of all the orders of unfallen beings who live in unmixed and uninterrupted blessedness for ever. It is a display of the Divine character which no created mind, left to itself, could ever have discovered. When made known in heaven "the angels desired to look into" it. It was like creating a new world in space and making it the scene of manifestations of the Great Creator heretofore unknown in all other worlds. What displays of the goodness and love of God have the unfallen angels enjoyed? They have never known sin, and so they have not ever known sorrow. They have ever been at one with God, in their probationary state and since. And can we, in this life, imagine the bliss of an angel? What does one who has been born and brought up a slave know about the life of a king? Then look at Adam in paradise! Did he not live in a world of blessings without one sorrow? Yet angels amidst all their joys, and Adam in paradise, had no conception of that display of the Divine character which we see in human redemption and was consummated on the Cross of Christ. It has taken heaven and earth, time and eternity, men and

angels, yes, and devils by surprise! When angels fell, sorrow and despair became their existence; and when our first parents fell, did they not "hide themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden"? God Who devised such a work had to make it known to us in forms calculated to command our confidence, and the climax of it all we have when we behold the "Man of sorrows" expiring on the cross. It is such a revelation of God that a guilty race can "look and live." Where else are such hopes inspired, or such expectations raised and sustained, or such joys received? The suppliants carry to the Cross of Christ guilt reaching from them to heaven; yet they ask for all to be cancelled! sins more than they can number, yet all to be freely and fully forgiven! And though they have brought on themselves the felt displeasure of God by breaking His laws and abusing His blessings and crossing His love, yet they ask Him to lift on them "the light of" His "countenance," and tell them that He has pardoned all!

The Treasures it opens have no equal in the world of blessings. What spiritual destitution belongs to man as a fallen spirit and a sinner against God! What ignorance of spiritual realities, yet what a pressure of spiritual necessities! But here every question is answered, every evil is removed, every need is supplied, to the satisfaction of him who before he went to the cross could find no relief anywhere. Now he sees how he can be raised from the debasement of a sinner, to the dignity of a saint! What wealth of instruction and consolation is here!

(To be concluded.)

OBJECTIONS TO CLASS-MEETINGS.

LET us hear how Wesley dealt with objections to the Class-meeting as they arose in his own day; for, as if in anticipation of the usefulness of the institution and of the opposition it would have to encounter in a later day, the introduction of the Class-meeting as the "Condition of Membership" was challenged, and resisted; but defended, and persevered with, during the very first decade of Methodism.

I quote from the "Plain Account, etc."

"8. But notwithstanding all these advantages, many were extremely averse to *meeting thus*. Some, viewing it in a wrong point of light, not as a privilege, (indeed an invaluable one,) but rather a restraint, disliked it on that account, because they did not love to be restrained in anything. Some were ashamed to speak before company. Others honestly said, 'I do not know why, but I do not like it.'

"9. Some objected, 'There were no such meetings when I came into the Society first; and why should there now? I do not understand these things, and this changing one thing after another continually.' It was easily answered: It is pity but they had been at first. But we knew not then either the need or the benefit of them.

* * * *

"10. Another objection was, 'There is no Scripture for this, for classes, and I know not what.' I answer, (1) There is no Scripture against it. You cannot show one text that forbids them. (2) There is much Scripture for it, even all those texts which enjoin the substance of those various duties whereof this is only an indifferent circumstance, to be determined by reason and ex-

perience. (3) You seem not to have observed, that the Scripture, in most points, gives only general rules; and leaves the particular circumstances to be adjusted by the common sense of mankind. . . .

"11. 'But these,' said another, 'are all man's inventions.' This is but the same objection in another form. And the same answer will suffice for any reasonable person. *These are man's inventions. And what then?* That is, they are methods which men have found, by reason and common sense, for the more effectually applying several Scripture rules, couched in general terms, to particular occasions.

"12. They spoke far more plausibly than these, who said, 'The thing is well enough in itself; but the Leaders are insufficient for the work: they have neither gifts nor graces for such an employment.' I answer, (1) Yet such Leaders as they are, it is plain God has blessed their labour."

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Works, vol. viii., pp. 243—6.

Thus it is more abundantly proved that the Class-meeting is an institution of John Wesley's. And that he required the habitual observance of it, an extract or two will fully show—

"To the Societies at Bristol.

"I make no doubt that you will constantly meet your Class; indeed, otherwise you are not of our Society. . . . I wish you would consider this. Halt not between two. Meet the brethren or leave them. It is not honest to profess yourself of a Society, and not observe the rules of it. Be therefore consistent with yourself. Never miss your Class till you miss it for good and all. . . ."—*Tyerman's Life of Wesley*, vol. ii., pp. 5, 6.

BY A WESLEYAN MINISTER.

BONIFACE, "THE APOSTLE OF GERMANY."

BY THE REV. J. S. BANKS.

BONIFACE, or according to his original name (which we prefer) Winifrid, was an Englishman, a Saxon Missionary to Saxons. He was born, it is said, at Crediton, in Devonshire, of good family, A.D. 680. Early devoting himself to a monastic life he was trained first at Exeter, and afterwards at Nutescelle, in Hampshire. Here he became a noted student and preacher, and might easily have risen to high position in the church at home. But the desire came upon him to carry the Gospel to the pagans of his own race in their early seats in Germany. We must remember that in them he had to do not only with a different race from the Celtic, but with a different religion. The Saxons knew nothing of Druidism. Their primeval deity bore the beautiful and expressive name of *Allfadir* ("the All Father). But Allfadir had long given way to Odin and Thor and Freyr, personifications of the terrible and beautiful in nature. The Saxon religion was full of superstition and cruelty. Human sacrifice was among its common rites.

Boniface was by no means the first who attempted the conversion of Germany. As there were poets before Homer, so there were faithful evangelists before "the Apostle of Germany,"—Wilfrid, and Willibrord and Wulfram. It was in connection with the last that the well-known incident occurred of the fierce Frisian warrior and persecutor, Radbod. Radbod was inclined to receive baptism, but before submitting to the rite demanded what had become of his heathen ancestors. Wulfram, more bold than wise, replied, "The chiefs of Frisia who have departed

this life without baptism it is certain have received the just sentence of damnation:" on which the chief drew back with the remark that he would prefer the company of Frisian chiefs to that of a handful of beggars in the kingdom of heaven. The incident is questioned by some; but the difficulty is one which is often felt and proposed to Missionaries in heathen countries.

Let us pause to notice in the case of Boniface what was true of the Missionaries named before, and many others, that he was not sent, he was not commissioned in the first instance by any society or church or public authority. He went of his own accord. The zeal was spontaneous, the prompting was from within, or rather from above. It is true that some, as Boniface, afterwards sought the countenance of authority; but the first impulse was their own. The Divine call was as direct as that to the Apostles. Thus it ever has been and must be with leaders of men, founders of great movements.

If, then, Boniface was not the first Christian preacher in Germany, what is his right to the title given him? Simply this, that he not only made converts, but organised a church. Under his hands organisation and conversion kept pace together. His life teaches positively what many noble lives comparatively thrown away teach by contrast, that there is no solid, lasting success without provision made for continuity of work. Good men had preached in Germany, but most of their work passed away with them. Boniface came and founded the German church. That he had the ability of a leader and administrator was evidenced by the fact that before leaving England he was employed

in different church-affairs of importance.

It was in 715, at the very noon of life, that he first went forth on the mission in which he was destined to spend nearly forty years. The distracted state of the country drove him back; but nothing discouraged or daunted, he set out again three or four years after. This time he went to Rome to obtain for his enterprise the countenance and help of the Pope. The next three years were spent in working under Willibrord, bishop of Utrecht, and gaining practical experience in dealing with pagan races. Thus equipped he plunged into the heart of Saxondom,—Hessia,—which like the rest of Germany was little else than a mass of wild forest. His first success was the baptism of two chiefs, who according to the practice of those days were followed in their profession of Christianity by their people.

We are then told of Boniface being summoned to Rome to give an account of his creed and work. No doubt the promise of his character made the Roman See anxious to retain a firm hold on him, and keep the direction of his large aims in its own hands. However this may be, the interview was satisfactory, and the bonds between the Missionary and the Roman church were drawn closer on this occasion. He was made bishop of all the countries he might win to the faith, instructed in everything bearing upon church-discipline, and took an oath of allegiance to Peter and the Roman See. The oath ran thus: "I vow to thee the first of the Apostles, to thy vicar, Pope Gregory, and his successors, that with God's help I will continue in the unity of the Catholic faith, and in nowise will consent to aught which is contrary

to the unity of the same, but will in all ways persevere in keeping my pure faith, in communion with thee, and in close adherence to the usages of thy church, which has received from God the power to bind and loose; and so I promise to thy Vicar and his successors. And if I at any time learn that the conduct of any ministers of the church is opposed to the ancient ordinances of the fathers, I will hold no intercourse or communion with them, but will rather hinder their proceedings to the best of my power, and wherever I cannot restrain them, will give information thereof to the Pope."

Two or three remarks are suggested by this transaction. First, the oath is principally to Peter. Secondly, the Pope is styled Peter's Vicar, not the Vicar of Christ or God, as came to be the practice afterwards. Then, if it is any use giving an opinion on events so long past, we confess that we should have preferred to see the German church develop on an independent basis. The connection with the Papacy passed, as everywhere else, into subjection. This was in A.D. 724. Let us go back with Boniface from Rome to Germany. The next ten years were years of hard, indefatigable work, the results of which were seen in forests cleared, idols forsaken, schools, monasteries and churches rising, native evangelists trained, the lines of a Christian church clearly and firmly traced. There were bold deeds to be done. An object of superstitious fear far and wide was an ancient oak at Geismar in Hesse. While this stood, idolatry stood. Boniface resolved to demonstrate that it was no god. Giving notice of his intention, on the day appointed he advanced with his companions to the oak, axe in hand.

Soon the popular idol lay prostrate, and with it the people's faith and the worship of centuries. One cannot help thinking that, in case of attack, Boniface's strong hand grasping an axe was no mean defence.

It is interesting to trace resemblances in different ages. In modern missions no objection is more commonly heard than this: "If Christianity is true, why has it been so long in coming to us?" The Saxons met Boniface with the same objection. This was his answer: "You would have a right to complain of the late coming of the physician, if now, when he is come to attend you, you were eagerly bent on making the right use of the remedies he prescribes." So rapid was the spread of truth, and so great the demand for new labourers, that Boniface had to appeal for help to the church in England. "Pray for us," he wrote, "and pray to God and our Lord Jesus Christ, Who would have all men to be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth, that He will vouchsafe to convert to the true faith the hearts of the pagan Saxons, that they may be delivered from those bonds of the Evil One wherewith they are held captive. Have compassion on them, brethren. They often say, 'We are of one blood with our brothers in England.' Have pity on them, your kinsmen according to the flesh, and remember that the time for working is short, for the end of all things is at hand, and death cannot praise God, nor can any give Him thanks in the pit. Aid us, then, while it is yet day." The appeal was not in vain. Very pleasant also is it to find him asking his friends at home for copies of different portions of Scripture, and especially a good bold copy of Peter's

Epistles, to suit his own weak eyes. He and his companions had no time to spare from still better work, to make copies for themselves.

In 738 we find Boniface again at Rome, whence he was sent as legate to inspect the church in Bavaria. The rest of his life may be summed up in saying that it was spent in perfecting the work he had so successfully begun. In 745 he became archbishop of Mentz, with charge of six dioceses. It was given to him to see his work far advanced, all difficulties overcome and triumph assured. The church which he had built up was organised into dioceses, with a full equipment of offices and synods. His own successor was appointed, and now he thought of retiring and spending his last days in his own favourite monastery of Fulda, afterwards so splendid. But suddenly the fire of youth returned upon him. He would leave his German church in other hands, and go forth as Missionary to the pagan remnant of Frisia, the modern Netherlands. And so the old man set his face to the wild north, taking with him a few companions, Ambrose "On the Advantage of Death," and his shroud.

For a time all went well. In the countries bordering on the Zuyder-Zee he renewed the victories of forty years before. But the success of the stranger aroused pagan hate. The time was the 5th of June, 755, Whitsuntide; the place, near the modern Dokkum. Some converts were to come to be confirmed, but instead came a band of enemies. Boniface's friends would have resisted, but he said, "Let us not return evil for evil, the long expected day has come, and the time of our departure is at hand. Strengthen yourselves in the Lord, and He will

redeem your souls. Be not afraid of those who can only kill the body, but put your trust in God, Who will speedily give you His eternal reward, and an entrance into His heavenly kingdom." With this he lay down to receive his death-blow, with Ambrose's treatise for a pillow, and was added to the already long roll, destined yet to be longer, of Missionary martyrs. He was seventy-five years old.

There are several circumstances which may be regarded as set-offs against the good of Boniface's life. One has been already alluded to,—his close connection with the Roman See. We may regret this the more as he was so well able to stand alone. He was evidently, like our own Wesley, a born ruler of men. But we must not forget that the Papacy was very different then from that which it afterwards became. The germs of error and corruption were indeed in existence, but they were far from being fully developed. The days of Hildebrand and Alexander VI. and Tetzels were not yet. The same in name with the modern Papacy, the Papacy of those days was different. And then it stood the only centre of Christian light and civilization for the West. But even in subjection to Rome we find Boniface's native independence breaking out in a letter of remonstrance which he addressed to Pope Zacharias on the reported abuses of Rome.

Another circumstance is Boniface's connection with Charles Martel, the strong minister of the weak Frankish kings. Charles Martel began the conquest of the Saxons which Charlemagne completed. It is no purpose of ours to defend these wars. If any one accuse Martel and Charlemagne of propagating Chris-

tianity at the sword's point, it does not concern Boniface. We must remember that these wars were far more political than religious. They would have been waged in the same way and with the same results, if no religion had been in question. It was Gaul against Teuton, a duel which we have seen renewed in our day. Formerly it was the battle of civilization against barbarism. An advocate of Martel and Charlemagne might say that if the struggle must come, and barbarian invasion must be repelled, the next best thing the conqueror could do was to follow up his victory by letting in on barbarism the fulness of Christian light. However this may be, there can be no question that the labours of Boniface and his successors, coming sometimes in the wake of Frankish victories, were an unspeakable blessing. If any were guilty of using the secular power as an instrument of conversion, this was not the case with their leader. Boniface found that alliance with the State had its drawbacks. While it protected it fettered. The death of Charles Martel left Boniface's hands freer. After every deduction we must allow that Boniface deserves his title of "The Father of Christianity and civilization in Germany."

"THE GOOD SHEPHERD."

I WAS one day coming down the coast from Tripoli, and reached the top of this pass in the narrowest part, just as a caravan of camels was coming from the opposite direction. I turned back a little, and stood close under the edge of the cliff to let the camels go by. They were loaded with huge canvas sacks of tbn, or cut straw, which hung down on both sides, making it impossible to pass

them without stooping very low. Just then I heard a voice behind me, and looking around saw a shepherd coming up the pass with his flock of sheep. He was walking ahead, and they all followed on. I called to him to go back, as the camels were coming over the pass. He said, *Ma ahlak*; or, "Don't trouble yourself," and on he came. When he met the camels they were in the narrowest part, where a low stone wall ran along the edge of the precipice. He stooped down and stepped upon the narrow wall, calling all the time to his sheep, who followed close upon his heels, walking in single file. He said, "Tahl, tahl," "Come, come," and then made a shrill, whirring call, which could be heard above the roaring of the waves on the rocks below.

It was wonderful to see how closely they followed the shepherd. They did not seem to notice the camels on the one side or the abyss on the other side. Had they left the narrow track, they would either have been trodden down by the heavy-laden camels, or have fallen off into the dark waters below. But they were intent on following their shepherd. They heard his voice, and that was enough. The cameleers were shouting and screaming to their camels, to keep them from slipping on these smooth rocks, but the sheep paid no attention to them. They knew the shepherd's voice. They had followed him before through rivers and thickets, among rocks and sands, and he had always led them safely. The waves were dashing and roaring on the rocks below, but they did not fear, for the shepherd was going on before. Had one of these sheep turned aside, he would have lost his footing and been destroyed, and thrown the whole

flock into confusion. * * * Jesus is
 "the Good Shepherd." — *Jessup's*
Women of the Arabs.

REST.

THE sun is sinking in the west,
 The bird is winging to its nest,
 The husbandman, by toil oppress'd,
 Is trudging home ;
 And all—to find a place of rest—
 The creatures come.

My musing takes a sadden'd tone,
 My heart grows heavy as a stone,
 For man, of all the world, alone,
 Can find no rest ;
 And a harsh sound, most like a groan,
 Escapes my breast.

Ah ! weary world, thy rest is sweet !
 For day by day thine aching feet
 Can always find a snug retreat
 As night draws on ;
 And restless man will restless greet
 The morn, alone.

His Maker's image, dimm'd and marr'd,
 All out of order, bruised and scarr'd,
 And often with his bosom barr'd
 And bolted in,
 As if he had a fond regard
 For woe and sin.

No wonder that he cannot rest !
 No wonder that his heaving breast
 Is toss'd about from east to west,
 In wretched form !
 Like to a vessel sore distress'd
 Amid the storm.

There was a Man Who meekly said
 He had not where to lay His head,
 And yet the bird was always fed,
 And had a nest ;
 And foxes found their daily bread
 And place of rest.

But listen to that Man again,
 Ye restless, sinful sons of men,

And let the Evangelist's pure pen
 Convey the thought
 Which issued from His bosom, when
 On earth He taught :

" Ye weary labourers, worn and weak,
 Come unto Me, for I am meek,
 And now believe that what I speak
 Is good, is best,
 And ye shall find the rest ye seek
 Upon My breast."

O ! may those words, so sweetly free,
 Which oft have brought deep peace to me,
 Go rolling over land and sea,
 Where'er men roam,
 That every son of man may be
 Constrained to come.

Bear forth the strain, ye winds and
 streams !
 Diffuse the message with its gleams
 Of paradise ! and fill the dreams
 Of weary men !
 And bless them waking, till it seems
 They dream again !

" Come unto Me ! " I hear Him say,
 " Come unto Me ! no sad delay
 Can give you comfort for a day,
 Come unto Me !
 I am the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 O, come and see ! "

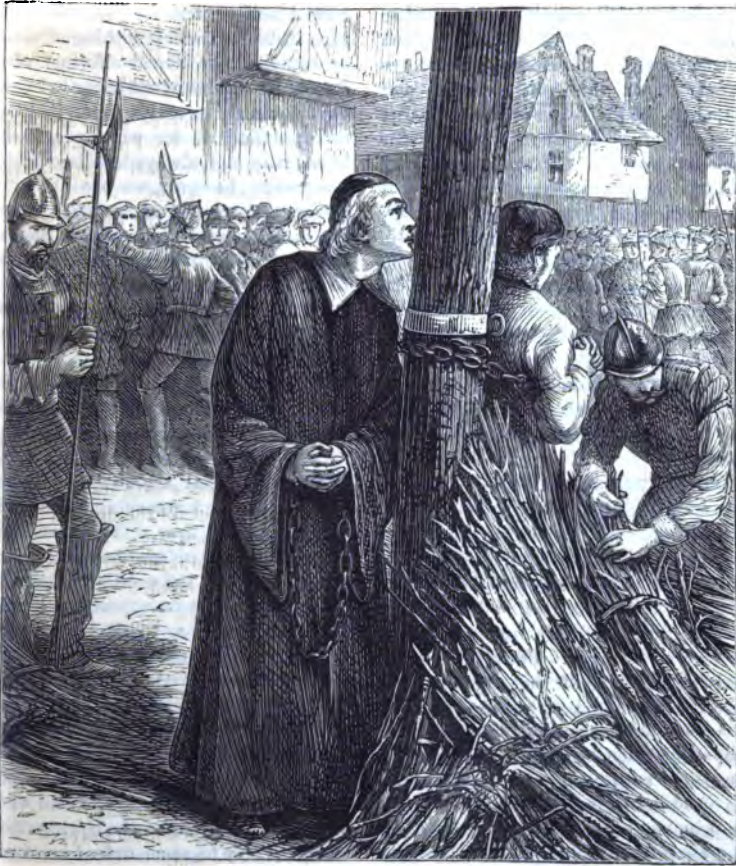
And yet the world in blindness stays,
 Like Bartimæus, by the ways,
 But unlike him, so seldom prays
 To David's Son,
 But all the noontide of her days
 Sits groaning on.

Who, then, will help mankind to come ?
 Who, then, will force the message home,
 And teach the weary, there is room
 On Jesus' breast ?
 Thou, Father ! touch the lips of some
 To guide the rest.

EBENEZER MANTING.

JOHN BRADFORD.

ALL honour to those noble men whose
 names form the martyr-roll of our
 country, men who maintained heroic
 resistance against the hateful tyranny



(John Bradford kissing the stake.)

of Rome. It may serve the purpose of those who do the work of the Pope while they take the pay of Protestantism, to speak in disparagement of those brave-hearted men who feared God only, and who counted not their lives too dear a price to pay for liberty of conscience, spending their last breath in protesting against the very evils that are now again rapidly spreading around us.

Among the many martyrs of Queen Mary's reign the Rev. John Bradford holds a prominent place. He was born in Manchester, received a liberal education, and by the interest of friends obtained the post of Secretary to the

Treasurer of Henry VIII. He was afterwards for some time resident in Cambridge, became a Master of Arts of the University and a Fellow of Pembroke College. Here he formed the acquaintance of Martin Bucer, and by him was persuaded to devote himself to the work of the ministry. Having been ordained by good Bishop Ridley, he was shortly after appointed Prebendary of St. Paul's. Stormy times soon came, but they found John Bradford faithful to his conscience and his post. His duties as a preacher were not neglected after the accession of Queen Mary, and although dangers threatened on every hand, he continued

to preach Christ, warning and teaching in all wisdom, and endeavouring to feed his flock with "the sincere milk of the Word," until he was arrested and committed to the Tower on a false charge of sedition, and there confined for eighteen months. After the mockery of a trial, he was condemned to death, and sent to Newgate. During his imprisonment his mind was kept in great peace, and when the tidings were brought to him that he must die on the morrow, he uncovered his head, and lifting his eyes to heaven said, "I thank God for it; I have looked for the same a long time, and therefore it cometh not now to me suddenly, but as a thing waited for every day and hour: the Lord make me worthy thereof."

On July 1st, 1555, he was conducted to the stake, in company with a youth named John Leafe. After spending some time in prayer, he addressed a few words to the people, then taking up a faggot he kissed it, and exclaimed, "O England, England, repent thee of thy sins! Beware of idolatry! Beware of Antichrists! Take heed that they do not deceive thee." He then kissed the stake, to which he was presently bound, the fuel was piled around him, and the fire kindled. Once more the people heard his voice as he exclaimed, "'Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way,' that leadeth to eternal salvation, and 'few there be that find it.'" These were his last words.

C. W.

INSECT BUILDERS, MINERS AND WEAVERS.

BY J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

II.

It has been stated in a previous paper, that it is the peculiar habit of certain caterpillars to live together in colonies or companies, and some might ask, "Why is this?" The appearance of the caterpillars that do so would not give us a clue: it is not always the most delicate, or those unprotected by their colouring, that are found uniting to

form a web or nest for themselves. In such instances there is nothing of chance or caprice; the Great Former of all insect, as well as of all other existence, gave doubtless to each species its habits and peculiarities for wise ends, though these may not always be discoverable. Frequently, however, we are allowed to discover the reason of varieties in form and habit, and it is indeed a pleasant thing to those who love such studies, to find how one fact or truth leads to another, and how all alike tend to the glory of Him Who "created all things by Jesus Christ."

This circumstance is notable with regard to the spinning caterpillars forming conspicuous nests of silk, that if they are of a kind injurious to the gardener, he has a better opportunity of detecting and removing them, if he will but use his eyes. Yet I have seen those employed in gardens or orchards pass unobserved the webs of caterpillars on hedges or fruit trees, perhaps because they had no idea as to the season when these things should be looked after. And the remark might be made here, as not beside the subject, that the present year seems a wonderfully prolific one in those humbler insects commonly called "blight," especially those of the *Aphis* species. Owing partly to the cold winds and the lack of rain in the Spring, these creatures may to some extent be of service, as helping to destroy weak and sickly plants; but it is much in the gardener's power to keep "blight" under, by looking after it at an early stage, while it is yet in the germ or egg, or else quite young. Thus, for instance, in the case of caterpillars, the man who notices a whole host emerging from the egg, and says to himself, "I will look after these by and by; they are too small to do any harm," will possibly forget all about them until he sees the results of his neglect, or else, when he seeks them, he can only discover and remove them with loss of time and much trouble. "Stop the beginnings," is a wise motto in many of the great and small concerns of humanity.

I suppose it must rather tend to discourage the birds from attacking them, when caterpillars unite to construct a house of silk, perhaps mingled with leaves, in which they can find a retreat whenever they please. As a general rule though, birds do not care to meddle with hairy or spiny caterpillars, and it so happens that a good proportion of those that are sociable in their habits, wear a body-armour of some kind. The caterpillars of the Gold and the Brown-tail Moths have, as I have stated, a defensive coating of hairs, and these, too, of an irritating sort. Another species, that is to be seen about on the hedges at nearly the same time with these, is called by the rather quaint name of the Lackey, and folks tell us that it received this name from the striped back of the caterpillar, which is thought to resemble the smart attire which gentlemen's lackeys used to wear much more generally than they do now. But my idea of the matter is, that it is quite as probable the insect got this appellation from the regular way in which, when they are young, the caterpillars proceed along the twigs one after the other, as if they were moving into a procession. At any rate they have not received the name *Lackey* because they *lack eye*, for they are provided with these organs; though, like some others of the caterpillar race, they do not make much use of them, guiding themselves rather by a delicate sense of touch than by sight. It is a curious fact that the eyes of caterpillars are mostly three in number, and they are set in a triangle, behind the antennæ, or feelers, which are present in the caterpillar as well as in the moth, only they are short and stout. But, good reader, if you should chance to pick one of these smart fellows from a hawthorn twig, do not fancy the two dark spots on his blue head are his visual organs, for they are simply ornamental patches.

The juvenile individuals of the Lackey Moth species make their appearance from eggs deposited by the mother-insect in a curious circlet, which is smeared over with gum to protect them through the

winter. Some have called these "egg-necklaces." Small at first, the young caterpillars only need a moderate-sized silken web to form a home for them, and as they grow and fatten, they enlarge this from twig to twig, or perhaps march off and build a new abode, where the leaves suit their taste better. This mode of life lasts till they have changed their skins for the last time. Then, if they do not "agree to differ," they certainly do agree to separate, and those caterpillars that had fed in company become strangers to each other. However, their social life is brief, compared to that of other caterpillars; as some pass seven or eight months in one family abode. But, being independent, as it were, each Lackey does not cease to be a spinner, but its stock of silk that yet remains is expended in the weaving of its cocoon, in which there is also mingled some powdery substance looking like sulphur, the use of which is not obvious.

Reaumur, a clever naturalist of the olden time, watched one of these making its escape from its cocoon, and he found that it had a plan of its own for forcing aside the silken threads, which, though a safeguard to the chrysalis, are in the way of the enclosed moth. The compound eyes of an insect, with their numerous facets, are not like ours, so sensitive as hardly to bear touching; so this moth, having burst the chrysalis shell, rubs busily with its eyes at the cocoon, employing them as files, until some threads have given way, and then, having thrust out at the opening the front pair of legs, the moth succeeds in enlarging it, so as to allow the body egress.

Very much like the common species is another, called the Coast Lackey, feeding on the plants of salt marshes; and if the caterpillars are taken from their native spot, it has been found they will eat other plants, provided they are sprinkled with salt water.

There has been some talk of late among naturalists about the discovery in Kent of a species of moth called the Processionary, because the caterpillars

march from their nests in a more regular manner than do some of their brethren. One Processionary feeds upon the oak, and another on the pine and fir; the first of these has sometimes been so troublesome in the Bois de Boulogne, at Paris, that the walks have had to be closed to the public. The hairs are most irritating to the skin, and the effect of them lasts a good while with some persons. As the nests are of loose silk, and the caterpillars go within them to cast their skins occasionally, while the hairs come off also, gusts of wind send these floating about in all directions; and they are not so agreeable as the perfumes which float on the summer breeze. When these caterpillars go out from their nests on their excursions, the party may be from thirty to a hundred or more in number, the leaders generally marching singly, and the rest of the party following in pairs, threes or fours, keeping, so it is asserted, pretty nearly abreast of each other. It is the Processionary of the fir that has recently been taken in England. The caterpillars of both the Processionaries agree in this respect, that they spin up their cocoons in the common nest, and are thus social throughout their lives.

One of the prettiest sights I ever beheld was on the side of a sloping bank where the wild thyme grew plentifully. The Summer's sun was brilliant, and scarcely a leaf stirred; while about the fragrant herb flew hundreds of the moth designated the Burnet, eagerly in quest of honey. Above the bank and along the roadside others were careering, which had either satisfied their appetites, or else had just burst from the dark chrysalis, and were giving their wings a trial. After sunset, like butterflies, they will settle quietly down. The Six-spot Burnet is one of the most plentiful of the tribe; the steel-blue wings having bright red spots, and the under wings being red, with a black border. Other Burnets vary in their spots and bordering; one species, the Irish Burnet, has no spots, but wings almost transparent. Our French friends will explain

matters in their own way: one author tells us that the Burnet caterpillars are "dull and stupid" during the autumn and winter, a rather pardonable fault, as there is then no food to be got that suits them; and so the young caterpillars sleep away the winter, keeping near the ground and spinning a slight web to keep off the rain and some of the cold. In the spring they scatter about, feeding on different low-growing plants; and in June or July each makes for himself a silken abode, which is secured to a stem of grass. The silk is gummy, but does not show the separate threads, and the moth leaves this boat-shaped cocoon in a fortnight.

BRIERTOWN BLACKBERRIES, AND WHAT THEY MADE.

BY FAITH LATIMER.

PUDDINGS, pies, dumplings, jam, jelly? Yes, all these and more.

That special lot of blackberries were picked a year ago, and have been improving ever since, and what they yielded will outlast all the fence-corners and blackberry-bushes that ever grew. Do you want to know it all? It was Sunday afternoon in Briertown. The school-house was full of children, seated in a few classes, for they had not many Sunday-school teachers, and the buzz of low voices during the lesson in the close, hot room sounded like the hum of the bees outside. There were no pictures, nor maps, nor mottoes hanging on the walls; no blackboard, no organ, no song-roll, no picture-papers, no library—"But what *did* they have?" say you. They had plenty of children, some bare-footed, some bare-headed, and some in sun-bonnets; and they had just *one* live young man in town who loved Jesus and little children. Then there were a few ladies who were willing to try to teach Bible-lessons. Isn't that material enough to begin on?

And so John Strong had started a Sunday-school. But that warm afternoon he did feel discouraged; he sat on

the door-step while the classes were busy, and wondered what he could sing with the children as school closed. He had taught them all he knew, for he was not much of a singer, and they had sung "I want to be an Angel," and "Happy Land," and "Marching On," until he at least was tired of them. He did think with a sigh of the school where he had been taught, with all its helps, and the many that he read about with everything needful furnished them, and longing for some singing-books, he looked vacantly across the road where a stray blackberry bush leaned far over the fence, heavy with black, shining berries. In a moment boyish memories came of a home far away, of picking berries for mother, and the pennies she used to pay him for each little tin pailful he brought her. The listless look left his face; going in he closed the school with one short verse, and then said, "Children, I have a plan for you. We need some singing-books, and we must earn them. How many will help? All that know how to pick blackberries raise their right hand. How many would like to have a blackberry picnic? Then ask your parents to let you come here Thursday morning, each one bringing their dinner and a basket or bucket to pick blackberries in. In the meantime try and engage as many people as you can to buy all you pick."

The Superintendent found himself busy enough the next three days—his school was thoroughly visited if never before.

Like all new plans, some people were opposed to it. Said one, "O, I don't approve of it, there are snakes in the woods." Farmer Jones "didn't want to spare his boys from the wheat-field for any such wild-goose chase;" and Colonel Brown "couldn't spare his horses in harvest time for a Sunday-school frolic."

But most of the parents agreed with Captain White, who said, "The boys will work better after a holiday, and if John Strong is set on doing it you had better help him, for he'll carry his p'int."

The mothers were all willing and glad to engage the berries, and so were the store-keepers, who sent right off for the stage driver to bring them an extra quantity of jelly glasses and of tin cans for sealing fruit, for they saw a speck of profit in it too.

Thursday morning came; the school-house bell rang, and from cabins and cottages and the great white houses on the village streets came boys and girls, some on horseback, two on a horse, some walking, to the school-house, where the great box-wagons with two horses in each were tied against the fences and trees.

The children were soon seated on piles of sweet new hay in the wagons; dinner-baskets and buckets stored away, and the company started. It did not look like a city procession, with white dresses, lace, embroidery, and gay sashes; but the calico dresses and blue cottonade coats ready for work in the briers covered happy hearts, and bright faces beamed with joy as they rode on; jolting over a rough road, crossing creeks over beds of stone, up hill and down again to the music of noisy wheels and merry laughter. No city marshal with rosettes of satin and silver, wearing velvet and plumes, leading a company in shining uniforms with silken banners, ever looked prouder or handsomer than John Strong on horseback, with his ruddy cheek and broad-brimmed straw hat.

A few miles travelled and all went to work in earnest. Noon came; the Superintendent blew a horn, and they came over stone walls, climbing rail-fences, across the fields, and the busy berry-pickers sat together in a shady place on the green grass and dined off home-made lunches, sweet with the touch of thoughtful mother-hands, and drank from a spring where cool sparkling water bubbled from the rocks close by. An hour's rest and play, an hour or two more of work, and with full buckets carefully packed they started for Briertown again. Singing the few songs they knew, they rode gaily through the town, stopping as they

could to deliver their fruit, a merry company with torn clothes, stained lips, black fingers, a few scratches, but not a snake-bite.

What grew out of those gathered blackberries? In a few weeks a pile of fresh new singing-books, with bright covers and clean pages of joyous "Songs of Salvation," lay on the desk in the school-house.

That was not all. A lady who plays well on the piano and sings, invited Mr. Strong to bring his scholars once a week to her house that she might teach them the new hymns and music. Thus a voice which had before been singing only for pleasure, was consecrated to the work of leading children in holy praise.

That day left lessons of industry and zeal in work for the Master, of the joy of being busy in His service, and it showed how one brave spirit, and the combined work of little ones, can accomplish wonders for Him.

Even Farmer Jones acknowledged that his boys never worked so well over the wheat, and this year he and Colonel Brown have asked Mr. Strong to have another blackberry picnic, and they would "each furnish a team, and go along to drive." He told them he wanted to buy a good Sunday-school library, but that the sale of berries would not be enough. "Well, well," said Farmer Jones, who is a leading man and the richest one there, "your school has done our town so much good we owe you a library; let us make a beginning on the blackberries, and invite the parents to go along, and then I'll carry around a paper and raise enough money for all you want."

So from these Briertown blackberries came days of prosperity for John Strong's Sunday-school.

There little ones have learned of Jesus, young hearts have been given to Him, and we know its precious influences will resound in songs in the great day of ingathering, when all the chosen ones in garments pure and white shall be welcomed at "the marriage supper

of the Lamb."—*New York Sunday-School Advocate*.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF GOD'S THOUGHTS.

PSALM CXXXIX. 17.

BY THE REV. J. TESSEYMAN.

THE thoughts of God are so many blessings; each thought is a blessing, being prompted by love, and guarded in all its issues by Infinite Wisdom, and running on to accomplish its final purpose,—the well-being of man. In a parallel passage, the blessings and thoughts of God are mentioned together, and concerning them David says, "They are more than can be numbered."

The Divine thoughts march with the Divine acts, for it is not according to God's wisdom to act without deliberation and counsel. All the thoughts of God are good and gracious, and indicate the Divine solicitude respecting us. They were in the mind of God from all eternity; thoughts of our redemption, pardon, upbuilding, perfecting, and eternal reward: the list is too long for writing, and the value of the mercies too great for estimation. Their sum is too great alike for analysis and numeration. How precious should such thoughts be to us! And, if each thought be precious, their multiplication, precisely in its proportion, enhances the sum of preciousness. The *purpose* to save man was a single thought, springing from the depths of Infinite Love, but the *means* involved a great many thoughts. How many things had to be accomplished, calculated and harmonized! The principles of Divine government, and of man's moral nature; Satanic agency; the moral influence of men upon each other; the agencies of Providence; every influence, indeed, in the moral universe; for in all probability there is not one unaffected by the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. How many thoughts, therefore, had to be considered and balanced in devising

the mediatorial method of justifying, sanctifying and preserving! "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!"

The Psalmist held God's thoughts to be precious, although he could not understand them all, and notwithstanding that some of them were painful to him. Even so should it be with us. *All* God's thoughts will be precious unto us in proportion to their special appropriateness. The great practical thing is to get right thoughts of God's thoughts; not to misunderstand and misinterpret them, for they are precious just in proportion as they are understood and appreciated. How, then, are we to show that we deem God's thoughts precious? We can show it by our grateful feeling for them, and by making a practical use of them. God's highest thought is our salvation. Let it be *our* highest thought and our constant aim.

The preciousness of God's thoughts ought to endear Him to us. "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." These thoughts should be precious to us *now*. "He is precious." "How precious are Thy thoughts," saith David; so that even now, to the man of deep spiritual insight and faithful prayer, this sublime experience may become personal and present.

Let us think much of God in solitude; and by serious meditation our thoughts will become deep, true and spiritual. There is not enough of Christian thoughtfulness amongst us. We are too busy. The world drives fast, and we are pushed along with it. We are lost in the whirl. We have not time to think, to meditate, to pray. We want to get into close contact with the Divine. Our thoughts dwelling much on God, would call forth His thought towards us. Thought evokes thought; hearts magnetise each other; and God's thoughts are ever looking out to meet our own. And His all-glorious thoughts entering, will pierce our hearts like an arrow, clearing away the dark mists which surround them, giving us clearness of vision, and vividness of per-

ception. Let us, then, draw near to God, and He will come near to us. Let us concentrate our deepest thoughts on Him, and in Him let our souls for ever rest. "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord." Then restfulness shall be thine, peace thine, preciousness thine, Christ thine, heaven thine!

CULPABLE SOWING AND SEVERING.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

"A froward man soweth strife: and a whisperer separateth chief friends."—PROVERBS xvi. 28.

A FRENCH writer appears to have been much impressed by a law recently enacted in one of the South-Sea Islands. This law provides that every person convicted of slander shall be compelled to form a prescribed extent of road. Public authorities are to see that the road be sufficiently wide, and properly made. The writer seems to think that, among the numerous changes adopted by his countrymen, this law might be advantageously accepted. He affirms: "If this law were adopted in France we should have the best roads in Europe." Possibly he may be quite correct, supposing that the French were the only people in Europe who consented thus to be assisted in their legislation by South-Sea islanders. If, however, the law referred to became universally operative throughout Christendom, while most countries would find their highways marvellously improved, there would be competition for the highest degree of excellence thus attained.

Undoubtedly there is much work done with the tongue that would be far better left undone. Idleness is an evil, yet we could wish, earnestly, that some people would be idler than they are, unless they could find less harmful employment. They had better be asleep in bed, dozing in their arm-chair, or lounging their time away in solitude anywhere, rather than doing the mis-

chief they accomplish. Some of these people, we are reminded, go about their evil work in a determined manner. They are "froward" in their behaviour. They have chosen the path they walk in, and inwardly boast that no one can turn them. They imagine that all has been said that is necessary when they have affirmed, "It is my way." Unhappily it is a bad way. This many have discovered already, and the culprits will be made to feel it after a time. Meanwhile they "tell us their mind," when they ought to be ashamed before God and man that they have such a mind. That which they audaciously disclose is what ought to be concealed, until by Divine grace it can be taken away. Wise men boast not of everything appertaining to them. There is that which they wish to have covered up until it can be got rid of. But these froward ones are busy sowing hurtful seed diligently, to the annoyance of neighbours now and to their own shame and hurt hereafter.

Some of these culpable toilers are more gentle in their manner. They proclaim not the slander with loud voice in the broad highway, but whisper it quietly into attentive ears wherever they can find such. But though they whisper, they are heard by those who delight in calumny. They had better be asleep. They are severing those whose true welfare would be promoted by being united, and, in due time, the culprits will discover that they have severed themselves from good which they will then see the worth of. But, for the present, these are quietly, in the most unobtrusive manner, inserting the thin end of a wedge by which damage will be effected sooner or later. Now, inasmuch as this sort of work still proceeds after men have, during long ages, had opportunity of observing its injuriousness, we do well to be on our guard. English-speaking people would have good roads, if not the best in Europe, if the South-Sea law were to be adopted. In the absence of such a law let us look well to ourselves.

Carefully observe the evil accomplished.

—Slander is often dressed up so as to appear attractive to the thoughtless and inexperienced. Unfortunately, when undisguised, it is not unwelcome to the carnal mind, and, of course, to all that remains of the carnal mind within those who have been renewed by the Holy Spirit. To those who are strangers to Divine grace the evil needs no false pretence. It secures a welcome, even when wearing its own attire and announced by its own name. But slander is often disguised that it may secure a more ready entrance. The world abounds in counterfeits; carpenters can stain worthless wood which will speedily decay, so as to make it appear like timber which will long endure; cordwainers who are clumsy or careless in their work, are said to cover up defects with blackball; our food, in its many forms, is often adulterated. We have to be ceaselessly on our guard against counterfeits. As with the products of the loom and the forge and the mill and the workshop and the dairy, so must we be on our guard in reference to the products of the tongue, whether they are commended by special straightforwardness or peculiar gentleness. There is a Divine standard which we must ever apply. We must constantly ask, Are these talkers "speaking the truth in love"? Admit not into your arable land every man who carries a seed-basket. He may be very energetic and untiring, and that may prove all the worse for you. Be cautious what sort of seed is placed in your ploughed fields. If the man is madly engaged in sowing noxious weeds, it will be bad enough for him to exercise his powers on his own side of the hedge. When thistles abound in his enclosure, you will find some extra work to do. But take care that he does not, in a sly sort of way, give you an hour's sowing which will provide you with many hours of weeding.

Then there are some sorts of severing really advantageous. We have no fault to find with the man who diligently cleaves our firewood. The old timber is more valuable after the rough usage

than it was before. Let him use either axe or wedge, or both. Among human associations there are some which may be terminated without loss; and, indeed, with considerable diminution of harm. A judicious teacher placing himself between two noisy and restless lads during public worship, is sometimes the abatement of a great nuisance. When a young man who has become confirmed in wickedness and is rapidly confirming others is removed, though it be by his enlisting to be a soldier or being taken to prison, real advantage is conferred on his associates by the separation. But there is loss, great loss, when those who have been true friends for a long time are induced to quarrel. These may still live near to each other, but in spirit they are far apart. That is severing of a bad sort. Now we are told that even "chief friends" may be thus separated by a "whisperer." His tongue is like a powerful wedge, with a very thin edge, but of hard material, and of polished surface. When skilfully and perseveringly used, such a wedge can accomplish wonders. When such a tongue is given up to the devil's service, it can achieve marvels of evil. Four wheels when suitably united may be of great use. They may sustain a carriage fit for the royal service. But if these wheels are separated by some cunning enemy, they are of little use. In Sabbath-schools and other departments of Christian service, many fail to be either as useful or as ornamental as they might be, and sometimes become mere stumbling-blocks over which incautious people fall, because they have listened to a "whisperer." Beware of the devil's wedge.

Have no part in such evil work.—While the soul is in health we shall not engage ourselves in such sowing and severing, unless it be by mistake and want of thought. But, should we thus be led occasionally into undesirable association with these mischief-makers, our souls will not long remain in health. We shall become affected by their disease. We learn that there are two ways in

which ordinary diseases are transmitted from one person to another. These are named, "contagion" and "infection." Some diseases are contagious, some infectious, and some are both. Contagious diseases are transmitted by touch, and infectious by impure air. But in reference to the malignant disease of the slanderer, our chief danger is in the ear. That is what we have specially to guard. Be sure you keep your ear at a safe distance. The slanderer, whether froward or a "whisperer," will at times endeavour to give effect by winks, grimaces and shrugs. Then you are imperilled through the eye. In that case, however, nature has provided you with armour of proof. You may safely stand your ground if you use the armour. Shut your eyes, and you are so far safe. But keep your ear at a sufficient distance. Your fingers would prove as gates of brass to the portals threatened, but you might not like to use them; and, if you did, knitting or planing or other work would have to be suspended. The heathen poets feigned that Thetis dipped her baby son Achilles in the river Styx, and so made him invulnerable, except in the heel by which she held him. You will not be in much danger from these slanderers if you can keep your ear sufficiently distant from their tongues. It may be of service to add, should you ever discover that you have been wounded, and that the virus is rankling within you, be sure that you keep your own tongues still, until you can get the poison removed. Otherwise the hurt to yourselves will be greatly aggravated, and there is no saying to what extent you may do mischief to others. If you apply to the Divine Physician, He will remove the virus, and restore your soul to health. But, meanwhile, be sure you keep your tongues still.

Let us seek God's sanctifying grace. Then, as we have opportunity, let us sow peace, for the harvest will be pleasant; and let us unite disaffected friends, for such victory will prove glorious. "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

IDLE JOACHIMS.

A TRAVELLER in Switzerland relates the following story :—

"I was told a great deal at Geneva about M. Legrand, who lately died there. He was a friend of the celebrated Oberlin, very wealthy, and remarkable for his simplicity. M. Legrand, while holding a meeting one day, and speaking of the numerous necessities of the Church of Bohemia, where many of the pastors' wives were barefoot, made an appeal to the liberality of his auditors, and to encourage them he related this anecdote:—'One day Luther was completely penniless, and, nevertheless, was applied to for money to aid an important Christian enterprise. He reflected a little, and recollecting that he had a beautiful medal of Joachim, Elector of Brandenburg, which he very much prized, he went immediately to the drawer, opened it, and said, "What art thou doing there, Joachim? Dost thou not see how idle thou art? Come out and make thyself useful." Then he took out the medal and contributed it to the object. Come my dear friends,' added M. Legrand, 'look in your pockets, and see if there be not some idle Joachims in them.'"

Money hoarded is money wasted.

WHAT JOHN WESLEY SAID.

THE first time I had the pleasure of being in the company of the Rev. John Wesley—says a correspondent of the New York "Evangelist"—was in the year 1783. I asked him what must be done to keep Methodism alive when he was dead. To which he immediately answered, "The Methodists must take heed to their doctrine, their experience, their practice, and their discipline. If they attend to their doctrines only, they will make the people Antinomians; if to the experimental part of religion only, they will make them Enthusiasts; if to the practical part only, they will make them Pharisees; and, if they do

not attend to their discipline, they will be like persons who bestow much pains in cultivating their garden, and put no fence round it to save it from the wild boars of the forest."

MISSIONARY BULLOCKS.

IN the Banbury Circuit there is a small village named Little Bourton, the inhabitants of which number about one hundred and fifty. A few years ago the Missionary income of this place, from all sources, did not exceed £5. The chapel is small and the members few. Mr. John Archer the Society Steward there, is a farmer, a respected local-preacher, and an enthusiastic supporter of the Mission cause. In 1870, he conceived the plan of buying a bullock about the month of May, keeping it on his farm till it was fit for the butcher, and then selling it, and giving the profits realised to the Missionary Society. Mr. Archer not only did this himself, but he induced many of his friends in the Circuit to go and do likewise, and the result has been a great success. Many "Missionary bullocks" are yearly fed by many friends of the good cause in the Banbury Circuit, and many pounds thus find their way into the Missionary exchequer. The farmer does not miss the little that the young bullock costs; and the animal being constantly under his care, as constantly reminds him of its purpose, and keeps alive his interest in the work. From the above and other causes, Little Bourton in 1873 raised over £50 for the Mission Fund, and there is reason to believe that in future this amount will be still farther increased.

There are thousands of Methodists scattered over England who have grazing farms, and who could well afford to make an experiment similar to that which has been so successfully tried in the Banbury Circuit. May we ask them to do so during the coming year? If so we venture to predict that the result will surprise and delight all those who take an interest in

the grand and glorious work of sending the Gospel of Christ to benighted heathen lands.*

SOWING.

Sow ye beside all waters,
Sow on with faith and prayer,
Sow in the Lord's wide vineyard,
Cast His seed everywhere.

Sow e'en in stony places,
Where little earth is found ;
Among the rocks some seed may fall
On Christ's prepared ground.

And sow where thorns are growing,
Where Mammon reigns supreme ;
Though the proud world may scorn thee,
Fruit there, too, shall be seen.

Sow even though some traitor
Tares 'mongst the good seed cast,
The wheat shall grow and gather'd be
Into Christ's barn at last.

* From "Missionary Anecdotes." By the Rev. W. Moister. New Edition, now in the Press.

Sow when the sun is shining
With warm and gladd'ning ray ;
And sow when rain descendeth,
When cheerless is the day.

Sow when the storm is low'ring,
When fierce winds round thee blow ;
The seeds in darkness scatter'd
To noble plants may grow.

Sow when the day awaketh,
When falls the morning dew ;
Sow, too, when comes the evening,
When the labourers are but few.

Sow on through human weakness,
Trust in thy Saviour's might ;
Sow, though the darkness gather,
Soon thou shalt reap in light.

Sow, though it be in sadness,
Though tears thine eyes may dim,
For thou shalt reap in gladness
The seed then sowed for *Him*.

Sow, for in blessing others,
The Master blesseth thee ;
In working for thy Saviour,
Thrice happy thou shalt be.

Selby.

J. WILSON.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

BESSIE BARTON'S TEST.

"I WISH I knew just what to do about it," were the words that again and again fell from Dr. Barton's lips ; for the matter to be decided was a weighty one.

Each time they were uttered the soft eyes of a young girl, who sat sewing near by, were lifted wistfully toward the gentleman, till at last he noticed their earnest expression, and asked, "What is it, Pussy? What do you think about it?"

"I should go by papa's rule," she replied, the crimson creeping into her fair cheek.

"And what may papa's rule be, little Bessie?" asked her uncle.

"Never to do anything, nor to say anything, nor to go anywhere, where we cannot ask God's blessing to rest upon us. He says it saves a world of trouble, and is always a sure test."

Dr. Barton was a worldly man, who sometimes scoffed at the simple confidence of pious souls ; but no such feeling tempted him now, and silently kissing the forehead of his niece, he left the room.

Uttered in weakness as it was, Bessie's lesson of trust proved the "word fitly spoken ;" and not many months passed before he, too, claimed the test as his rule in life's duties and trials.

WHAT LOVE IS.

ONE afternoon, writes a teacher, just after school had closed, as I was locking my desk preparatory to going home, little Willie stole softly to my side, climbed up the desk, and putting his arms around my neck, kissed me.

"I love 'oo, teacher," he said.

"Does Willie know what love is?" I asked.

"It's what makes us dood to folks," he replied.

Don't you think that was a very good answer for a little boy? I wonder how many of our "wee ones" have this love that makes them "dood to folks."

BAD BARGAINS.

ONCE a Sabbath-school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholars recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."

And that is so. Think of it, boys. Your soul is more valuable than all the world beside. Make your soul safe, the first thing, by becoming a Christian, and loving and serving Jesus.

"WE HAVE NOT LOVED JESUS."

A GROUP of boys, some of them very small, was gathered around their teacher, listening to the story of the rich man in whose house Jesus sat at meat, when the woman came and washed His feet with her tears. The difference between the two was pointed out, and then they were asked about their own sinfulness. In reply, they began to tell the wrong things they had done, such as being angry, lying, stealing, etc. At length

one of the youngest ones mentioned a sin that no one else had thought of. He said, "We have not loved Jesus."

O how glad the teacher was that this dear child knew and felt that *not* to love Jesus was a sin!

"COME WITH ME, MY BOY."

"SIR," said a boy, stopping before a man on his cart, "do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," answered the man, "I have no such want." The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked, "Don't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man, in a friendly tone.

"O no, Sir!" said the boy, cheerfully, "because this is a big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody just like you." It was the doctor, and the doctor thought any boy so anxious to find his work would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it.

If everybody had the spirit of this little lad, there would be no idlers in the world, standing at the corners, or sitting in the shops, waiting for work to come to them. Work does not often come so. Almost everything worth having, like the ore in the mine, must be sought for.—*Our Little People.*

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

GEORGE BROOKS.

GEORGE BROOKS was born at Marr, a village near Doncaster, on the 15th of June, 1802. His early days were little marked by extraordinary incident. He was, like many others at that time and in his circumstances, allowed small

opportunity for educational advantages; but during a residence of some years at North Shields, whither he went at the age of eleven, he acquired a knowledge of reading at the Sunday-school. As a scholar, he soon attracted the notice of some godly and kindly-disposed persons, who had observed the regularity of his

conduct and his attention to duty; but especially was he conspicuous on account of a gift of nature which he possessed—a remarkably fine voice. On account of this latter characteristic, he was soon transferred from the school to the choir. Of this service he never wearied, and to the end of his life his greatest delights were in connection with the singing portion of Divine worship. Himself enthusiastic in this work, he imparted the same enthusiasm to others, and to his influence may be greatly attributed the excellent singing of the Wesleyan choir and congregation in Doncaster, of which he was for half a century the leader, first in Spring-gardens, and afterwards in Priory-place.

His conversion to God took place when he was sixteen years of age. Its genuineness is best shown by his subsequent life of true devotion, characterized by unwavering faith and strong moral character. His first ticket for membership in the Wesleyan-Methodist Society he received from the Rev. Robert Pilter, and from this time his intercourse with God and his connection with Methodism were constant.

His piety was of a simple and practical character. His zeal showed itself by his associating with a godly band of earnest men who used to assemble at an early hour in the morning under a tree to hold prayer-meetings. After his return to Doncaster, he kept up this practice by becoming an attendant at the six o'clock morning prayer-meetings; and so regular and punctual was his attendance in conjunction with Mr. Morley, (father of the present Sir Isaac,) that it used to be observed that Brooks and Morley were always sure to be there in time to commence the meeting at the appointed hour. This reputation for punctuality and regularity of attendance at the house of God was never forfeited by our departed friend; for his constant habit rendered it intolerable to him to be either absent or late. His life was throughout a uniform exhibition of Christian consistency. He made little external show, but was "zealous of good

works" after an unostentatious fashion. For the poor and neglected he had large sympathies, and for many years was one of the best friends and most faithful teachers of the Doncaster Ragged-school, the children of which followed him weeping to his burial. He was ever faithful in reproving sin, and many have since his decease acknowledged the fidelity with which he warned them, and the kindness with which he advised them to pursue a better course. Nor were his efforts vain, as "the day will declare."

His last illness was painfully protracted and severe. Paralysis seized him one Sunday evening during Divine service at Priory-place Chapel. His son Robert and others assisted to remove him home, where he was for a long time confined to his room. And though he so far recovered as to inspire the hope in the hearts of his anxious wife and family that the end was not yet, it would seem that death, under the control of Him Who has "the keys of Hades and of death," had marked him as his own for speedy removal. Throughout the whole of the long months of his affliction, his greatest trial was that he could not join on the Lord's Day with the people of God in public worship. Once during his illness, and for the last time in his life, he managed with assistance to reach the chapel and engage in the familiar service. As the time of dissolution drew near, he was deprived of the use of speech. His inability to speak towards the end was to the anxious friends who surrounded him the most distressing part of his affliction, but the serenity of his countenance at all times sufficiently indicated the peace that was within; and the evident joy he manifested when prayer was suggested, was proof that his chief delight was in religious exercises. He was patient and resigned in suffering, as might have been expected of one whose whole life had been so uniformly unblameable.

He calmly expired on April 30th, 1873, being in the seventy-first year of his age. The almost universal sympathy

shown during his illness was surprising to his friends, considering the retiring character of his life, and at the funeral this sympathy found further expression. All classes in the town in which he had lived so long united to pay their last tribute to one whom they had ever esteemed. His corpse was followed to the grave by a large number of his fellow townsmen, besides an extensive circle of personal friends and other members of the Wesleyan Body, by children of Sunday and Ragged schools, by members of Temperance Societies, and by the choirs of all the churches and chapels in the town, whose singing at the grave was deeply impressive.

His life was calm, his end was peace, and his memory is blessed.

W. B.

MRS. SPENCER.

Mrs. SPENCER, the beloved wife of Mr. James Spencer, of Jeffreston, near Tenby, Pembrokeshire, died on the 20th of February, 1874. In the year 1827, not long after her marriage, her mother was brought to her death-bed. She had no cheering prospect of heaven, though her life had been moral in character; and so great was her distress in view of the solemn change which awaited her, that her husband and children, though not themselves in the enjoyment of religion, commenced earnestly to pray for God's mercy on her behalf, and solemnly pledged themselves, that if the Lord would give their mother a sense of His pardoning love and a happy death, they would serve Him. He heard their cry, and the mother passed away in blissful dependence on Christ. Mrs. Spencer, her husband, father, and two brothers immediately set about performing their vow. They became convinced of the necessity of seeking an interest in the atoning blood of Christ, and, as a family, united themselves in membership with the Wesleyan-Methodist Society. Mrs. Spencer realised very soon the regenerating power of the

Holy Spirit; and through a course of many years maintained a consistent Christian experience.

She was endowed with strong sense and good natural abilities, which she made use of at all fitting opportunities in helping forward the cause of God. She held God's ministers, of whatever name, in very high esteem, and was happy when she could add to their comfort and assist them in their work.

Her life was much varied by change of residence and occupation, and not a few reverses of fortune. It pleased Divine Providence towards the close of her pilgrimage to bring herself and husband into reduced circumstances, and also to make her the subject of an extremely painful affliction. But the grace of God shone conspicuously in her. She was cheerfully resigned to the loss of property, and found a satisfying portion in God. She was sustained under severe and irritating pain, so long continued and exhausting that her prolonged existence was "a wonder unto many." For several years she was unable to rise from bed, and lingered so long on the verge of eternity, supported by such a small amount of food, as completely to amaze her medical attendant. In her physical weakness and severe pain, it was impossible for her to rise to any ecstasy of soul; but every appeal as to her spiritual state met with a ready and clear response of confidence in Christ. "I'm a poor sinner saved by grace," was her description of herself, accompanied by the lines—

"Praise God for what He's done for me,
Once I was blind, but now I see."

At length, after waiting all the days of her appointed time, her change came; much to be desired, considering her physical state, and often submissively prayed for. She fell asleep in the seventieth year of her age. In her the cause of Christ has lost a faithful supporter, and she leaves behind her that "memory of the just" which is "blessed."

E. H.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Bishop Asbury: A Biographical Study for Christian Workers. By the Rev. FREDERICK W. BRIGGS. Published for the Author at the Wesleyan Conference Office. 1874.—Asbury's life has been frequently written in America, and at least one of these Transatlantic biographies is easily accessible in England. The Methodists of this country, however, will welcome Mr. Briggs's "Study" of the great founder of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. The book is very pleasantly and popularly written, and the subject one that cannot fail to interest all "Christian workers," especially those who belong to the same communion as the pioneer Bishop. Few can read the record of his laborious life without learning a lesson in self-denial and devotion. His personal character as well as the nature of his work, entitles him to a high place among the early Methodist Preachers, while the

extent of his influence and the wonderful results of his preaching and organization will cause him to rank even with the original founders themselves. We earnestly recommend the book.

We have received from Messrs. Warren and Hall, a copy of the 20th penny edition of "The Sinner's Friend," beyond question the most useful and deservedly popular tract ever issued; from Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, the First Part of their Illustrated "Pilgrim's Progress," a model of typography, with the best illustrations to Bunyan's dream that we are acquainted with; and from Mr. S. B. Beal, two illuminated cards, entitled, "Look to Jesus," and "Just like Jesus," designed for "affixtures on hospital, dormitory, corridor, waiting-room, etc., walls,"—admirably adapted for their purpose, and marvellously cheap.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR OCTOBER, 1874.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISEING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.
1874.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Sept. 28	5 55	5 45	6 7a	6 51a	3 17m	5 59a	0 36m
Oct. 8	6 12	5 23	5 48	6 30	3 14	Rises. 5 58m	11 52a
18	6 29	5 1	5 30	6 12	3 10	5 31	11 13
28	6 46	4 41	5 12	5 55	3 6	5 4	10 34

PHASES OF THE MOON.

2nd, Last Quarter 1h. 38m. after. | 18th, First Quarter .. 1h. 29m. after.
 10th, New Moon 11h. 2m. morn. | 25th, Full Moon..... 7h. 21m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

October 11th 2h. after., Apogee; distance 252,587 miles.
 „ 25th 6h. morn., Perigee; „ 221,676 „
 Mean distance for the month 237,132 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

October 1st.....	91,719,000 miles.
November 1st.....	90,931,320 „
Decrease of distance for the month	787,680 „

There will be two eclipses in this month, both visible at Greenwich. One of the Sun, on the morning of the 10th, beginning at 9h. 3m., and ending at 11h. 15m. A little more than one-third of the Sun's diameter will be covered at 10h. 7m., the time of the greatest phase. The first contact takes place a little to the left of the Sun's highest point; the last just below the middle or horizontal diameter, on the left side. This eclipse will be annular in a very limited region in northern Asia. The other, an eclipse of the Moon, on the morning of the 25th, total from 7h. till 7h. 33m. She sets at Greenwich about ten minutes before the total phase. The first contact with the penumbra is at 4h. 44m., the first contact with the shadow at 5h. 42m.

The Sun will be at his mean distance from the Earth, which in these Notices is assumed to be 91,677,410 miles, on the 3rd, at 2h. 43m. in the morning.

Mercury will be at its greatest actual distance from the Sun on the 5th, at five o'clock in the afternoon. On the 12th, one hour before noon, it will be very close to the Moon; indeed, it narrowly escapes being occulted. On the morning of the 24th it will have attained its greatest eastern elongation from the Sun, twenty-four degrees; but, being considerably lower in declination, it sets only half an hour later. On the morning of the 26th it reaches its lowest point with reference to the plane of the Ecliptic.

Venus sets, throughout the month, a little more than an hour after the Sun. On the 14th, from our stand-point, this planet will be occulted by the Moon from 3h. 27m. to 4h. 42m. in the afternoon. It is crescent-shaped, the greatest breadth being only two-fifths of the

diameter; and, as the Moon is of the same form, it will be interesting to watch, through an astronomical telescope, the gradual approach of these two fine objects, the Moon with a diameter of thirty minutes, and Venus with a diameter of thirty seconds. The planet will disappear at the Moon's dark limb, and re-appear at her bright. On the morning of the 16th, Venus will be near the bright red star in Scorpio. At six o'clock the apparent distance of the fixed star from the centre of Venus will be only two minutes; but both will be at that time far below our horizon. This planet is very nearly at its greatest brilliancy, although its great Southern declination diminishes the effect as seen by us.

Mars is the morning star. It passes in the course of the month from Leo to Virgo.

Jupiter will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 5th.

Saturn sets at midnight on the 6th. On the 12th it will be stationary: the apparent motion changes from retrograde to direct. On the 31st it will be in quadrature with the Sun. [In the table for the rising and setting of the Sun and Planets for August, at the head of the column for Saturn, the word *rises* was inadvertently inserted instead of *sets*.] The extreme dimensions of the ring are thirty-nine seconds by twelve, the diameter of the planet seventeen seconds.

Uranus rises at midnight towards the middle of the month.

Neptune is visible through the night. On the 19th it will be on the meridian at midnight, at an altitude of forty-eight degrees.



WINTER DAYS AT MENTONE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM HENRY SOUTHERN.

It is not everybody that has a distinct idea as to the locality of Mentone. Its popularity is recent. The town is marked in very few maps. On every map of Europe, however, you can trace the boundary line between France and Italy, on the Gulf of Genoa. Mentone is a watering-place situated on that spot. It is the last French town on the Mediterranean in the direction of Italy; its gardens, indeed, sweep over the gorge which here divides the two countries. The ancients called this sunny spot the "Gulf of Peace," as Roman galleys swept by on warlike missions to Gaul. Twenty years ago the place presented the aspect of a little antiquated town, yellow and white, stuck on a small promontory which ran out between two beautiful bays,

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with wooded heights around reflected in the quiet waters, and above all a semicircle of grey splintered mountains cleaving the blue sky. The town belonged to the Prince of Monaco, and was suffering innumerable wrongs and imposts at his hands. In 1861, the people threw themselves under French protection, and the advantages of Mentone as a winter resort were soon perceived. There are the same physical features in this quiet retreat as there were twenty years ago; the grey peaks camp round as they used to do, and the olives, like brown brushwood, clothe all the lesser heights; but round the bays the white villas of a fashionable watering-place now glisten. Mentone is still a small town of eight or nine thousand inhabitants, but representatives of all European nations are found here, and its fame must increase. The journey from England lies through Paris, the silk emporium of Lyons, the active port of Marseilles, Cannes,—off which Marshal Bazaine is spending a dreary imprisonment on an island,*—Nice, and Monaco, with its brilliant and tempting gaming establishment.

November 6th. (Afternoon.)—We proceeded to the extreme point of the Eastern Bay. There had been a severe thunderstorm during the preceding night, and a brisk south-west wind had prevailed during the morning, before which the clouds had disappeared, and the afternoon was as brilliant and stimulating as could be imagined. We were standing on a narrow beach of shingle overlooked by the great Corniche road, which ascends the flanks of the mountains in the direction behind us, towards the Italian frontier. Two hundred or three hundred yards hence, the road reaches the height of about two hundred and fifty feet, and crosses the romantic gorge of St. Louis, which separates France from Italy. The portion of the road which overlooked us was fenced with a low wall, and studded with cypress trees, whose graceful outlines were sharply defined against the deep blue sky and the rugged grey cliffs which form the Eastern screen to Mentone. The rocks are of limestone, and rise in sheer precipices to a height of several hundred feet above the road. In the surfaces most exposed to the sea, the limestone appears to have been oxydized, and the result is that these huge rocks stand out in varied tints of yellow and grey. As the eye travels round the bay of Mentone, we see the rugged rocks falling farther and farther into the rear, giving place to cultivated slopes and lesser hills, grey with olives or green with orchards, until at the opposite side of the bay, the bold escarpments of limestone again become prominent, screening the town from unfavourable blasts. Here and there, above the green hills, at the feet of which the town nestles—in whatever direction you gaze—a grey peak cuts into the tender sky, and disputes the passage of that North-East wind to which Canon Kingsley has

* Written before the Marshal's escape.

dedicated so unnecessary an ode. The picture before us was fair as an artist's dream. The Eastern Bay, which we could take in at a glance, is surrounded with steep acclivities descending almost to the water's edge, so that the greater number of the buildings stand at different elevations on the slopes. The white villas are perched on overhanging cliffs reached by winding steps with rustic fences, or they are set back among the ashen olive-trees. Peasants' cottages, farther up the steep, gleam out from bright green orchards or terraced vineyards, or are faintly distinguished in wooded solitude under the ridges of the receding mountains.

The Western Bay is to a great extent hidden by the promontory in which the East Bay terminates. This promontory gradually dips down from the surrounding hills, its upper slopes picturesque with olive and orchard, villa and cottage, and with the walls of the town cemetery, while the crowded half-ruinous buildings of the old town of Mentone occupy the lower slopes. A rough stone pier runs out from the dilapidated houses into the sea, and shelters a few coasting vessels. The Western Bay, as we have just said, is nearly concealed from view by the old town, but we get a glimpse of its extreme limits; and the richly wooded eminence, called Cape St. Martin, by which it is bounded, stretches far into the Mediterranean. Above Cape St. Martin—towering above old Mentone, with its tall roofs and shadowy recesses—rise the Western mountains in bold abutments and lofty escarpments, completing the chain which encircles both Eastern and Western Bay. It was on the horns of these mountains that the sun was lying as we looked around. We were receiving its fading rays, yet they beat upon us with a force and heat unknown in England in the hottest noon. The light was intense and dazzling: the Western sky had paled into an opal tint, the hills immediately under its touch seemed melted into thin shadows, the elevated buildings in old Mentone were embossed in silver, while the lower parts of the town which caught no ray of the streaming light, were hung in purple mist. Under the influence of a breeze which we might almost designate a gale, the sea was rolling huge green billows ashore, which were breaking into crystal fountains with the noise of thunder. Round the curves of both bays the spray was rising from the white breakers like incense, dimming villas and gardens with its faint white cloud. A restless sea of green and white—cliffs red and grey—wooded slopes—purple hills—all arched over with a sky of indescribable purity and depth; and illuminated with the most brilliant sunshine,—this was what we saw one November afternoon at Mentone: The scene gained additional interest when we reflected that in England at the same time, the gaunt trees were probably dripping with rain, or looming out of the fog, while pedestrians were muffled up with cravats and wheezing with bronchitis.

Nov. 12th.—This morning we drove to Cape St. Martin, at the other end of the Western Bay. We alighted at the spot at which the Corniche road commences its ascent of the mountains in the direction of Nice. We followed the road to the left, which conducts to the shore, and for about a mile were winding among shady olive woods. An olive-tree is without any representative in English vegetation. Its foliage bears some slight resemblance to that of a birch, massing itself into silver, like the birch when stirred by the wind. Its trunk is dark, stunted and gnarled. The woods were unfenced, and stretched on either side of the road as far as the eye could reach, presenting the appearance of a thickly-planted park, whose soft green turf invited you to lounge. There was no tangled underwood; there were no groups of ferns with their delicate green tracery; but there was variety in the forms of the olives, from the slender grey sapling of a few years' growth, to the blanching, splintered "father of the forest," whose fruit was sweet to hungry peasants in the days of Charlemagne. To those who have not visited Bible countries, we do not know of any neighbourhood so illustrative of Scripture as this. These hills darkened with olives, overlooking the dilapidated dwellings of old Mentone, bear a strong resemblance to that Mount overhanging Jerusalem which the Saviour ascended as He wended His way to Bethany. A flock of sheep is driven into the road from a by-path as we walk along, and the shepherd emerges from the woods in front of the perplexed flock, and with a peculiar musical exclamation urges it in the right direction, and we think of Him Who said, "My sheep hear My voice." The sheep have coarse wool and long tails, not unlike the sheep of Syria. Yonder some farm-labourers are taking their midday meal on the turf under the friendly awning of the trees. It is a simple meal of bread and wine, and possibly oil, such as "the sons of Jesse" sat down to in the valleys of Judæa. The particular occupation in which the men before us have been engaged this morning is the breaking up of the turf between the olives. The work is the same as that which the Master of the vineyard contemplated upon the barren fig-tree when He proposed to "dig about it." A few yards further, we reach an open space in which some olive-trees have been recently felled, and which lie about with dismembered trunks. Through the delicate foliage of trees still standing a shed with a thatched roof is revealed, and the hill-side rises straight before us, its woods broken up here and there by the outcropping limestone. As far as the features of the landscape are concerned, we might imagine ourselves among the spurs of Anti-Lebanon. The felled olive-trees have shared the fate of the fig-tree, and it has been said of them, "Cut them down."

Nov. 26th.—Drove to the citron factory of Mons. Mazzei, in the Carei Valley. Various perfumes, pomades and essences are here

manufactured from the fruits and flowers of the district. A white, fragrant pomade, scented with jasmine, was being packed in large circular tins, and a pleasant beverage, produced from the orange, was being sent out in small, labelled bottles, similar to Eau de Cologne. Surrounding the buildings was a large and productive garden, planted with orange and lemon trees, and borders of roses, intended to supply the materials of manufacture. We were informed that the works would not be fully occupied until February, when the oranges and lemons would have ripened, and the violets bloomed.

At half-past nine o'clock on November 27th, we started in a carriage, drawn by three horses, for Nice, twenty miles distant, along the celebrated Corniche road. The morning was cloudy. After losing sight of Mentone, we found ourselves winding up the side of a ravine to the west of Cape St. Martin, and looked down into the depths of olive woods whose foliage seemed pencilled in silver. Stopping for a moment opposite an olive which grew close to the road, we watched how the tree was manured. A trench had been dug round it, and a labourer, assisted by a youth and girl, were filling the trench—not with stable refuse or prepared phosphates, but with old woollen rags! Another ridge gained, and we entered the valley in which Roquebrune is situated. We were now eight hundred feet high. Behind us lay Cape St. Martin, wooded to the water's edge. A panoramic view of the coast, extending to Monaco, is obtained. The sea thrusts into innumerable little coves its foam-tipped tongue, and laves the feet of small peninsulas. The white façade of the Casino, the gaming establishment about which we have recently heard so much in the "Times," glistens on the summit of Mont Carlo, surrounded with geometrical patches of green which indicate its gardens. Beyond Mont Carlo, the sea all but surrounds the fortified town of Monaco, which is connected with the mainland only by a narrow isthmus, and appears like a weather-beaten man-of-war anchoring in deep water. At the rear of Monaco, a bold mountain spur runs out into the Mediterranean, and over those rugged slopes our road will lie.

We have not yet completed our picture. The railway, deep down below us, follows the curving coast, and disappears under the mountain spur alluded to, in the direction of Nice. Above the railway, villas gleam out of woods and gardens, and above the villas, cottages are dotted over the slopes, each in its orchard of orange and lemon trees, dressed in lightest green. Higher still, where the cottages are fewer, the broken hill-sides are worked into vine-terraces, all glowing with leafy trellises in golden autumn, but now nothing more than dull brown shelves. Overhanging the vineyards are the wild rocky uplands, now projecting towards the coast in grey

stratified cliffs, and then falling back into the gorges in fantastic shapes and distant summits. Sometimes the rocks are of pillared limestone, cold and grey; sometimes of rough conglomerate, veined with red and yellow, and lying in detached masses as if they had been suddenly arrested in their fall to the sea. Our road still ascends,—past the orchards whose lemons and oranges hang over us, past the vineyards with their skeleton trellis-work of withered branches, round bluff headlands and over mountain streams, with no other protection than a narrow ledge, a foot high, till on a mountain ridge we reach the old-world village of Turbia. It is cold up here, and the children are sweeping up the leaves which the vicious wind has torn from the plane-trees in the streets. The houses are tall, dirty and weather-stained; a grim old church, with bell tower, looks down upon you; some old women, with faces the colour of mahogany, are washing at a stone fountain which is older and browner than they. Towering above houses and church is a shattered monument dating from the days of Augustus Cæsar. It was a building erected by order of the Roman Senate to commemorate the success of the Roman arms in Gaul, and it frowned over the conquered Ligurians, as Adrian's wall defied the Picts and Scots, at a time when the imperial eagles fluttered proudly over half the known world.

Beyond Turbia we reach a height of two thousand two hundred feet, and the aspect of the country changes. Instead of hills chequered with pine and olive woods, we find scorched, desolate heights, on which sheep have scanty pasturage and insecure footing. The coast is deeply indented, and through narrow defiles, grey and sunburnt, we catch glimpses of a sparkling sea, of the harbour of Villefranche, (in which a navy could float,) and the peninsula of St. John, above Nice—all far beneath us. The road then turns inland, and looking north, we trace the river Paillon glittering over pebbly reaches in a cultivated valley, until it loses itself among the distant mountains. Above the brown summits which crowd round the head of the valley, looming out of the clouds like tents burnished by the setting sun, rose the snowy peaks of the Maritime Alps, to whose glaciers the Paillon owes its birth.

We approach Nice by a sharp descent on the eastern side of the valley. Through pine and olive woods, through cypress groves sombre in the sunshine, past villas whose gardens were planted with cacti, we drove. The valley, two or three miles wide, was bright with verdure and glowing with golden fruitage as the garden of the Hesperides. At its mouth, the white buildings of the city stood out against the flashing sea, whilst its suburbs trenched on all the surrounding hills. As we entered the city, after skirting close and dirty quarters on the left, we found that the river was spanned with

handsome bridges and bordered by imposing hotels. Forming a square facing the sea is the Jardin des Plantes, a public garden admirably kept and containing many specimens of sub-tropical vegetation; a military band was discoursing operatic music from a pavilion, and under the shade of palms and acacias hundreds of fashionably - attired visitors were sitting. The Promenade des Anglais runs parallel to the shore in a southerly direction for a long distance. It is the "Rotten Row" of this elegant watering-place. In the afternoon it is crowded with equipages and glittering with toilettes. It is difficult to believe that the luxurious carriages you meet with are hired, until you are roused to the fact by a driver in liveried coat and white gloves accosting you as his unoccupied landau rolls slowly past. On one side, the promenade is lined with large hotels, pensions and villas, many of which are set back in ornamental grounds. On the opposite side, the promenade is separated from the sea by a border of palms, aloes and flowers. Nice and Mentone occupy positions which may be compared with those of Brighton and Torquay in England. Both are winter resorts. Nice, like Brighton, provides ostensibly for the pleasure-seeker with its brilliant skies, with opera, theatre and ball, but down its open valley winds sweep from which the invalid shrinks. Mentone, with its warm air, sheltering cliffs, and quiet, romantic walks, is the delightful nook in which the delicate from all northern latitudes sun themselves, and where no excitement intrudes.

There is nothing attractive at Nice, although it is a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, beyond that which we have described. A limestone hill, three hundred feet high, covered with the many-storied buildings of the Old Town, lies to the east of the Promenade des Anglais. Beyond this is the port, and in one of the narrow streets radiating from it, Garibaldi was born, 1807. At three o'clock, when the heat was excessive, and under a perfectly cloudless sky, we started from Nice on our return journey. The Alps came out over the intervening mountains in serrated peaks of gold. On the heights overlooking the Paillon we met two priests, returning probably from some pastoral visit. They wore the wide-brimmed hats, black lappets edged with white under the chin, and long black coats peculiar to the country. One was young and active, the other grey and old. As we passed, they looked becomingly grave, decorous and clerical. We had not proceeded far, however, before the worldly propensities of the youthful brother became only too evident, and while he turned about the road he made affectionate signs to the ladies in our carriage—an example which was slightly imitated by his senior brother. Among the wild ridges and defiles between Nice and Turbia we saw the sun set. The moon—the horned moon—had already climbed the hills in

front of us, and the constellations were gleaming in the star-depths over the distant Alps. The coast, from Turbia to Roquebrune, with all its bluff heights and deep indentations, was mezzo-tinted by the moonlight, under which the sea glinted as from the facets of brilliants. Far below, the lights clustered among the trees and gardens of Monaco and Mont Carlo, like lamps among evergreen decorations. When Roquebrune was passed, then Mentone came in sight, circling the bay with its white buildings.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. E. BAYLIS.

(*Concluded from page 298.*)

THE teaching of the Cross of Christ is contrary to public opinion as sin has made it, yet it is *true to nature*, and indispensable to human happiness and safety. How prone is sinful man to call evil good and good evil, and thus reverse the order of God's arrangements to lead him through the dangers of this life to an eternal heaven! But what light does the Cross throw on the moral character and government of God regarding ourselves!

The Victories it wins are the greatest in this world, yet it achieves them without physical force, or anything of the kind. If it have conquered public opinion and public life in numberless instances, it has not done so at the cost of truth, or right, or common sense, or man's highest and best interests, but in harmony with all. It uses the force of truth of the most personal character when it speaks to man's conscience, sense of right, his judgment and the other faculties and powers of his moral nature and mental constitution. It speaks to human hopes and fears. Knowledge, not ignorance, is the mother of the devotion which it inspires: to turn this life as an enterprise for eternity to the grandest and most successful ac-

count,—this lesson is learnt at the Cross of Christ.

Minds cast in every mould; of every degree of cultivation; minds that must have facts, reasons, motives and inducements sufficient to satisfy and govern them, have been won by the teaching of the Cross. Hearts wedded in affection to the riches, honours, pleasures and applause of this world have been conquered by the same power, but only after a fair contest on the battle-field of right and duty and self-interest.

Now, can we look at such triumphs without seeing and owning that all is legitimate, comprehensible and in harmony with the government of God and the constitution of man? Have not statesmen and politicians confessed their inability to conquer the carnality, selfishness and sinfulness of fallen man? But what a scene of moral triumphs do we behold when we look at the history of the religion of the Cross of Christ! What mighty changes have been wrought in individuals, families and communities, and they were never more numerous in any age of the existence of the world than at this day.

The victories of the Cross have

been extended to nations, continents and systems of religion. What was Europe when the teaching of the Cross was first proclaimed? and what is it now? Then paganism was its religion, under the mighty and dreadful protection of the Roman Empire in its grandeur. If we except the narrow and feeble country of Palestine, was not the whole world then in heathen darkness? Christianity came into existence amidst influences which seemed likely to destroy it in its infancy; and if it had been without a Divine Author and Divine resources, it would soon have been dead and buried.

If we look at those who first embraced it, we see no distinction of birth, no magic of family repute, no influence resulting from wealth or station; no place in the ranks of the great statesmen or the great warriors of the age; no renown for some remarkable discovery in art or some important advance in science or other benefits to society in temporal matters. Did any one of those things belong to them whose names are on the foundation of that city which shall stand for ever? Yet what a history have the first preachers of the Cross made for themselves! What revolution was ever wrought in this world equal to that which they were the means of putting in motion? Did any great leaders or heroes ever leave in their path such spoils of victory as belong to them? Did the world ever build monuments for great benefactors and philanthropists like the memorials which have been raised for them? Is it not amongst the greatest honours that the greatest nation now on the face of the earth can confer on her greatest men to place them when they die in St. Paul's Cathedral,

and there raise monuments to their memory? But these are only side views of the case we are now considering; for such prominent remembrancers which distinguished nations have raised to the memory of departed excellence, are only some of the attendants of the victories of the Cross. The grand conquests of Christianity are more than physical, or social or intellectual; they are moral and spiritual, and thus the most important, advantageous and interesting of all that have ever been accomplished in the world.

Is not European society at this day walking over the tomb and treading on the dust of ancient religions, and of the vast and proud empire of the mistress of the world? What accomplished this? "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." So early in the Christian era as the age of Tertullian, what an appeal could that writer make. He could refer to facts evident to those whom he was addressing, and say, "It is true we are but of yesterday, and yet we have filled all your towns, cities, islands, castles, boroughs, counsels, camps, courts, palaces, senate, forums: *we leave you only your temples!*"

And now has heathenism a place in all Europe? Would not the peasantry and cottagers living there at this day be ashamed of religious opinions and practises which once ruled their great chiefs and barons and statesmen and warriors and noblemen and princes and kings and priests?

The Characters it forms are the best. The Cross of Christ has to do immediately and directly with the moral constitution of man, which is the chief part of him. The elements of character which it gives to its

subjects are all high, in their origin, nature, tendency and results. The teaching of the Cross comes from God, fits for God, and leads to God, first on earth, and then for ever in heaven. It ever leads onwards from time to eternity, and upwards from grace to glory. Its foundation of character laid in man's spiritual constitution is deep and wide: it exalts to a corresponding standard of moral excellence giving shapes, shades, features and quality peculiar to itself, and the history of its doings shows that it has no equal for blessing and saving sinners. Who have adorned human life, socially, religiously and otherwise, like those who have yielded themselves to the teaching of the Cross? Who have built and sustained so many benevolent institutions for the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the lame, the insane and other children of affliction? Who have removed from human life some of the worst evils in the world, such as slavery and its attendant miseries? Who have originated institutions for bestowing on mankind the best of all blessings? Where else can we look for such benevolence, disinterestedness, self-denial and goodwill to suffering humanity?

The heroes of the Cross have done all this, and have braved want, danger, suffering and death to accomplish their Christian designs, when they would not have done so to obtain wealth or honour or human applause or any other such thing. Nothing but the moral influence of the Cross of Christ could have made such characters; who have made posterity throughout the world their debtors to the end of time. Has unchristianised human nature, or this world, any standard by which to measure them? or any

rules by which to understand them? No; for their training is "from above;" they have been cast in a Divine mould, have received a Divine stamp, are composed of elements which none but God can give, and are fed with supplies which come from heaven.

There is no system or body of truths in the whole universe of truth, that can compare with the teaching of the Cross of Christ. How its teaching connects man with God, and the great realities of the spiritual world! What other truths have the same weight, value, importance and mastery over the mind, heart and life of each and all who calmly and rightly study them? This world itself is seen to be but as the dust of the balance when weighed against what the Cross reveals. These characters are the conquests of dying Love, such as no guns or physical force ever won. Where else are victories so numerous, real and lasting? Here we see foes made friends, for this life and for ever! Even Napoleon, when contemplating the great and successful conquests of the Cross of Christ, was forced to exclaim, "There are millions at this day that would die for Him."

The Prospects it unfolds agree with the destiny and necessities of the human spirit. What a coming future is before us all! The end of time; the resurrection of the dead; the dissolution of nature; the summing up of human life in every individual case at the tribunal of God; the judgment of the human race; and then a Divinely-appointed destiny in every instance FOR EVER! Who that lives away from the Cross of Christ can face such a future? Who can calmly study his own destiny as a sinner against God, without painful fear on his own account? Who

is willing to pass on to coming events in the strength of his personal character? How many shrink from the bare contemplation of the facts! How many, rather than believe them, live in wilful and forced ignorance of what is Divinely-appointed to take place, and so *cannot* be avoided!

But how changed are the prospects of him who has gone to the Cross to be saved from what he felt and feared, into what he needed and wished to have! He who by faith in the blood of His Cross has been "accepted in the Beloved," and so become a member of the family of God, and "the household of faith," has there and then become acquainted with "the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to His saints, . . . which is Christ in you, the hope of glory." "If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." "For all things are yours, . . . and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." Here we have a legacy of blessings equal to the destiny and necessities of man's immortal spirit. We have Christ through this life; Christ in death; Christ in the day of judgment; and then Christ in heaven for ever.

For many ages past every generation has witnessed hundreds of thousands, yea, millions, cleaving, *for their all* in the coming future, to Christ Jesus Who died on the Cross. Parents and children, masters and servants, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, young and old, rich and poor, healthy and afflicted, in different countries, nations and continents, and on both sides of the globe, are hourly, daily and constantly going through this life to eternity concentrating their whole

confidence and affections in the Cross of Christ. The crucified One bears them and their all over the sea of this life to that land of immortality where they wish to dwell for ever with Him Who loved them unto death.

We see the attractive power of the Cross stronger than all objects of affection that this world can present: stronger than the love of life; than the fear of death. How so? Amidst the light which they obtain at the Cross, they see beyond the ills of this life, beyond the region of death; beyond the day of judgment: they see into an eternal heaven! Here, then, are prospects which crown the highest wishes, and satisfy the widest desires for happiness that the human breast can feel.

What religionists in the world live and die like those who have gone to the Cross for salvation? The case has been tested times beyond number. Have we not read of the triumphs of true Christians over all their foes and dangers? Have we not *witnessed* their victories, and been so impressed and satisfied that we have exclaimed, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his"? We here see how this life can be made a great success.

When Robert Hall, the great preacher, and William Wilberforce, the great statesman, were talking together as Christians about their anticipated heaven, each expressed his leading view of the case. Robert Hall, who was nearly always in pain, said his governing expectation of heaven was *rest*; and William Wilberforce, who was very often engaged in singing songs of praise, said his anticipation of heaven was constant praise to God. Thus as they passed through this life Christianity gave

to each the welcome prospect of the consummation of his wishes which both of them now in eternity fully enjoy. This is what Christianity does for everyone who lives and dies under its saving power. On the other hand, all those who wilfully live and die away from the Cross make life a failure, and their eternity a ruin.

THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND.

SECTION X.

THE BISHOPS' BIBLE.

BY THE REV. W. J. HEATON.

WHATEVER prejudice may attach to the name of Elizabeth on account of various acts of her reign, and especially as it regards some portions of her private conduct, her services to the cause of true religion will be more and more appreciated as the history of her turbulent times is examined. Most of her difficulties were more or less nearly connected with her decided attachment to Protestantism, but that attachment never wavered, and long before her death she saw it permanently established throughout the realm, and respected by the whole of Europe. An old historian has said, "The situation of England in Elizabeth's time resembled that of a town powerfully besieged without, and exposed to treachery and sedition within. But that a town in such circumstances should defend itself, and even force the enemy to raise the siege, hardly falls within the bounds of probability. And that all this should happen, and the inhabitants feel none of the inconveniences of a long and obstinate siege, nay, that they should grow opulent during the continuance of it, and find themselves at last better

able to offend the enemy than they were at first to defend the walls, seems an adventure of some extravagant romance. Yet this contains a true image of this reign."*

Lord Bacon says that she was wise enough to know that the supreme head of such a government owed a supreme service to the whole.

But however great a debt true religion may owe to Elizabeth, the Bishops' Bible, as it came to be commonly called, was not undertaken at her wish, as has been thought. Archbishop Parker was the man called of God, as we may well believe, to commence and carry out what Cranmer had attempted in vain,—a revision of the Word of God by a good number of competent scholars. The Bishops of the late reign, much to the honour of their consistency, all resigned their Sees, except Kitchen, of Llandaff, on Protestantism being once more established, their places being, many of them, filled by men of high reputation who had escaped the Marian persecutions.† Amongst these, Parker was chosen to occupy the highest place, and the appointment well accorded with his character. He had been Chaplain to Queen Anne Boleyn, who commended Elizabeth to his care in her last moments. After her death, Henry VIII. made him one of his own chaplains, subsequently to which he was elected Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and in the following year, Vice-Chancellor

* "Universal Magazine," 1751, p. 126.

† Although the Bishops merit praise for their consistency, out of nine thousand four hundred beneficed clergy, only one hundred and seventy-seven resigned their preferments. See Southey, "Book of the Church."

of the University. In Edward VI.'s reign he was nominated to the Deanery of Lincoln, but under Queen Mary, losing everything, was obliged to live concealed, changing his residence continually. He united bravery with modesty, and during the Norfolk rebellion, at the risk of his life, he preached to the rebels from their own Oak of Reformation, on the madness of their proceedings.

When the primacy was mentioned to him, he raised many objections, and wished a humbler sphere. But he prayed that their choice might neither light on an arrogant man, nor a faint-hearted, nor a covetous one; the first, he said, would sit in his own light and discourage his fellows; the second would be too weak to commune with the adversaries, who would be the stouter upon his pusillanimity; and the third would not be worth his bread. Wisely, then, did the Queen resolve to admit of no excuse from him. Amongst those that assisted at his consecration, we find once more "good Father Coverdale."

The Archbishop gives, as the reason for commencing a new translation of the Bible, the mistakes that were continually being discovered in the earlier ones, as well as their general scarcity. "The copies of the former Translation," he says, "were so wasted, that very many churches wanted Bibles, and they were very faultily printed."* Now, therefore, that he had around him many "scholars and ripe ones," he divided the work amongst them, and in the year 1563 it was begun. The arrangement was for each Reviser to work at his own portion

at home, adding short marginal notes for the illustration and correction of the text, and then, the whole being sent back to Parker, he was to add the last hand, and see to the printing and publishing. Every one was to subscribe his initials at the end, that they might be more diligent, as answerable for their doings; and there seems to have been little difficulty in securing the co-operation of those who were in high places, though at such a time there would be abundant occupation for them in other ways.

The following list of those employed is as complete as can now be given:—

W. E. at the end of the Pentateuch, is William Alley, Bishop of Exeter.

R. D. at the end of 2 Samuel, is Richard Davies, Bishop of St. David's.

E. W. at the end of 2 Chronicles, is Edwin Sandys, Bishop of Worcester.

A. P. C. at the end of Job, is Andrew Pearson, Canon of Canterbury.

T. B. at the end of the Psalms, is probably Thomas Becon, Prebend of Canterbury, a well-known author of those days.*

A. P. E. at the end of the Song of Solomon, is Andrew Perne, Canon of Ely.

R. W. at the end of the Lamentations, is Robert Horne, Bishop of Winchester.

T. C. L. at the end of Daniel, is probably Thomas Bentham, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.†

* Anderson ascribes the Psalms to Bentham, without any note of doubt, but it is probable they were allotted to Guest, Bishop of Rochester, and finally revised by Becon.

† Or this may be Thomas Cole, Dean of Lincoln, one of the Genevan Translators.

* Lewis. No doubt, also, the character of the Notes in the Genevan Bible would be an argument; to be weighed, however, more than stated.

E. L. at the end of Malachi, is Edmund Grindal, Bishop of London.

J. N. at the end of the Apocrypha, is John Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich.

R. E. at the end of the Acts, is Richard Cox, Bishop of Ely; Guest perhaps translating the Epistle to the Romans.

G. G. at the end of 1 Corinthians, Gabriel Goodman, Dean of Westminster.

In some early copies, W. C. is found at the end of the Book of Wisdom, but it is not known to whom this refers. It will be noticed that the latter part of the New Testament is without initials, and it is probable that this was executed by Lawrence, "a man in those times of great fame for his knowledge of Greek;" the translation of this portion being the best of the whole.

Here, then, was a band of famous men taken up with a famous work; and surely such a work, being undertaken and carried out immediately on the restoration of Protestantism, is one of the best vindications of its character and tendency. It would exercise an influence over the entire nation, putting a premium upon what had so often been slighted or even forbidden. It was saying earnestly and plainly that religion not only did not fear, but wished and needed an open Bible, free from corruption and mistake; and whatever merits or faults the Bishops' Version might have, the fact of their spending four years on it as soon as opportunity offered, could not but be potent for good. Let this work be put side by side with the noble conduct of the Bishops in the reign of James II., and who shall not say that, at two critical periods of our history, they have rendered national service such as throws the mantle over many mistakes?

Amongst the number is found Edwin Sandys, afterwards Archbishop of York. He strongly advocated the Work, and speaks disparagingly of existing Versions, recommending that the whole Bible, when completed, should be again "diligently surveyed by some well learned before it be put into print." He did much to help in the publication of safe books, and wrote a preface to an English translation of Luther's Commentary on the Galatians.

Bentham, Bishop of Lichfield, was the minister of the congregation which met in secret during Queen Mary's reign, in London. At the last of the Smithfield martyrdoms, it was ordered that none should speak to, or in any way encourage the sufferers. Amongst them was Roger Holland, for whom some persons of distinction had pleaded, but he stood firmly to his confession, and Bonner would not remit the sentence. When he and six others appeared, Bentham, in spite of edicts, and in peril of his life, turned to the vast crowd, and said, "We know that they are the people of God, and therefore we cannot choose but wish well to them and say, 'God strengthen them.'" A deep murmur, like the sound of many waters, came back from the multitude, and rushing forward, the congregation embraced their brethren before they were made fast to the stake. After this, there was no fire lit again in Smithfield during Queen Mary's reign.

Grindal had been Chaplain to Ridley, and though raised to the Archbishopric, was too much of a Puritan for Elizabeth. He favoured certain meetings called "prophesyings," held for the improvement of the clergy, and when directed by the Queen to withhold his

countenance, refused to comply, writing her a letter that became famous. He was therefore, in 1577, sequestered from his functions, and confined to his house by order of the Star Chamber, but in 1581 he was fully restored, having before that been permitted to fulfil his duties partially. It was owing to his advice and patronage that Fox's Martyrology saw the light.

Dr. Richard Cox was one of those selected by Cardinal Wolsey for his new College at Oxford. He was much favoured in the reign of Edward VI., whose tutor he had been, and was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Fleeing the country after Mary's accession, he introduced the Common Prayer-Book at Frankfort, and we find him amongst its Revisers under Elizabeth.

Prefaces to both the Old and New Testaments were written by Archbishop Parker. He argues that the Scriptures were very superficially read by the Jews of our Lord's day, and that multitudes of wrong opinions were entertained, but that, as the proper remedy, Christ commanded them not to be shut, but searched. He confesses that there may be some faults after all the care taken, but none to call for any "tragical exclamations," such as the Papists were frequently making. "In this large field of the Scriptures," he says, "a man may gather some ears untouched, after the harvest-men, how diligent so ever they were."

The translators had no sources of knowledge unknown to the Genevan exiles, and their Version naturally influenced them largely. In the notes, however, there is a considerable difference, interpretations and not applications being the rule.

The object of the translators was, not to produce a book for the scholarly few, but for the people; all that seemed to them to have impaired previous Versions being removed, without any attempt being made to alter the general style in which Scripture language was couched. They came into a garden already full of beautiful flowers, which other hands had planted, not to deny their excellence, but here and there to introduce the signs of a still better taste.

The translation is indeed very unequal, the New Testament, on which Lawrence's skill was displayed, greatly surpassing the Old. It was in the year 1568 that the first edition was published, R. Juggi being the printer. The Queen's portrait was made to occupy the centre of the title-page, and the words, "*Cum privilegio regie majestatis*," are prominent, though there is no dedication to her. The volume was finely executed, and Parker's wish was that it should be the only one used in churches, and "draw all to one uniformity." In this, however, he did not succeed, in spite of the action of Convocation. The Great Bible, indeed, was naturally superseded, after a time, and no edition appears later than 1569, but the Genevan continued to be widely used in the homes of the people, and even to retain its place on the desk of some churches. Further measures were adopted later on to secure a wider influence for the Bishops' Bible, but the list of existing copies shows that up to the time of the publication of the Authorised Version, and increasingly at the last, the Genevan was the favourite. It was revised by Lawrence Tomson, Under-Secretary to Sir Francis Walsingham, with further notes by Beza, Ceme-

rius, etc., and in this form also passed through a variety of editions.

There was abundance of need for them all, and a few verbal differences did not much prejudice their power for good. Even as late as 1563, Becon wrote: "The treasures of God's Word have been hidden in the ground a great space, and men's traditions have flourished in the stead of them. Therefore now, when it comes again to light, many account it new learning, some judge it heresy, and other sort disdain to hear it or to read it." *

The Roman Catholics at length published a version of their own, which will be the subject of the next paper.

**"A PRAYER OF THE AFFLICTED
WHEN HE POURETH OUT HIS
SOUL UNTO GOD."**

BY R. CROSSLEY.

TAKE me home; I've grown so weary!

Lord, of earth and skies!
All the world appeareth dreary,
Father, hear my sighs:

Take me home.

Take me home, the air of heaven
Is not cold and chill,
Golden shores are laved by water
Flowing sweet and still:

Take me home.

Take me home, this wild rebellion
Will not grieve Thee there,
There, a nature pure and holy
Even I shall share:

Take me home.

Take me home, 'twill be so blessèd,
Lord, to see Thy face
Beaming with a full forgiveness
On the heir of grace:

Take me home.

Take me home, Almighty Father,
Am I not Thy child?

* "God's Word and Man's Invention."
—Thomas Becon.

And the cry my heart is sending,
Is sincere, though wild:
Take me home.

Take me home, with work unfinish'd,
Many tasks undone;
Give the glorious victor's laurel
With the fight unwon!
O, forgive the fretful murmur,
Still the impatient sigh,
Let my work be all accomplish'd
Ere I rest on high.

This the prayer Thine ear will tend to,
Give me strength to fight,
Faith to trust Thee in the darkness,
Till Thou sendest light:
Rest, I know, will soon be given,
And the fighting cease;
When my soul is *fit for heaven*,
I shall gain its peace.

WILLIAM PENN.

THIS great, singular and intrepid Englishman was born in London, in the year 1644. His father, who was an admiral of some note, not only assisted in the capture of Jamaica, during the protectorate of Cromwell, but also served with applause under the Duke of York. Having distinguished himself in a sea-fight with the Dutch, he was knighted, and admitted into favour, notwithstanding his zeal during the usurpation.

Young Penn completed his education at Christ-Church; and, as he then gave a presage of his future greatness, a fond father doubtless formed high expectations of so accomplished a son. But those hopes were apparently blasted by a most extraordinary event, for the Oxonian suddenly became a convert to the doctrines of the Quakers, then a new and obscure sect, suspected by the royalists, and odious to the reigning monarch. The enraged parent remonstrated in vain.

"His father being informed by a nobleman of the danger his son was in of being proselyted to Quakerism, remanded him home, and he readily obeyed." The account which imme-



diately follows of the reception his father gave him, is not only instructive, but further illustrates the character of this eminent man.

“His father, pressing his conformity to the customs and fashions of the times; he, modestly craving leave to refrain from what would hurt his conscience: his father, earnestly entreating him, and almost on his knees beseeching him to yield to his desire; he, of a loving and tender disposition, in an extreme agony of spirit to behold his father's concern and trouble: his father, threatening to disinherit him; he, humbly submitting to his father's will therein: his father

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turning his back on him in anger; he, lifting up his heart to God for strength to support him in that time of trial. When all endeavours proved ineffectual to shake his constancy, and his father saw himself utterly disappointed of his hopes, he could no longer endure him in his sight, but turned him out of doors the second time. Thus exposed to the charity of his friends, having no other subsistence, (except what his mother privately sent him,) he endured the cross with a Christian patience and magnanimity, comforting himself with the promise of Christ, Luke xviii. 29, 30. After a considerable time, his steady perseverance evincing

his integrity, his father's wrath became somewhat mollified, so that he winked at his return and continuance in his family, and though he did not publicly seem to countenance him, yet when imprisoned for being at meetings, he would privately use his interest to get him released.*

William Penn's committal to the Tower was occasioned by a work entitled, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken." "No Cross No Crown," was the fruit of his confinement in that fortress.

On his release he persisted in his former course of life, and preached frequently in public; but notwithstanding this, the admiral at length became reconciled to him, and bequeathed him his whole property, which was considerable. That very year in which the latter died, was rendered memorable by the bold, manly and patriotic conduct of a son who, notwithstanding the singularity and seeming quaintness of his religious opinions, would have conferred honour on the noblest family in the kingdom. Persisting in his original intentions, and neither swayed by worldly interests on one hand, nor alarmed by the fear of a very jealous, capricious and arbitrary government on the other, Mr. Penn pursued that career which he considered to be pointed out by duty. Although a body of soldiers had taken possession of the meeting-house in Gracechurch-street, August 15th, 1670, he preached in the immediate vicinity as before. On this he was apprehended, committed by the Lord-Mayor, and tried along with William Mead,† at the Old Bailey, on the first, third, fourth, and fifth of September following.

The indictment purported, "that William Penn, and William Mead, the

latter late of London, linen-draper, with divers persons to the jurors unknown, to the number of three hundred, did unlawfully assemble, and congregate themselves with force of arms, etc., to the disturbance of the peace of our lord the king: and that William Penn, by agreement between him and William Mead, did take upon himself to preach and speak, in contempt of the said lord the king and of his law, to the great disturbance of his peace," etc.

The jury persisting in bringing in a verdict of *Not Guilty*, in spite of the threats of the Bench, each of the jury was required to answer distinctly to his name; which being done, and they proving unanimous, the Recorder spoke as follows:—

"I am sorry, gentlemen, you have followed your own judgments and opinions, rather than the good and wholesome advice that was given you. God keep my life out of your hands! But for this, the court fines you forty marks a man, and (commands) imprisonment until paid."

William Penn, "I demand my liberty, being freed by the jury."

Lord-Mayor, "No, you are in for your fines, for contempt of the court."

Penn, "I ask if it be according to the fundamental laws of England, that any Englishman should be fined, or amerced, but by the judgment of his Peers, or jury? since it expressly contradicts the 14th and 29th chapters of the Great Charter of England, which says, 'No freeman ought to be amerced, but by the oath of good and lawful men of the vicinage.'"

Recorder, "Take him away, take him away; take him out of court."

Penn, "I can never urge the fundamental laws of England, but you cry, Take him away, take him away! But it is now order, since the Spanish Inquisition hath so great a place in the Recorder's heart. God Almighty, Who is just, will judge you for all these things!"

Both jury and prisoners, for non-payment of their fines, were carried to

* Penn's Works, Fol. Edit., Vol. I., p. 2—4.

† Mr. Mead had been originally a tradesman in London; but, during the civil wars, he, like many others, obtained a commission in the army, and was known by the appellation of Captain Mead. It is not at all improbable that he took the same side as William Penn's father; and, indeed, his conduct on this occasion displays somewhat of the republican intrepidity of those days.

Newgate. These proceedings, of course, aroused the attention of a nation justly jealous of the government of such a profligate and arbitrary prince as Charles II. and indignant at the conduct of such a judge as Howel. Sir Thomas Smith, about a century before, had considered the fining, imprisoning, and punishing of juries to be violent, tyrannical, and contrary to the custom of the realm of England; while the celebrated Sir Matthew Hale, who had been Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in this very reign, observed in his Pleas of the Crown, p. 313, that it would be a most unhappy case for the judge himself, "if the prisoner's fate depended upon his directions, and unhappy also for the prisoner; as if the judge's opinion must rule the verdict, the trial by jury would be useless."

Edward Bushel, a citizen of London, whose name deserves to be handed down to posterity with applause, immediately sued out a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. Upon the return, it was stated, that he had been committed "for that, contrary to the law, and against full and clear evidence openly given in court, and against the direction of the court in matter of law, he, as one of the jury, had acquitted William Penn and William Mead, to the great obstruction of justice." This cause was heard in the superior courts; and after a solemn argument before the twelve judges, the above was resolved "to be an insufficient cause for fining and committing the jury." They were accordingly discharged, and they brought actions for damages.

Eleven years after this, William Penn bent the whole force of his capacious mind to a great and noble undertaking. Having, in 1681, obtained from the Crown the grant of a large tract of land in America, since named Pennsylvania, after himself, as a compensation for the arrears due to him, as executor for his father, he took over with him a colony of Quakers, and founded Philadelphia, or the City of Brethren, in allusion to their union and fraternal affection.

After thus establishing the beginning of a future empire, and propounding a body of laws, this remarkable man, who reflects so much lustre on the name of Englishman, returned to his native country, and died near Beaconsfield, in Berkshire, of an apoplexy, in 1718, at the age of seventy-four.

Whether we view this great man in the light of a legislator, historian, or chronologist, we must allow he had great extent of knowledge, accuracy of judgment, and quickness of invention; and it is but justice to his memory to observe, that in all his writings, the gentleman, scholar, and Christian are eminently conspicuous.

We subjoin an extract from a letter of Mr. Penn to his wife and children, which was written a little before his first voyage to America, and was found after his death among some old MSS. Mr. Penn (as observed of Shakespeare) appears not so properly to "speak from Nature, as that she speaks through him."

"MY DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN,

"My love, that sea, nor land, nor death itself can extinguish or lessen toward you, most endearedly visits you with eternal embraces, and will abide with you for ever; and may the God of my life watch over you, and bless you, and do you good in this world, and for ever. Some things are upon my spirit to leave with you in your respective capacities, as I am to one a husband, and to the rest a father, if I should never see you more in this world.

"My dear wife, remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life; the most beloved, as well as most worthy, of all my earthly comforts: and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellencies (which yet are many). God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I

am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world, take my counsel into thy bosom, and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest.

"1st. Let the fear of the Lord, and a zeal and love to His glory, dwell richly in thy heart; and thou wilt watch for good over thyself and thy dear children and family, that no rude, light or bad thing be committed; else God will be offended, and He will repent Himself of the good He intends thee and thine.

"2ndly. Be diligent in meetings of worship and business; stir up thyself and others herein; 'tis thy duty and place: and let meetings be kept once a day in the family to wait upon the Lord, Who has given us so much time for ourselves: and, my dearest, to make thy family matters easy to thee, divide thy time, and be regular; 'tis easy and sweet; thy retirement will afford thee to do it: as in the morning to view the business of the house, and fix it as thou desirest, seeing all be in order; that by thy counsel all may move, and to thee render an account every evening. The time for work, for walking, for meals, may be certain, at least as near as may be; and grieve not thyself with careless servants, they will disorder thee; rather pay them and let them go, if they will not be better by admonitions: this is best to avoid many words, which I know wound the soul, and offend the Lord.

"3rdly. Cast up thy income, and see what it daily amounts to; by which thou mayest be sure to have it in thy sight and power to keep within compass: and I beseech thee to live low and sparingly."

DAVID SANDEMAN,

MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

DAVID SANDEMAN was born on April 23rd, in the year 1826. The home of his boyhood was Springland, on the bank of the Tay, a suburb of Perth. There are few scenes in the United Kingdom

more beautiful than those which surround the Fair City; and the missionary in Amoy, however intent on mastering the difficulties of the Chinese language and on preaching Christ to the strange people among whom he had gone to reside, could not fail to revert with pleasure to the lovely landscapes amid which he had spent the early years of his life. In his comparative loneliness, he would recall the days when he roamed over the level sweep of the Inches, or climbed the hills of Kinnoull and Moncrieff, and looked from the former on the Carse of Gowrie and the green undulations of Fife, and from the latter over Strathearn to the picturesque slopes of the Ochils.

David was for a time a scholar in the Perth Academy, the rector of which said of him that his diligence in mathematics was such as favourably to affect the whole class. When fifteen years old he was sent to the Pestalozzian school at Worksop, in England, where he acquired some knowledge of French and German. While at school and when he returned home, he observed the outward forms of godliness, but was destitute of spiritual life. He needed the change which only the Holy Ghost can effect, and a number of agencies were employed in bringing about his conversion. His parents were truly pious, and his mother especially strove to draw him to Christ. Faithful sermons stirred his soul. Once after hearing the Rev. W. C. Burns in Perth, he said, "I never knew till to-night what my Saviour did for me." The time of communion in Perth was drawing nigh, but he felt himself unworthy to participate in the benefits of the solemn service, yet was desirous of doing so; and one Sabbath evening, after having engaged in prayer with his sister, he retired to his room, where, resting his soul on Christ, he was able to rejoice in conscious salvation. He was filled with joy, and the expression of his adoring gratitude was, "The Lord God Almighty, the Lord Jesus, and the Holy Ghost, the triune Jehovah, be eternally praised, be eternally glorified."

The following Sabbath he sat at the Lord's table in St. Leonard's Free Church, of which the Rev. Mr. Milne was pastor. Having found the Saviour, he invited others to Him, speaking to those he met, visiting cottages and forming a class of young men, over whose spiritual interests he carefully watched. His zeal was intense. One entry in his journal was, "O Lord, my God, fill me with prayer, with heart-bleedings for sinners! May we take heaven by violence for them! Time flies, and souls are flying to hell. I must pray more for a sense of what the loss of a single soul really is."

In 1844 he went to Manchester to engage in business, but while attentive to his secular duties, his heart was in the service of his Divine Master. The growth of religion in his own soul and the salvation of his fellow-men were the most prominent of his aims. He always contrived to devote some moments of the dinner-hour to the Scriptures and to prayer, and never lost an opportunity of speaking a word for Christ in the warehouse or in the street. His pleasure in secret intercourse with God was great; yet his was not an isolated piety; he delighted in communion with Christian brethren, and rejoiced in them as helping forward the glorious cause to which he had so ardently devoted himself. He resolved to act as if there were no other human being with him, as if he "alone bore the standard; and yet to watch for and hail any who strive to bear the standard, and take them by the right hand."

While in Manchester he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to abandon his mercantile projects, and to enter on the work of the Christian ministry. Preparatory to that work he enrolled himself as a student in the University of Edinburgh. In college he engaged in literary and scientific pursuits with great ardour, yet without the slightest damage to his spirituality. He faithfully carried out his purpose "to study all day in the presence of Jesus." Whether employed on mathematics or metaphysics,

the orations of Demosthenes or the arguments of Locke, he strove to gain something which he could use for the glory of his Master. Though so devout in spirit, he was not indifferent to the charms which genius has thrown over the classic page, and could thoroughly appreciate the magnificent intellects which in ancient and modern times have so largely influenced the course of human thought:—"I observe that there is a certain healthiness in the atmosphere of truly great minds which invigorates and strengthens. There is even a moral nobility about such which is not found among men of a lower order. What I admire most in these men and their productions is that air and reality of nobility which all true greatness bears with it as a necessary ingredient. They walk on a higher level; their step is more manly, too, than other men's, and they cannot stoop to meanness. Stern unalterableness of purpose is a sublime feature of such characters; they call up the idea of the eagle, whose eye as he soars catches the minutest object and marks each, but never swoops till a worthy quarry is discerned, whose fate is then fixed."

Part of his summer vacations was spent at Bonskeid, a romantic seat of the family near Pitlochrie. The majesty of the ancient hills was before him, and he had delightful rambles through the Pass of Killiecrankie and Glen Tilt, rejoicing at every step in the sublimities built up, and the beauties spread out by the hand of his Heavenly Father. The rifts and ledges of the mountains, the wild torrents that dashed their spray at his feet, the trees that intermingled their variously-tinted foliage and the flowers that made the ground gorgeous as a mosaic pavement, suggested themes of sacred meditation, and drew from him bursts of ecstatic praise.

In January, 1855, he was licensed as a preacher, and thus gave himself up to the work of the Lord:—"Almighty and Eternal God, have mercy on my soul for Immanuel's sake! This soul and this body are Thine by creation, Thine by re-

demption. And by incomprehensible love and mercy called, as I humbly trust, to be Thine in the ministry of the Gospel, in and by Thy Holy Spirit alone, I do now surrender my whole body, soul and spirit unto Thee the Lord Jesus Christ, and unto the Father for the glory of God in the ministry of the Gospel. Thus by Thy powerful grace and Spirit, granted continually unto and working in me, the one great end of my life on earth shall be the glory of Jehovah in the salvation of lost sinners, and the edification of the saints. By His grace and Spirit I do also renounce the world with its honour and glory, and above all self-glory, the flesh with all its works, and the devil. O Jehovah, pour down the Holy Spirit on my soul! Thou glorified Immanuel, Thou hast the Spirit without measure, O pour down of the Holy Ghost, making me full of faith, and of the Holy Spirit, and so of Gospel power!" Soon after being licensed to preach, he was requested to labour at Hillhead, a preaching-station of the Free Church, about three miles from Glasgow.

He had a passionate love for souls and expected conversions as the result of every sermon; nor were his efforts in vain, for numbers were brought to God. But he could not content himself with the comparative ease and comfort of a pastoral charge in his native land. When he had been three months in Hillhead, he decided that it was his duty to go as a missionary to China. He began to learn Chinese, and leaving Hillhead, went for a short time on the Continent, visiting Pompeii, Naples and Rome. He returned to Scotland still bent on going to China, but was detained some months on account of the death of his father, and there was a fear that he would have to remain at home to take charge of the family property. Providence, however, removed the difficulties, and at length he had the satisfaction of hearing from Dr. James Hamilton that the day was fixed for his ordination to the work on which he had set his heart.

Before leaving home, he arranged that

one-eighth of his patrimony should be devoted to the spread of the Gospel in Scotland and seven-eighths to the spread of the Gospel in China. He sailed from Marseilles, October 11th, 1856, and landed at Hong-Kong on December 1st. He re-embarked for Swatow, where he was heartily welcomed by the minister whose discourses had so powerfully affected his soul in Perth. "A door opened, and out came in full Chinese dress and tail W. O. Burns! Taking me into his room, according to his old wont he said, 'Let us engage in prayer,' in the identical old Perth tones." Refreshed by the prayers and counsels of his friend, Mr. Sandeman went on to Amoy, where he was to be located. He wrote, "My soul would be bowed in thankfulness to God for the unbroken train of mercies all the way from home to this my destination." He applied himself diligently to the acquisition of the language, and soon attempted to make known to the people in their own tongue the wonderful works of God.

He was greatly interested in missionary tours, and at Ma-ping, one of the towns visited, had the pleasure of meeting several Christians. "Next morning, the Sabbath, they were early astir, and prayer and praise were poured forth as from the heart. There was some meaning in the confession of these people, for during the previous week some of them had had their fields bared of their ripe produce, and were otherwise persecuted for the name of Jesus. But they stand fast, by the strength of their Lord, and as it may be supposed, would be among those to whom Christ's Word was precious on that His holy day. The church was a large room, and the minister was placed at the side opposite the street, so that his voice reached not only the members who were in front, but any in the street who stopped to listen. At the outside were two forms filled with Chinese women, several having children in their arms. Among them were some awakened ones seeking the salvation of Jesus. From their secluded habits, it shows that there is a

work going on when such hearers are among the congregation. As it has happened among the Highland glens, so in this region; souls have been brought to the knowledge of Jesus among these retired Chinese valleys; one here and another there, set as single lights in the few hamlets or small villages of dark idolatry; and all to the glory of Him Who passes by the rich and the learned, and oftentimes seeks out His own in the quiet places of the earth."

Amid all the toils and cares of missionary life, Mr. Sandeman's heart was elated by a sense of the Divine favour. His religious experience was almost seraphic in its glow and ecstasy. He could say: "'To me to live is Christ.' Sometimes my life in some of its phases seems like a romance of love and joy." This exuberance of love and joy was, though not understood by him as such, a pre-intimation of speedy flight from "the land of Sinim" to the paradise of God. In 1858 he was stricken down by cholera, which was then prevalent in Amoy. When those who were with him asked if he had any message to leave for his friends, he said: "Tell my mother I thought of her, because she taught me the way to Jesus." He spoke of Christ as having always been exceedingly precious to him from the moment he knew Him, and died full of faith and hope, in the thirty-second year of his age.

Though his labours for China were so soon ended, his example remains as an incentive to zeal in the Christianization of that wide and populous empire, and when pagoda and palace, crowded street and river-boat, are filled with the light of the everlasting Gospel, and melodious with the songs of a people "washed, and sanctified, and justified," the name of David Sandeman will be remembered with gratitude, and it will be acknowledged that it was not in vain he bade farewell to the waters that glide past and the hills that look down on his native Perth, and pleaded with God, and toiled so incessantly in Amoy for the salvation of the idolaters whose folly he lamented but whose souls he loved,

INSECT BUILDERS, MINERS AND WEAVERS.

BY J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

III.

ENGLAND's great dramatist, designing to draw an illustration of a truth from the conditions of insect life, says, in oft-quoted words:—

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

I shall not enter upon the vexed question as to what was the precise lesson the poet intended to teach, nor discuss how much, or how little, he knew about entomology and physiology, but rather direct attention to the fact, that when seeking an illustration from the lower forms of life, he chose a beetle, because the popular idea then, as now, associates insects of that class with the ground, and an existence of obscurity. Like other popular beliefs, it is only true in part. There are crowds of beetles that pass their lives on the leaves of plants or the twigs of trees, and do not descend to the earth except by accident. Many beetles, also, could be pointed out, that in their mature or beetle-condition career through the air; some even in the day-time, though night-fall suits them better, especially those allied to the familiar dorr or Watchman, the drowsy hum of which sounds almost as agreeably on the country hill-side as does the distant tinkling of the sheep-bell. Yet it is quite true that, compared with flaunting butterflies, and most of the sober-tinted yet often richly-plumaged moths, with the bustling bees, and the rapid flies, beetles are, like the Uriah Heap of popular literature, *but humble creatures*. Certainly they are that, with hardly an exception, in their preparatory stage of larva or grub, when they are unseen and feeding underground or in the interior of plants, or else upon substances which we consider to be offensive.

There is a division of the beetles, called by entomologists by the high-sounding name of *Geodephaga*, which might, if carelessly translated "Earth-eaters,"

lead us to think that the insects were accustomed to devour earth. Rightly, however, the name distinguishes them from others called the *Hydrodaphna*, beetles ravenous in their disposition, and aquatic in their habits, preying on the inhabitants of the pool or stream, and sometimes venturing to attack and devour fish. The *Geodephaga* are beetles of prey that live upon land, and amongst them are some of the handsomest, strongest and fiercest of their kind. The *tiger-beetles* give us good examples of day-flying beetles, active in the pursuit of other creatures, and in their early or grub condition just as predaceous; but keeping themselves carefully out of view, and carrying on mining or digging operations, both for their own protection, and to enable them to secure their victims. The Great Tiger-Beetle, also known as the "Sparkler," from the gleams of red and gold that the wing-cases display when the sun shines upon them, is common on sandy ground in various parts of England; while another species is more partial to the neighbourhood of woods, and a third is fond of marshy places near the sea-shore. Five of these occur in Britain, all of them alike in the habits of the grub or larva. This presents a strange contrast to the beetle developed from it. Instead of long legs and powerful wings, enclosed in brightly-tinted wing-cases, we have a homely, rather unpleasant-looking creature, of a livid white colour; which, to an ordinary observer, might appear worm-like in shape. A "bond of union" between beetle and grub is to be found in the head, that being armed in both with strong jaws, curved like a sickle, and toothed along the edge.

The habits of these tiger grubs may remind us of the stories related concerning the ant-lion, and its ingenious trap for the small but diligent creatures on which it feeds. That creature, however, has not as yet been observed in this country. And an examination of one of the grubs with the unassisted eye (and still more if a lens be used) gives an instance of marvellous adaptation of

structure to habit and mode of life. Placed upon the ground and left to provide for itself, a grub of the tiger-beetle would probably starve, or its soft defenceless body would be attacked by some bird or other enemy; but its instinct teaches a mode of concealment very effective, and one enabling it to secure live food, and eat this without danger. The broad, flat head, the thickened segments behind the head, the short, stout legs, and the pliant body, all suit the work of burrowing in which this grub shows itself so dexterous. In addition to this, a curious ridge on the back, with two points upon it, serves another purpose in the underground life of the tiger-grub. By the aid of this it can pause at intervals when going up and down the tunnel it has made, and also plant itself close to the opening, so as to be on the look-out. The size of the tunnels dug out by these grubs varies according to their age. They have not been observed forming tunnels when very young, yet there is reason to suppose their habit is the same throughout their lives. The tunnel of a nearly adult grub is driven perhaps as deep as eighteen inches into the sand or earth, and although it would seem as if it were the design of the grub to carry the tunnel down perpendicularly, there is occasionally a bend, caused by some stone or projecting root, which proves a partial obstruction.

The commencement of the labour is comparatively light, the front pair of legs performing the operation of digging, while the earth is jerked or scooped out; but as the hole gets deeper, the stuff excavated has to be carried out. Packing it upon the head, in such quantities as can be carried safely, the tiger-grub wriggles its way up the tunnel, and shoots its rubbish outside, as a brick-layer's man might, returning to repeat the process with its natural hod. A German naturalist, who has studied the ways of these tigers in embryo, tells us that some of the grubs pile the earth brought out just beyond the hole, while others carry it farther off. One might

speculate therefore as to the possibility of there being differences of disposition even amongst these humble creatures. It is not at all easy to get a sight of one of these tunnels, nor of the tenant. To do so, we ought previously to have noted some bank near and upon which the beetles were seen, and we shall then have to kneel or lie down on the ground and look carefully for any small openings. An incautious attempt to get a grub out is likely to end in our burying it from view, and a grass-stem, or very thin twig, must be put in as a guide.

The ant-lion's *modus operandi*, as the reader may remember, is to crouch at the bottom of his tunnel, and wait for the fall of some ant that has lost its footing in crossing the slippery sand on the edge. The grub of the tiger-beetle has a different scheme. The tunnel being completed, the grub blocks up the opening with its body, propping itself up by the protuberance on the back and by the head. Some unsuspecting insect pacing along steps on the mouth of the tunnel, and its enemy drops, and both arrive at the bottom, where the captive is devoured at leisure. This, however, does not seem to be the invariable method: at other times the grub, thrusting out its head a little, snaps at anything that happens to be near. Probably these grubs live nearly a year, if no longer, in their larval condition, and then close up the opening with a barrier of silk, to secure themselves from danger, changing in their cells to pupæ; and from these the perfect beetles emerge during the summer.

There is a family of beetles, allied to the tigers and not known by any English name, in which a habit rather similar prevails, only the insects do not excavate holes, but seek out odd corners and chance nooks, in which they hide, and rush out on smaller insects within reach. All those beetles called Ground and Garden Beetles are more or less in the habit of dalving, in their perfect condition. Should prey fall short on the

surface of the earth, they dig down and seek for food among the various creatures that live on the roots of plants. Some, while grubs, live in decayed wood; and some, again, prey underground. Though not making regular mines, these are able to pass along easily amidst loose earth, especially in gardens, the legs being strong, and the body flexible. Considered as beetles, they are curious, because in most of them the wings are hardly developed, and their wing-cases are firmly joined together, their manner of life not requiring aerial excursions. If annoyed or alarmed, they can eject from the mouth a dark caustic fluid in self-protection. Gardeners have reason to be grateful to several of the Ground Beetles, since they prey upon small molluscs, caterpillars, and other pests. A French species devours the eggs of the cockchafer.

A small beetle, hardly a third of an inch in length, is a clever digger, sometimes burrowing under stones, or perhaps boring deeply into decaying wood, or, it may be, seeking out manure-heaps. The front pair of legs in this species have great strength, considering their size. The grubs live in a similar way to the beetles, and also prey on smaller creatures. Like some other beetles, they are not very friendly amongst themselves. Should two unfortunately cross tunnels, or meet by chance, they are likely enough to fight. I fear, though an honoured hymn-writer once said that, "birds in their little nests agree," the reverse is often true. As to beetles, it is certainly the case that near relatives not only fall out, but the victim in a combat is likely to be eaten by his brother. With some exceptions, such as the bee and ant, one seeks in vain in the insect world for any of the nobler qualities that attract us in the higher animals. Their only discoverable excellence, as a rule, is affection towards their offspring.

HEARING ACUTE, YET FATALLY DEFECTIVE.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

(Concluded from page 284.)

To deceivers, truth and falsehood become less distinct. They are as persons who, for some selfish and cruel purpose, have destroyed the landmarks by which benighted travellers have been accustomed to find their way across the pathless and perilous waste. But these men, in their turn, have to cross that waste, with its horrors and dangers. They are as those who have removed the light whose brilliancy and the bell whose tones might have saved the mariner who, in the tempest, has lost his reckoning; yet have themselves to navigate those seas, and at length discover that their wicked practices have resulted in their own bewilderment and will prove their ruin. It is marvellous to what an extent minds trained to deceive, and yet to find some excuse for their misdoings, are at length incapable of discerning the distinction of truth from falsehood, right from wrong. They have lost the moral power and perception which might have led them, when their ruin was imminent, to cast the falsehood from them, saying, "Is there not a lie in my right hand?" When that is the case, and the conscience has become blinded, the unhappy men will readily "give ear to a naughty tongue."

Grace will be withdrawn from those who persist in falsehood. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." In the affairs of the outer life we are ever liable to be deceived because of our ignorance. In the affairs of the inner life not only our ignorance but our evil dispositions render us liable to such deception. If we walk safely it is because God is our Guide. Thus the Lord enabled David to deport himself wisely though his foe sought to effect his ruin. "I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." Such guidance as they will receive God does,

for a time, extend to the ungodly even while they are walking in a very crooked path. This was exemplified in the history of Jacob. Enticed by his mother and following the bent of his evil nature, he deceived his father amid circumstances rendering his falsehood specially hateful. Yet did the Lord protect him from the revengeful purposes of Esau, and enrich him amid the selfish scheming of Laban. God does care, during a season, for those who are walking in a false way. But when God withdraws His counsel and aid, we are as men benighted in a land of precipices and robbers. Hence a man, though in his temporal affairs eager to avoid being deceived, may any day listen to some plausible scheme which will blight his prospects during the rest of his life. The naughty tongue may thus prevail against one whose tongue has often manifested its own naughtiness.

In the spiritual life the unhappy man is doubly in danger of being deceived. He wishes to listen to the false lips when they commend sinful gratification. There was a time when a voice, Divine though unwelcome, made itself heard. There was a time when God's Truth, like the angel with a drawn sword who withstood the progress of Balaam, warned the transgressor not to listen to the promises of the Arch Deceiver, or those of his agents. But what is to prevent one forsaken of God from giving ear to deception?

The best of men have need to be on their guard, keep their hearts with all diligence, and look up to God for help. The servant of God who prophesied against Jeroboam's idolatry, who bore such a noble testimony for his Master, who predicted future events by the aid of the Holy Spirit, and who was permitted to work miracles to attest the authority by which he acted, was yet deceived by a false tongue. There was no need for this. God's directions had been complete. But the messenger allowed his heart to start aside. He was deceived, transgressed and died. We trust that Divine clemency imparted to

him repentance unto eternal life, but his mortal life was brought to an untimely end. Let us be vigilant and prayerful. So shall we be safe from the wily foe, and shall reach the land of unsullied and everlasting light.

REJOICE !

"Rejoice evermore," says St. Paul, "rejoice!" Rejoice! says the sun as it smiles upon the world and makes me smile. Rejoice! says the babbling brook as it rattles among the stones and flings back the sun-rays in a broken sheen. Rejoice! it says again in a still, gentle murmur while it deepens as if with satisfaction full. Rejoice! say the willows as they fling their cooling shade upon the banks and rustle their feathery branches. Rejoice! says the bird among the leaves. Rejoice! says my heart as I rest upon the grass; and as I turn again to the Book of my delight, the Apostle chimes in once more, "Rejoice..alway: and again I say, Rejoice." How easy! how delightful! when the heart is in tune and the world also!

But if otherwise? Rejoice! says St. Paul. But the rains descend, and the floods come and beat upon my house: rejoice! But the sun has gone, and the moon is hidden, and darkness and "the sons of night" are abroad upon the face of the earth, and there are a thousand causes for fear. "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Is it a mockery to tell a man to rejoice in bereavement or distress or extreme sorrow from any cause? Some men, many men, most men, would take it so. Ay! is not indulged sorrow well nigh universal? Did not Elijah give up in something very like despair, and Jacob refuse to be comforted? Job let loose his first heroism of faith, and cursed the

day of his birth? Yea! and "we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

But "rejoice!" is to fit all the phases of human life. "Rejoice..alway: and again I say, Rejoice." There can be no mistaking the Apostle's language, neither can there be any doubt that he perfectly understood what he was saying, and if any man was more than ordinarily acquainted with the vicissitudes of life, and was more than usually versed in all that men call pain, distress and trouble, that man was St. Paul. Such an exhortation from such a man comes with a propriety none can question and a force which every man must feel. Add to this the weight of inspiration, and a disregard of it becomes positively criminal.

Yet hard it is to teach men to "rejoice evermore!" It is not that they do not strive to rejoice, for is not the world full of devices for securing joy? But it is that they run astray, and are deceived. The foes of man are about him and within him, and they contrive to rob him of joy while he is in the pursuit of it, and yet succeed in alluring him in the same direction, to complete his dissatisfaction in despair and woe. Man is made to be joyful, and the universal instincts which prompt him to the search are proofs of this. But there is only one true source of joy for him, and the disappointment which awaits him in every other direction is likewise a demonstration of this. "Joy in the Lord!" "Righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost!" The way to be happy is to find joy in the Lord.

EBENEZER MANTING.

STAR-DUST.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.—This Psalm, if I am not mistaken, was composed by David, when he was expelled from the holy city and temple; for in the sixth verse he hopes for a return to the House of God. Since of all the Divine mercies he particularly commemorates

this, that in time of necessity he wants for nothing, and is even received to a banquet in the sight of his enemies, I conceive it to relate to that time when, flying from the contest with his disobedient son, he pitched his camp beyond Jordan, and was in danger of seeing his little army perish for want of provision in that uncultivated region, or of being deserted by all his friends. Affairs, however, turned out quite different; for what he could not foresee or hope, the Almighty performed for him. The veteran soldiers flowed in to him from every quarter, and his whole camp was so liberally supported by the good and opulent citizens, that in this very situation he was enabled to collect an army, and risk the event of a battle. (See 2 Samuel xvii. 26—29.)

He therefore compares himself to a sheep, and the Almighty to a Shepherd; a very obvious figure, and which every day occurred to his sight during his stay in those desert parts. The sheep, timid, defenceless, exposed to all the beasts of prey, and possessed of little knowledge or power of foreseeing or avoiding danger, are indebted for life, safety, and everything, to the care of the shepherd. We must remember also, that the exiled king had formerly himself been a shepherd. The recollection, therefore, of his past life breaks in upon his mind: "JEHOVAH," says he, "is my Shepherd; I shall not want." It is His province to provide for my existence, and to procure for me those blessings which I am unable to obtain for myself.

The *tender herb* (*dasha*, which is properly the *virgin herb*, or that which has not budded into seed or blossom) is more grateful to sheep than that which is seeded, *gneseb* (Genesis i. 11). In meadows, therefore, covered with the green and tender grass, he supposes JEHOVAH to cause him to rest under His care. He was expelled to Lebanon, from the tops of

which cataracts of melted snow are constantly falling: these are dangerous for sheep to approach, nor is the water sufficiently wholesome: he therefore adds, that he is led to waters gently flowing, where the clear stream meanders through the fertile plain. The scene which was before his eye consisted of rude hills, and valleys deep, gloomy, dark, and horrid, the haunts only of the fiercest animals. There is no safety for the sheep in these valleys, but in the care of the shepherd.

You are therefore presented with a great variety of contrasted imagery in this Psalm: on the one hand the open pastures, and the flowing rivulets, the recollection of which never fails to delight; and, on the other hand, the cheerless and gloomy valleys, which inspire the reader with fresh horror. Descending from figurative to plain language, he next celebrates the bounty of God in preparing him a banquet in the face of his enemies, and therefore regales himself with the delicious hope, that he shall once more be restored to His sacred Temple.—*Horsley*.

THE BOY'S HOME AND THE MAN'S THOUGHT.

HOME scenes and happy days gone by,
When rosy Youth and Pleasure met,
Still keep their radiance for the eye
Of memory, though their suns be set.
And gentle Time seems but to soften
The splendour into light subdued,
Which, though less dazzling bright, is
yet

No less delightful to be view'd,
As in the evening-tide we often
Feel, 'mid the twilight solitude,
More sweetly though more pensively
Than 'mid the glaring scenes of day.

F. M. KURLING.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Scenes from the Life of Nehemiah ; or, Chapters for Christian Workers. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1874.—The writer of this little book has done good service in bringing out, very clearly and forcibly, some of the valuable lessons from an instructive, but too little

studied portion of Scripture. All who are engaged in, or preparing for, work for Jesus should read it. It abounds with helpful and stimulating thoughts, is very pleasantly written, and the more attractive from its being so very tastefully got up.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

AGNES L. STEWART.

AGNES LUTHERS, eldest daughter of William and Martha STEWART, was born at Glasgow, on December 8th, 1842, and died at Manchester, on March 29th, 1874. From a child she knew the Scriptures, and in very early life was led to say, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek." A child of many prayers, and surrounded by holy and helpful influences, she was brought to a personal decision for Christ through the earnest and affectionate ministry of the Rev. John Hay, at St. Thomas's, in the Glasgow East Circuit. Notwithstanding her youth, she immediately began to meet in Class, an affecting memento of which, her first ticket on trial, dated December 12th, 1855, was found with all her later tickets and other papers of interest, carefully arranged by her own hand, when her private effects were examined. In the course of a few years she removed with her family to Greenock, where there was a time "of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The Rev. John Burgess, then stationed there, laboured with much success. It was at the time of this gracious quickening, though in her own closet at home, that Agnes was enabled distinctly to enter into a higher spiritual life through faith in the Redeemer's blood, on October 21st, 1864, a date to which she was accustomed ever after to refer with a grateful remembrance of the happy season when in quiet assurance she was enabled to say:—

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice Divine."

From this crisis in her experience her path was "as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

With warmth of heart she united a discriminating judgment and quick discernment, which gave great force and firmness to her character and a tone of sacred resolution to all her purposes. A long and well-considered preparation had led up to the point of self-consecration, nor was there ever a wish to take back the offering. For nearly five years she manifested her attachment to the cause and people of God in this Circuit by the regularity of her presence at Class, and her attendance at chapel at all the public services, although she had a distance of five miles to walk on a much exposed and dangerous road. These difficulties did not deter her from making a double journey to the house of God on the Lord's day. But she was unable to indulge her desire to take a class in the Sunday-school. For children she possessed a peculiar charm, often gathering them around her, and holding them in rapt attention as by stirring story or by sweet-voiced song of praise she

"Allured to brighter worlds,"

Of necessity she had to deny herself the pleasure of such congenial work so long as circumstances hindered, yet already she had obeyed the command, "Go work to-day in My vineyard," as she had opportunity, doing with her might whatsoever her hand found to do, till a wider door was opened.

Again the pillar of cloud moved, guiding the family this time to Manchester, where she at once entered on a

course of active service that was only interrupted by the illness that brought her labours and her earthly life to a close. The first work in which she engaged in her new sphere was teaching in Ormond-street Sunday-school, in a poor and very destitute locality in the Oxford-road Circuit. Here for more than five years she answered the Saviour's searching challenge, "Lovest thou Me?" by a loving compliance with His testing injunction, "Feed My lambs." A teacher from principle, she was conscientious and thorough in the discharge of all her duties, illustrating in her own spirit and conduct the lessons that she taught in word and doctrine, and ever bringing to her work habits of system and order that gave a practical value to all that she said or did, so that she was alike exemplary for her fidelity to the responsible trust she had received, and for the method and discretion that governed her in its administration. Never hurried, she made it a point to be always in time. The records of the school attest that, except when on very rare occasions absent from home, she was always in her place, a pattern of quiet and high-toned, though singularly unobtrusive obedience to the Divine command, "Occupy till I come." Yet the exact and scrupulous regard she uniformly paid to clearly-defined obligations, never degenerated into a merely perfunctory and mechanical service. To her duty was delight, and nothing done for Christ was regarded as servile or irksome. She gave a prompt and joyous echo to the Saviour's voice, in loving sympathy with the lofty yet lowly spirit of His devotion of Himself, "Lo! I come to do Thy will, O God."

In addition to her engagement in the Sunday-school, she undertook the work of a Tract District in the same necessitous neighbourhood, where, amidst scenes of tumult and wretchedness, she was able sometimes to speak a word in season to the weary, to comfort the sorrowful, and to "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." Greatly esteemed as she was for her work's sake

in her various spheres of labour, not only by those to whom she ministered, but also by all her fellow-workers, it was in the quiet seclusion of home and the ordinary round of daily life that her whole-hearted discipleship was most conspicuous. She experienced a settled rest rather than a fervid joy, a tranquil and abiding satisfaction rather than an emotional ecstasy. Except in Class, where her experience was stated with scriptural simplicity and sincerity, she seldom spoke much of her spiritual exercises; but her devout demeanour, her walk and conversation, her abhorrence of sin, her attention to closet duties, her cheerful submission to the Divine will, and her charity towards all that were out of the way, were recognised by those who knew her best as "things that accompany salvation." At home and abroad she was animated by a gentle, loving spirit that found satisfaction only in the success of her desire to make all around her happier by her cheerful presence.

Unwearied in well-doing and eminently happy in her family, she seemed to have a bright unclouded future, when she was stricken by sickness, lingering and painful, that threw upon all her plans of usefulness the deepening gloom of Death's shadow. Having served the Lord in health with willing hands, she had now with loving heart to glorify Him in the sevenfold heated furnace of affliction in which she was chosen. For years she was troubled with incipient heart disease, but as the attacks were only occasional and seldom caused a sense of suffering, little uneasiness was felt until bronchitis supervening on quinsey so aggravated the chronic symptoms as to excite alarm.

Though her illness lasted long, the gravest issues were apprehended almost from the beginning by her medical attendant and friends. Her own impressions were somewhat different. At every interval of improvement her youth, her love of life, and the prayers offered in her behalf, induced the hope that although brought very low she might yet be lifted

up. Yet even with this feeling she had no fear of death. At one time, on rallying from a fit of extreme prostration, she said she felt certain if she had died she would have gone to heaven. On another occasion, months before her departure, she became unconscious, and seemed about to pass away. Her twin-brother, the Rev. W. R. Stewart, summoned by telegram, stood with the family at her bedside to receive a farewell word or look of recognition; but "lover and friend" were put far from her, and in that moment of supreme interest she knew no one save "Jesus only," to Whom she spoke, at first with difficulty and inarticulately, but as the words were repeated again and again they soon became distinctly intelligible to all:—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

The natural sweetness of her disposition was heightened by the gracious working of tribulation, which, though severe and long continued, she endured without repining, no murmuring word or impatient wish having been at any time heard from her lips. Once when prayer was offered that she might be preserved from fretfulness and discontent in her trouble, she remarked that she had no reason for any other than a thankful spirit, as the Lord had been doing her good all her life, and it would be very

strange and wrong if now she should be weary of His correction, or faint when rebuked of Him. The Rev. W. J. Tweddle, the Superintendent, and the other ministers of the Circuit, were very kind in their attentions, their visits being seasons of blessing; while to them, and to all who saw her in affliction, the serenity and cheerfulness she displayed were the sure and pleasing tokens that *the fire her graces had refined*.

As the end drew near her mental faculties became brighter and more sensitive, while the perfecting process of grace was moulding her into entire submission to the will of God, and conforming her to the image of His Son. On the day before she died she was heard in earnest prayer, expressing her unreserved resignation, and breathing a desire, if life were given, that it might glorify the Saviour more, but leaving the issue in His hands. She then repeated a verse she was fond of as a child:—

"Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell."

And in twenty-four hours her prayer was answered, when, without a groan or struggle, her peaceful spirit passed away, leaving a pleasant smile upon her wasted features.

W. S.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR NOVEMBER, 1874.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1874.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.
Oct.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
28	6 46	4 41	5 12a	5 55a	3 6m	5 4m	10 34a
Nov.							
7	7 4	4 23	4 46	5 36	3 2	4 36	9 57
			Rises.				
17	7 21	4 8	6 50m	5 12	2 57	4 8	9 21
27	7 37	3 58	5 42	4 39	2 53	3 40	8 45

PHASES OF THE MOON.

1st, Last Quarter 2h. 0m. morn. | 17th, First Quarter .. 1h. 54m. morn.
 9th, New Moon 5h. 34m. morn. | 23rd, Full Moon 5h. 34m. after.
 30th, Last Quarter 6h. 29m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

November 7th	3h. after., Apogee; distance 252,527 miles.
" 22nd	6h. after., Perigee; " 222,803 "
Mean distance for the month	237,665 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

November 1st.....	90,931,320 miles.
December 1st.....	90,362,120 "
Decrease of distance for the month	569,200 "

Mercury will be stationary on the 4th, when the apparent motion changes from direct to retrograde. On the morning of the 10th it will be near the Moon; it will be in ascending node on the morning of the 14th, and next morning in inferior conjunction with the Sun, a very little northward of the edge of the disc. At that time the diameter subtends an angle of ten seconds. On the afternoon of the 18th it will be in perihelion. On the morning of the 24th it will be again stationary, after which the apparent motion will be again direct. It attains its greatest distance, northwards, from the Ecliptic at midnight on the 28th.

Venus attains its greatest brilliancy on the 3rd, but the effect is lost to us by its low southern declination. In the southern hemisphere it will be a fine object at that time. To us it will be very near the Moon on the morning of the 12th, behind her disc, to the inhabitants of the torrid zone, and for some distance beyond on each side. It will be stationary on the evening of the 18th, when the apparent motion changes to retrograde, and the planet and Sun rush to the instructive and long-talked-of conjunction, when the former will pass between the Earth and the Sun's disc on the 9th of December. Seen with a telescope, it takes the form of a beautiful crescent, growing thinner and thinner as the month advances.

Mars is still a morning star. On the 5th it will be very near the Moon, occulted in some regions of the northern hemisphere. On the night of the 7th and morning of the 8th it will be quite close to *eta* Virginis. In a telescope of

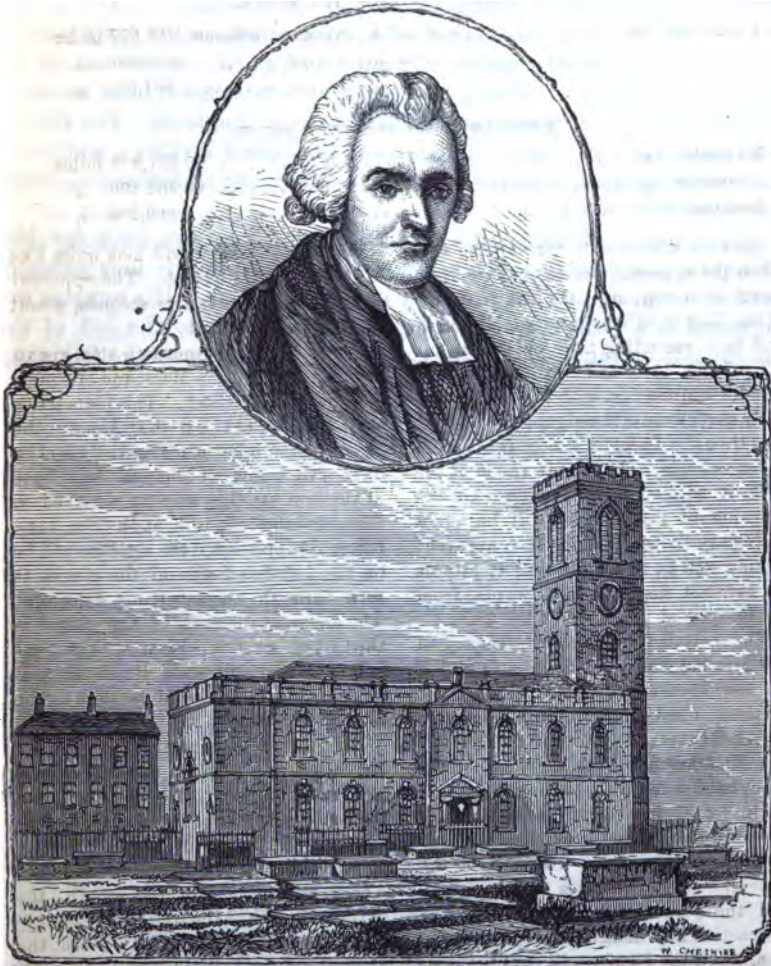
low power the latter will look quite like a satellite to the planet. The apparent diameter of Mars is five seconds, about half that of Mercury.

Jupiter is also a morning star, rising somewhat later than Mars, and of course considerably brighter. This planet, too, will be occulted by the Moon; the phenomenon takes place on the evening of the 6th, below our horizon. An eclipse of the first satellite may be observed on the morning of the 16th, at 5h. 36m. 51s.: before disappearance the satellite will be on the left-hand side of the planet as seen through an inverting telescope. The apparent diameter of the planet is thirty-two seconds. Seen with a telescope magnifying sixty times, it will appear as large as the Moon does to the naked eye.

Saturn is an evening star, indeed, may be called the evening star, for Venus sets about an hour after the Sun. On the 15th it will be a few degrees northward of the Moon. It is getting away from us, and slightly diminishing. About the middle of the month, the extreme length of the ring will be thirty-seven seconds, the breadth eleven, the diameter of the ball sixteen.

Uranus rises at ten o'clock in the evening on the 14th, and at nine o'clock on the 29th. On the 7th it will be in quadrature with the Sun, and on the 21st stationary.

Neptune will be on the meridian on the 2nd, at eleven o'clock, and on the 17th, at ten o'clock in the evening; altitude, forty-eight degrees. The apparent motion is retrograde.



(North-Side View.)

CHRIST CHURCH, MACCLESFIELD;

ERECTED FOR THE REV. DAVID SIMPSON, AUTHOR OF "A PLEA FOR
RELIGION," ETC.

BY JOSEPH JONES.

ALL who are acquainted with early Methodism, or at least that phase of it peculiar to a period extending from a few years previous to a few years after the Founder's decease, will be familiar with the name and the book above mentioned. The Rev. DAVID SIMPSON, M.A.,
VOL. XX.—*Second Series*.—DECEMBER, 1874. Z

was a zealous and devoted clergyman at Macclesfield, the friend of Mr. Wesley, and the author of a work which, in the early part of this century, excited considerable attention, partly on account of its fearless exposure of abuses (some of which have since been removed or remedied) then prevalent in the Church of England. The title of the book was, "A Plea for Religion and the Sacred Writings, addressed to the disciples of Thomas Paine, and Wavering Christians of every persuasion."

The church of which we give an Engraving, was built for Mr. Simpson one hundred years ago. Here, after twenty-four years of arduous toil, he died, at the early age of fifty-four. His remains are interred in a vault surrounded by palisades, a little to the left of the north-side entrance-door of the church. The stone bears the following inscription:—

"Within this vault are deposited the earthly remains of the REV. DAVID SIMPSON, M.A., the first Minister of this Church, who departed this life March 24th, 1799, aged 54 years.

"See Tablet in the Church."

The following is a copy of the inscription on the marble tablet referred to, close to which is now placed a stained-glass window to his memory. Both of the above are on the south side of the church.

Sacred to the Memory of

THE REV. DAVID SIMPSON, M.A.,

The first Minister of Christ Church, who, after twenty-four years' laborious and unremitted service, departed this life March 24th, 1799, aged 54.

As a preacher of the Gospel, he was zealous and faithful:

Pure and uncorrupt in his doctrine:

A pattern of good works in his life:

A friend to the poor and distressed:

A comforter of the sick and afflicted:

A father to the orphan; a husband to the widow:

And, confining his benevolence neither to sect nor persuasion, he was,
in his universal charity, the Good Samaritan.

This Monument was erected by an affectionate people as a grateful acknowledgment of the benefits they had derived from his Ministry.

Mr. Simpson appears to have commenced his labours in the town as curate at St. Michael's, or the old church of Macclesfield, where the Rev. James Roe (father of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers) had been incumbent for some years. The latter clergyman died in 1765, when his daughter, Hester Ann, was about nine years of age. Several members of this family became seriously impressed under the faithful preaching of Mr. Simpson, who had the reputation of being a "Methodist." God owned his ministry in the conversion of souls,

among whom was the young person alluded to, as we learn from her interesting "Experience and Spiritual Letters."

Christ Church, which was opened on Christmas-day, 1775, was erected at the sole expense of an uncle of the above Miss Roe. She became the wife of the Rev. James Rogers, one of the early Methodist preachers. In Mr. Wesley's Works no fewer than fifteen letters are given, as addressed by Wesley himself to this excellent woman.

In the Church there is an interesting monument, by Bacon, the sculptor, to the memory of the gentleman who built and endowed this sanctuary, as the inscription testifies. The following is a copy:—

"Whoever thou art whom a curiosity to search into the monuments of the dead, or an ambition to emulate their living virtues, has brought hither, receive the gratification of either object in the example of CHARLES ROE, Esq., a gentleman who, with a slender portion on his entrance into business, carried on the Button and Twist Manufacture in this town with the most active industry, ingenuity and integrity, and by a happy versatility of genius, at different periods of his life, first established here, and made instrumental to the acquisition of an ample fortune, the Silk and Copper Manufactories, by which many thousands of families have been since supported. The obstacles which envy and malevolence threw in his way retarded not his progress: enterprising, emulous, and indefatigable—difficulties to others, were incitements to action in him. His mind was vast and comprehensive, formed for great undertakings, and equal to their accomplishment. By an intuitive kind of knowledge he acquired an intimate acquaintance with the mineral strata of the earth, and was esteemed by competent judges greatly to excel in the art of mining. In that line his concerns were extensive, and the land-owners, as well as the proprietors of the valuable mine in the Isle of Anglesea are indebted to him for the discovery.

"It pleased the Almighty to bless his various labours and benevolent designs. His grateful heart delighted to acknowledge the mercies he received. God was in all his thoughts; and, actuated by the purest sentiments of genuine devotion—which burnt steadily through his life, and the brighter as he approached the Fountain of Light—he dedicated to the service of his Maker a part of that increase His bounty had bestowed, erecting and endowing at his sole expense the elegant structure which encloses this monument, and which, it is remarkable, was built from the surface of the ground and completely finished, both inside and out, in so short a space of time as seven months.

"Reader,

When thou hast performed the duties which brought thee hither, think on the founder of this beautiful edifice, and aspire after the virtues which enabled him to raise it.

"He died May 3rd, 1781, aged 67 years, leaving a widow and ten children (who have erected this monument as a tribute of conjugal and filial affection) poignantly to lament a most indulgent husband, a tender father and a general loss.

"The above Charles Roe was sixth son of the Rev. Thomas Roe, M.A., 26 years vicar of Castleton, Derbyshire, within the chancel of which church his remains are interred."

Further interest attaches to Christ Church from the fact that it is frequently referred to by Mr. Wesley in his Journals as affording him opportunities of preaching to large and appreciative congregations.

On Wednesday of the Easter Week in 1777, he says:—"I went on to Macclesfield. The new church here is far the most elegant that I have seen in the kingdom. Mr. Simpson read Prayers, and I preached on the first verse of the second Lesson, Heb. xi. And I believe many felt their want of the faith there spoken of. The next evening I preached on Heb. xii. 14: 'Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.' I was enabled to make a close application, chiefly to those that expected to be saved by faith. I hope none of them will hereafter dream of going to heaven by any faith which does not produce holiness."

Under date March 29th, 1782, Good Friday, we find the following entry:—"I came to Macclesfield just time enough to assist Mr. Simpson in the laborious service of the day. I preached for him morning and afternoon; and we administered the Sacrament to about thirteen hundred persons." Mr. Wesley goes on to say:—"While we were administering, I heard a low, soft, solemn sound, just like that of an *Æolian* harp. It continued five or six minutes, and so affected many that they could not refrain from tears. It then gradually died away. Strange that no other organist (that I know) should think of this. In the evening I preached at our Room. Here was that harmony which art cannot imitate."

Tuesday, May 20th, 1783:—"About noon I preached at Stockport; and in the afternoon, in the new church at Macclesfield."

On Sunday, August 31st in the same year:—"I preached in the new church at Macclesfield, both morning and afternoon. I believe we had seven hundred communicants."

Friday, April 1st, 1785:—"I came to Macclesfield, where Mr. Simpson had given notice of my preaching in his church. Here I fully delivered my own soul."

Saturday, April 1st, 1786, Mr. Wesley says:—"I came to Macclesfield. Here, again, I had the satisfaction to find a people much alive to God. Sunday 2nd: We had a large and serious congregation at the new church, both morning and afternoon. The organ* is one of the finest toned I ever heard; and the congregation singing with it, make a sweet harmony."

Saturday, March 31st, 1787:—"I went on to Macclesfield, and found a people still alive to God, in spite of swiftly-increasing riches. If they continue so, it will be the only instance I have known in above

* Murray, in his "Hand-Book of Cheshire," when writing of Christ Church, Macclesfield, has this remark:—"The organ is said to have been used by Handel, and the pulpit by John Wesley." The organ must have been transferred to Christ's Church from some other place, as Handel died in 1759, and the church was not opened until 1775.

half a century. I warned them in the strongest terms I could, and believe some of them had ears to hear."

Sunday, April 6th, 1788 :—"The new church was half-filled in the morning, but throughly in the afternoon ; and great was our rejoicing in the Lord, both then and at six in the evening. I took a solemn leave of them at five in the morning."

A few words may now be necessary on the subject of Mr. Simpson's "Plea for Religion," which may be met with among the cheap reprints of the present day. It appears that only one edition of it was issued during the lifetime of the author, and the book was then considerably smaller than the copy which was printed two or three years after his death. This second edition, an octavo volume of 350 pages, is before me. It has an appendix containing "The author's determination to have relinquished his charge in the Established Church, and the reasons on which that determination was founded." The date on the title-page is 1803. It seems that the manuscript of this edition was completely finished and on the point of being published by the author. "His executors," it is stated, "from motives not generally interesting, hesitated on the propriety of making the work public." His son, Mr. D. Simpson, being then of age, and the copyright being his property, deemed it his duty to perform the intentions of his father. The work is, to a large extent, a compilation of anecdote and illustration, with quotations from different writers in prose and poetry, showing the nature and importance of true religion, and the authenticity of the Scriptures, etc. One part of the work gives examples of dying infidels ; and another presents instances of persons recovered from infidelity. We have also examples of dying professors who had lived in the spirit of the world ; and again, persons living and dying in the "full assurance of faith." A lengthy advertisement by the author, dated January 1st, 1799, is prefixed to the second edition, explanatory of the additions and improvements it contains. We are told it is "enlarged with a considerable quantity of fresh matter, and is more than double the size of the former."

We subjoin an extract from the Rev. L. Tyerman's "Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A."

"On Easter-day, April 3rd, A.D. 1774, Wesley writes :—'I went on to Macclesfield, and came just in time (so is the scene changed here) to walk to the old church, with the Mayor and the two ministers.'

"Here we pause, to notice a man who afterwards not only distinguished himself by his pen and ministerial labours, but became one of Wesley's sincerest and warmest friends.

"One of the 'two ministers' referred to in this extract, was David Simpson, now a young man of twenty-eight. Born at Ingleby-Arncliffe, in Yorkshire, and educated at Northallerton and at Scorton, he, in 1766,

entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he became acquainted with Rowland Hill, and a select society of devout collegians, and was converted. On leaving College he was ordained, and accepted the curacy of Ramadon, in Essex. He then removed to Buckingham, where, by his extempore preaching of justification by faith, and the nature and necessity of the new birth, he provoked alike the hostility of the surrounding clergy and the sneers of unconverted laics.

"About the year 1772, he accepted the invitation of Charles Roe, Esq., to his residence at Macclesfield, and soon became curate of what Wesley calls 'the old church,' but which, at that period, was the only church that Macclesfield possessed. Here he married Miss Waldy, of Yarm, a young lady of distinguished excellence and piety, who died within six months after Wesley's visit, leaving to her young husband the care of an infant daughter. Mr. Simpson's faithful ministry was as much disliked at Macclesfield as it had been at Buckingham. Complaints of his Methodism were made to his diocesan, and twice he was suspended for preaching doctrines to which, as a clergyman of the Church of England, he had solemnly subscribed. Expelled from the pulpit of the church, he began to preach in the adjacent towns and villages. Just at this juncture, the prime curacy of the church became vacant, and, the nomination being an appendage to the office of the mayor for the time being, Mr. Gould made him the offer, and had the pleasure of seeing it accepted. To prevent Simpson's induction, a petition, with seventeen articles of accusation, was transmitted to the Bishop of Chester, all of which might be reduced to one, —namely, that he was a Methodist. In reply, he says, in a letter to his Lordship:—'This is true. My method is to preach the great truths of the Gospel, in as plain, and earnest, and affectionate a manner as I am able. Some, hereby, have become seriously concerned about their salvation. The change is soon discovered; they meet with one or another, who invite them to attend the meetings of the Methodists, by which their number' (the Methodists) 'is increased to a considerable degree. This is the truth. I own the fact. I confess myself unequal to the difficulty. What would your Lordship advise?'

"Such was the conflict. Before it came to an issue, Mr. Roe, at his own expense, erected a church, of which Mr. Simpson became incumbent in 1775, relinquishing, at the same time, the curacy which had been a bone of contention. Here he continued to exercise his successful ministry until 1799, when he peacefully expired.

"Among many others who were benefited by Simpson's preaching, was a young female, eighteen years of age, who, on the very day of Wesley's visit, above recorded, found peace with God, at Simpson's sacramental service, and afterwards became the Hester Ann Rogers, whose journals and letters have been read by myriads."

In connection with the foregoing narrative the following incidents may be not inappropriately introduced, as illustrating the influence of Mr. Simpson's name and writings in places remote from Macclesfield more than sixty years ago. The facts will be interesting not only to Wesleyans, but to all who are engaged in Sunday-school work.

Seventy years ago there was no Sunday-school of any kind at Stafford, where a small Society of "the people called Methodists" existed. The town had not then become the head of a Circuit. One of the members, however, a young man of twenty, had seen a Sunday-school in full operation at Burslem, and had read of another at Bolton, in Lancashire, as described by the Rev. Peter Haslam in the "Methodist Magazine" for January, 1805. This knowledge produced a deep impression on the mind of this young Methodist. His means were limited, but he resolved to begin a Sunday-school in his native town. This was accordingly commenced in April, 1805, on premises taken by himself for the purpose, and the school at once proved a decided success. In a short time it enlisted the sympathy of a pious influential lady in the town, well disposed towards Methodism, who prevailed upon some of the county magistrates at the Quarter Sessions to grant the use of the Assembly-Room of the Shire-Hall for carrying on with greater efficiency this new movement. To this place the school was soon afterwards removed, where it was conducted for several years by the Methodists and their coadjutors of other denominations.*

A few words are due to the memory of the young Methodist at Stafford who, in 1805, began the first Sunday-school there, to which allusion has been made. He also prospered as a tradesman, and for many years continued an active and devoted Wesleyan in his native town. In 1837 he was elected the Mayor, being the first Non-conformist chief magistrate the borough had ever known. For twenty-three years, up to the time of his decease in 1859, he was also on the Commission of the Peace as a magistrate for Stafford. This individual was the late Mr. William Jones, sen., the father of him who pens this humble tribute of filial respect for his memory.

WINTER DAYS AT MENTONE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM HENRY SOUTHERN.

(Concluded from page 328.)

November 29th.—We drove to the gardens of Dr. Bennet—a green oasis among the grey rocks above the bridge of St. Louis, easily distinguished from the town by the British ensign which floats from the dome of a little watch-tower. At the height of two hundred feet the

* In the year 1855, the inhabitants of Stafford celebrated the Jubilee of the first establishment of Sunday-Schools in this town, and by permission of the county magistrates, the same Shire-Hall was placed at their disposal for the purpose. All denominations of Protestant Nonconformists joined in the demonstration. The founder of the first Sunday-School presided. His address was inserted in the "Christian Miscellany" for that year, vide p. 185.

Corniche road crosses the mouth of the St. Louis gorge—a narrow cleft in the mountain spur. The parapets of the bridge are scarcely three feet high, and a charming view is obtained. You look up the ravine and trace the course of the mountain torrent which leaps out of the shadows a few hundred yards away, and gallops down under the overhanging precipices until it disappears beneath the bridge. The rocks are fretted into strange pinnacles, and embossed here and there with bushes, while one slender column of limestone rises up five hundred feet from the centre of a chasm like a hoary obelisk. Deep down, sometimes parallel with and sometimes across the stream, a narrow aqueduct supported on arches, and said to be of Roman origin, winds. The ravine forms the boundary between France and Italy. A few hundred yards above the bridge is the Italian Custom-house, with two or three soldiers taking their pipes. A steep path brings us to Dr. Bennet's garden, where inscriptions in two or three languages invite us to enter. We pass under trellis-work of heliotrope and passion-flower supported on stone pillars, and find ourselves among the flora and vegetation of Africa. We cool ourselves in grottoes hung with maiden-hair and other ferns; we recline in arbours over which the violet heliotrope climbs and presents us with gratuitous perfumes; we walk under a burning sunshine among palms and spiked aloes, and a hundred sub-tropical plants which flourish on this scorched hill-side. The garden is irrigated from tanks, and two or three dark-eyed Italian women, as well as one or two gardeners, are employed in the grounds. A magnificent view of Mentone is obtained—its two bays

sunk into one and divided only by the old town and pier which are mirrored in the placid sea, while the sentinel mountains sweep round, their jagged peaks all softened and glowing in a rosy summer haze.

December 3rd.—We witnessed to-night, under the most favourable auspices, the remarkable marine phenomena known as the "phosphorescent sea." It was a magnificent night. Under the light of a full moon it is no exaggeration to say that a newspaper might have been read out of doors. The moonlight fell on the sea like a bar of silver, and within this limit glittered with a thousand points. But it was not this which attracted our attention. Every wave as it rolled ashore appeared charged with strange metallic fire. Quatrefages, a French naturalist, has given a vivid description of such a spectacle off the shores of Sicily, and Darwin has referred to the "liquid phosphorus" of the South Seas. The appearances are owing to the decomposition of the organic particles of marine animal life.

December 20th.—During the month ending to-day, we have had exceptionally fine weather. No rain has fallen in Mentone, although we have observed on one or two days that it rained on the surrounding mountains, and at sea, some miles distant. Out of twenty-eight days, twenty-two or three have been brilliant, and only six or seven cloudy. At eight o'clock a.m. in one of the bed-rooms, the thermometer has never registered a lower temperature than 50·69, while the barometer has ranged from 30·00 to 30·75. At Smethwick, during the same period, there were severe frosts, the thermometer registering in the house from 34 degrees to 50 degrees. The maximum temperature recorded at Mentone at eight a.m. was 58

degrees; recorded at Smethwick 50 degrees—observations being taken at both places indoors.

December 21st. (Sunday.)—This morning, at half-past nine, I walked into the town intending to observe Mentone in its Sunday aspects. The suburb stretching along the East Bay wore its every-day appearance. The omnibuses belonging to the hotels were starting as usual to the railway-station. Tradesmen's messengers were delivering goods at the villas. The newsman was sounding his horn, and carrying his "pannier" with Paris and local journals. The town omnibus was hurrying past, and the wagon from the goods station with Colman's Mustard and Reading biscuits was lumbering along. French ladies were starting out to make their morning purchases, and villagers from the mountains were wending their way to the town for the same purpose. The main street was unusually crowded. It is a narrow thoroughfare intersecting the old town, with dark unsavoury passages branching out on one side towards the port and on the other side up towards the "Cathedral."

Visitors very seldom penetrate these stifling passages, any more than the city man explores the alleys of Holborn. There is nothing very inviting in these labyrinths, consisting as they do of houses four or five storeys high, of a dirty buff or dingy white, pierced at regular intervals with narrow windows. The entrance to these shadowy passages is generally guarded by a few typical inmates in the shape of dirty wizen old women with arms akimbo, or an old man with a worn-out coat, leaning on his stick, his head covered with a red worsted cap, the upper part of which falls down over his spare grey hairs. The main thoroughfare is

crowded. The shops, with scarcely an exception, are open. Even the tradesmen who close their establishments on Saints' and Fête days throw them open on Sundays. Carriages are threading their way among pedestrians. The peasants from mountain villages, ruddy women from cottages far up the heights among the firs and the sheep, to whom the morning breeze never bears the city's sounds, are buying their flour and cheese in the shops, where they will leave their baskets while they go to mass. Questioning a native on the subject, she told us that the villagers had no time on other days to make their purchases, and that the curé (the priest) never remonstrated with them!

But we have reached the Market-Place. It is a small square adjoining the main street, in which half-a-dozen plane-trees are planted, from whose branches the wind was still stripping the leaves. The place is surrounded on three sides with tall dim houses, the lower floors of which are used as wine-shops or stores; and here, under the trees and in the shadows, the busiest scene was passing. The market was more animated than on any other day of the week. Servants from the villas were speculating in macaroni and mushrooms, carrots and cauliflowers. Peasants were buying cheese and girls chestnuts. There was a tall spare woman in rusty black slapping her cheek and chinking her coppers in disdain when she had been asked four sous for a cabbage. The market produce is similar to that of England. Here are pears, apples, figs (green and dry), grapes, peaches; turnips, tomatoes, celery (for boiling), and chicorée; fowls, turkeys, doves and ducks, besides other small birds of whose names we are ignorant, and

whose destruction appears a very wanton act. There is a stone stall at one end of the market reserved for fish, and soles, and sardines; mullet also may be bought.

It will be expected that we say something about the dress of the people. Mentone is a frontier town, not long ago annexed to France, and its native population assimilates in taste and customs more to Italy than France. Yet we have no picturesque costumes to describe—no square head-dresses and flowing veils, no scarlet vests and coloured pantaloons, such as we instinctively associate with the plains of Piedmont or the slopes of the Apennines. The most characteristic article of a woman's attire in this district is a circular hat, about the size of a dinner plate, worked up into a slight elevation in the centre, where it is crowned with a large button. Very few women wore hats this morning; a simple handkerchief tied under the chin covered the black tresses of the young and the grey locks of the old. A second handkerchief was generally tied round the neck, and a black stuff jacket and clean print dress completed the attire.

The wine-shops are generally the sunken floors of houses, and you catch glimpses, down two or three steps, of a landlady busy among pyramids of barrels and lead-covered tables where peasants are drinking their half-litre of *vin ordinaire* and munching their rolls. It requires some mental effort to conclude that it is Sunday, but we are at length reminded of the fact by dreary monotonies from several church steeples and the sweeping by of fashionable visitors with gilt-edged prayer-books in gloved hands.

December 24th. (Christmas-eve.)
—We attended midnight mass at

the principal Catholic church (St. Michael's). Just before ten o'clock we toiled up a narrow paved road which disappears under some antiquated building, and then emerges into a steep winding street in the centre of the old town. Imagine the deep portcullised gateway of some feudal castle, and you will get some idea of the entrance to the street which conducts to the parish church of Mentone. The sides of these arches are filled in with shops and warehouses, and in the day time, in these vaults, you can see the butcher among his joints and the shoemaker with his last. But the warehouse is barred and the shop closed, and the only relief to the gloom of the passage is from a far-off gas-lamp which flickers on the forms of a few loitering natives. When you emerge into the street, you are scarcely better pleased. You look up between overhanging houses, four or five storeys high, and see the stars glimmering out of a narrow strip of sky, as you would see them up above an old-fashioned English chimney.

After strolling a hundred yards along the street, we reach the dimly-lighted steps which lead to the church, and climbing these, find ourselves in an open space with the roofs of houses about us, and the constellations beaming upon us. St. Michael's stands at our left, and having given a glance at its bell towers and heavy facade, we enter. For three or four sous we get a chair in the nave, a few yards from the chancel. At this hour the congregation numbers scarcely fifty persons, and the light of a few tapers fails to dissipate the shadows which hang about aisles and chapels. But the attendants are stealing about, and the lights are multiplying, and drapery and

gilding, mirrors and pictures are being gradually revealed. The people, too, are crowding in. A dark-eyed peasant girl takes the place next to us, and an old woman whose hand is enveloped in a coloured handkerchief sits beyond, with a stout grandchild. Behind us a well-conducted family assembles with elegantly-bound prayer-books, and they do not take their seats without having gazed at the altar in silent devotion for some minutes. Half-an-hour has now passed, and the high altar is a blaze of light, and light is streaming from all the glass chandeliers down the nave, and every mirror and picture is illuminated. The nave is filled to the doors, and the congregation overflows into the side aisles and into the small chapels surrounding the aisles, which are brilliant with frescoes and images. The chancel has a handsome cornice and elaborate Corinthian capitals, richly gilt, and with its crimson hangings and resplendent altar is an imposing sight.

The Virgin is everywhere—on altars, frescoes, pictures,—she beams under stars and crowns. Jesus occupies subordinate positions among crowds of saints and angels, or is a helpless Babe in the arms of His mother. But more of that directly. Attendants vanish, and the service begins with intonation in a very nasal voice proceeding from the rear of the chancel, and occasional responses from the choir in the same direction. The choir is evidently composed of male voices neither very sweet nor very cultivated, and without wishing to appear irreverent, we cannot help remarking that the vocal efforts of the intoning priest reminded us very forcibly of London street cries. Certain deviations from sacred music were committed by the

organist during the service, and we found that a solemn midnight mass was quite consistent with a fantasia. In the best known portions of the service a sort of humming accompaniment was kept up by the congregation, and these subdued tones, echoing down the nave, were infinitely more musical than the harsh nasal voices of the choir. Three officiating priests, with a number of boys in "nice white stoles" bearing lighted tapers, at length appear. The celebrant, whose jewelled vestments sparkle under the gilded chancel arch, receives the thurifer from the hands of one of the attendants, and incenses the altar. The procession then retires, only to re-appear in a few minutes, and the mass is commenced. At critical passages, the music grows exciting, and when the celebrant lifts up the chalice, and the bell (announcing the moment of consecration) is rung, a profound silence falls on the congregation, and men and women bow low. A general flutter of excitement immediately afterwards indicates that some novel feature is about to be introduced.

Another procession, comprising three additional priests with singing boys and tapers, advances to the chancel. The leading priest carries in his arms a little nude image—not quite the weight, but about the size, of a new-born child. It represents the infant Jesus! The celebrant embraces the little porcelain or wax figure at the chancel steps, and having presented it before the altar returns to the front of the chancel, where the people crowd around. The infant Jesus is handed by the priest from person to person and from lip to lip, and having been kissed by some dozens of old women and children, is then deposited by

whose destruction appears a wanton act. There is a stone stall at one end of the market reserved for fish, and soles, and sardines; mullet also may be bought.

It will be expected that we say something about the dress of the people. Mentone is a frontier town, not long ago annexed to France, and its native population assimilates in taste and customs more to Italy than France. Yet we have no picturesque costumes to describe—no square head-dresses and flowing veils, no scarlet vests and coloured pantaloons, such as we instinctively associate with the plains of Piedmont or the slopes of the Apennines. The most characteristic article of a woman's attire in this district is a circular hat, about the size of a dinner plate, worked up into a slight elevation in the centre, where it is crowned with a large button. Very few women wore hats this morning; a simple handkerchief tied under the chin covered the black tresses of the young and the grey locks of the old. A second handkerchief was generally tied round the neck, and a black stuff jacket and clean print dress completed the attire.

The wine-shops are generally the sunken floors of houses, and you catch glimpses, down two or three steps, of a landlady busy among pyramids of barrels and lead-covered tables where peasants are drinking their half-litre of *vin ordinaire* and munching their rolls. It requires some mental effort to conclude that it is Sunday, but we are at length reminded of the fact by dreary monotonies from several church steeples and the sweeping by of fashionable visitors with gilt-edged prayer-books in gloved hands.

December 24th. (Christmas-eve.)

—We attended midnight mass at

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The "*Nicene Creed*" gives no more encouragement to the practice than do the Articles of the Church. In the second division of that Creed, we are taught respecting our Lord Jesus Christ, that, "The third day rose again according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father." This is not a position of equality, but of equality; therefore the Father must be as devoutly and as highly honoured as the Son. The third division of the same Creed is a view of the subject entirely different—"And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and the giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son. Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified." Now, if we worship with a special regard to the Son, and stand with a special regard to the Father, and the Holy Ghost, we are not equal. They are glorified together, and worshipped together. It is inconsistent to worship one more than the other.

Therefore, we have lately in our country confirmed the same. One of the first things by the Christian people every Person God and Lord." acknowledges the living the head, sitting to bow, head of elevating Father, seems in the other side, "Equal to the Holy Godhead: therefore, as

the priest on the altar! The whole thing seemed a burlesque. To us who have learned to regard the Saviour of the world as a personal Friend, an exalted Brother, an interceding Priest, our safest protection and our supremest joy, there is something humiliating and painful in the constant representation of Jesus as an infant in the arms of His mother. One of the broadest marks of distinction between the Romish and the Reformed Churches — and one which is specially noticeable on the Continent—is that by which Romanists represent Christ as helpless, while we regard Him as omnipotent; they picture Him as a Babe, we as a Brother.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF RITUALISM.

BY POMPILIUS APEX.

CHAPTER I.

SOCIETY, in every age of the world, has been encumbered by the presence of men of morbid temperament, who have spent their lives in magnifying molehills into mountains.

These watchers are at present greatly perturbed by the rapid spread of Ritualism. They tell us that whilst Evangelical clergymen and able preachers of the Truth have but scanty congregations, the churches where the service is one of gorgeous ceremonial are numerously attended. Nevertheless, we have little fear that Ritualism will ever take a firm hold upon the *thinking* portion of the community. One of its own advocates, speaking at a public meeting a short time ago, urged the importance of pageantry and display, as the only means of making the house of God a rival of

the gin-palace. His logic quickly works out its own conclusion; that, as a man visits the gin-palace merely for the gratification of sense, he is prompted to enter the sanctuary by no higher aim.

If the more prominent doctrines and practices of Ritualism be thoughtfully examined, the inconsistencies and contradictions which they involve will be so readily apparent, as to debar the accession to Ritualism of any man who looks before he leaps.

One of the earliest indications of the entry of Ritualism into a church and congregation, is the usage of *bowing on every mention of the name of Jesus*. Indeed, this is so mild a form of Ritualism that its practice is not only general in the Church of England, but we have seen it attempted in Wesleyan chapels where the Liturgy is read. We have not one word to say against the devotion which would so honour the Redeemer's name; but we plead for consistency in every act of worship as in every act of daily life. To be consistent, the Trinitarian who bows his head on every mention of the name of the Son, is in duty bound to pay a similar act of homage to the names of the Father and of the Holy Ghost. Yet this is never done; and a quotation from Scripture is urged as an excuse: "Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow." This statement was never intended to mean that Jesus should be elevated to a higher degree of dignity than His Father; for the same Apostle, in another of his Epistles, observes, "But when He saith all things are put under Him, it is manifest that He is

excepted, Which did put all things under Him." The obvious interpretation of the former text is, that Jesus, Whose name was at that time mean and contemptible in the eyes of the whole world, should soon be the object of adoration such as previously had been offered to Jehovah. The knees which had bowed only to the Great Creator, should bow with equal readiness to the equally Great Redeemer. But there is no suggestion that the worship of the Father should be surpassed by the worship of the Son.

This reasoning, however, is set up on the authority of Scripture. As the thorough-going Ritualist usually prefers the authority of the Prayer-Book to any other, not even excepting the Word of God, a moment's examination of that volume may give us some enlightenment. The first "*Article of Religion*" says, "There is but one living and true God... And in unity of this Godhead there be three Persons, of one substance, power and eternity; the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." The fifth "*Article*" says, "The Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, is of one substance, majesty and glory with the Father and the Son, very and eternal God." This language is very plain, and does not contain the slightest foundation for the usage of showing special honour to the Son; but rather implies the claim to equal acts of worship. And under this lies the necessary deduction, that an act of adoration paid with obsequious correctness and regularity to one Person of the Trinity, and as studiously and unflinchingly withheld from Another, cannot be looked upon as less than an unwarrantable insult to the One from Whom it is so withheld.

The "*Nicene Creed*" gives no more encouragement to the practice than do the Articles of the Church. In the second division of that Creed, we are taught respecting our Lord Jesus Christ, that, "The third day He rose again according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father." This is not a position of superiority, but of equality; therefore the Father must be as devoutly and fully honoured as the Son. The third division of the same Creed brings this view of the subject out more clearly:—"And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, Who with the Father and the Son TOGETHER is worshipped and glorified." Now, if men in public worship offer a special act of homage to the Son, and stand unmoved, without giving the slightest outward sign of respectful recognition to the Father and the Holy Ghost, how can it be said They are worshipped and glorified *together*? And yet this act of inconsistency is repeated week by week, even over the reading of the *Nicene Creed* itself.

A careful reading of the "*Athanasian Creed*," about which we have lately heard so much, will confirm the position we have taken. One or two quotations must suffice here. "We are compelled by the Christian verity; to acknowledge every Person by Himself to be God and Lord." So the Ritualist acknowledges the Son as God by bowing the head, and the Father by omitting to bow. Saint Athanasius, instead of elevating the Son above the Father, seems in danger of erring on the other side, for he says of Christ, "Equal to the Father, as touching His Godhead: and *inferior* to the Father, as

touching His Manhood." Therefore the Father has the right to demand that every act of worship, whether inward or outward, which is paid to the Son, should be paid to the Father also. "Such as the Father is, such is the Son; and such is the Holy Ghost." . . . "And in this Trinity none is afore, or after other: none is greater, or less than another."

This deferential genuflection, the earliest germ of Ritualism, is due to the tendency to follow usage without inquiry or thought. And thus it comes to pass that a whole congregation may be seen bowing most devoutly on every mention of the Saviour's name, yet standing immovably erect as any other Person of the Trinity is separately named and worshipped; and then, with inexplicable complacency, joining together in singing,—

"Immortal honours, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And EQUAL ADORATION be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee!"

"I HOPE SO."

"AND now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three:" and it is intended that they should remain three, each holding a distinct relationship to the other. But it may be possible for the cause of wrong to gain an advantage by the improper condition of any one of these three; and if hope in any degree usurp the place of faith, the individual Christian suffers. It is good to hear an old Christian, as he gently hobbles along with crutches, on an April morning, between two showers, wind up his account of troublous times, with a sigh and the expression of a hope of a better world. It is good,

and it does one good, but it might be better. Why should a Christian's experience resemble an April day, when the sunlight comes in snatches? In nature April is a necessity once a year. Is it so in grace? Nay more! Need it be April all the year round?

A hope of heaven is good, is indispensable; but when a man is in trouble, and one endeavours to cheer him by reference to the coming kingdom and the mansion which is being prepared for him, his "I hope so," seems hardly positive enough. One is glad to hear that, but a feeling of disappointment accompanies it. While there are several degrees of belief ranging from positive certainty down to vacillating opinion, hope must not be confounded with the weakest and most unsatisfactory of them all. Let hope, bright, joyous, angel-winged hope, be untrammelled, and soar to heaven as often as it can; but faith lays the foundation; and we must not drag down hope's wings and put a trowel in its hand, and bid it do the work of faith.

Surely "I hope so," is in most cases insufficient. It betrays an inward and conscious want of assurance which ought not to be. There is no lack of external Christian evidence; there is no lack of Scripture promise; and of the Spirit's applications and manifestations there need be no lack. The only lack is in the human faculty to recognise, to apprehend, to feel, and here is the cause for grief; and the Spirit is grieved because man will not grow large enough to receive Him, because he will not exercise and develop his spiritual faculties that he may obtain spiritual perception and strength.

It is not so with our purely intellectual faculties. From our childhood and upward we have been taught to

use and improve them, so that now we are able to recognise proof easily and decisively. We have been trained to calculate, and as the result we are perfectly certain that two and two make four and not five. But our children a year old are sure of nothing of the kind, their faculties are not large enough to understand the relations of numbers; and we teach them and bring out their mental powers. Little by little, the mysteries of arithmetic become clear, and their capacity grows larger and bolder by practice, until it becomes as sure to them that two and two make four as it is to us.

Now is it as clear that sincere repentance + living faith = salvation, as that $2 + 2 = 4$? That may not be a fair test to a young Christian, but to one who has been from ten to forty years exercising his spiritual powers, what is there unfair about it? If there be no proof of God in inward consciousness, there can be none at all. All external proofs are but helps and stepping-stones to this, and are relatively unsatisfactory. Man has in his own spiritual capacities the greatest power of proof, and when God condescends to work miracles He goes out of His way in order to lead man up to this. "Faith," says the Apostle Paul, "is the evidence of things not seen." That is the great need of the world, and it is within all the world's reach. The proof of things unseen is what the world are lamenting that they have not. They probably speak the truth, but it is assuredly their own fault. They might have faith if they would; they have it and misuse or do not use it; but because it gives proof of the unseen, it is man's great remedy, and therefore it has to sustain from every side the concentrated forces of the powers of wrong. And the

consequence is that heaven witnesses the gigantic folly of the greatest thinkers among men asking for proof of God through the physical senses.

And for the same reason our venerable and aged brethren are only at "hope so" and "trust so," when they ought to be at "I *know* Whom I have believed." O! for the simple faith which lights the path of the just, "shining more and more unto the perfect day." That is religion as it should be. Of all disasters there can be nothing on earth so harrowing as this: to see a man profess the faith of Christ, and drag through life till the sun begins to set, and then break down at last. We must let faith have a little more exercise, be a little adventurous, get somewhat of Scriptural enthusiasm, and we shall soon be able to say, "I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

EBENEZER MANTING.

PROVIDENTIAL IMPRESSIONS.

THE following incident, strikingly illustrating the fact of direct Providential interference in the way of *mental impression*, was related to the writer by the lady referred to:—

A lady, going to reside in a small town not far from London, connected herself with the Wesleyan Sunday-school, becoming a morning teacher. Upon the Class-register she found the names of several girls who attended only in the afternoon.

Among these, one was particularly impressed on the mind of the teacher, who felt a strong desire to see her, and inquire about her spiritual condition. For some time no opportunity presented itself, until she was

one day walking with one of her own children, who said, "Look, mamma, there is M—."

Mrs. — immediately spoke to the girl, and a conversation followed, in which the teacher talked plainly to M— about her soul, and invited her to a week-evening Bible-class conducted by herself. For some time M— occasionally attended this, until one day the teacher, inquiring for her, was told that she had gone into the country very ill. Her address was obtained, and Mrs. — wrote a letter to her, affectionately inviting her to give her heart to the Saviour.

Now M— had been, up to this time, averse to speaking of spiritual things. When, however, the letter reached her, she seemed intuitively to perceive its contents, and said, "I know what is in it, mother; read it to us all."

From this time she spoke freely to those about her respecting her soul. Soon she returned to her former home, but not for long. Her race was well-nigh run, and a few weeks after her return she fell asleep, trusting in Jesus, and ascribing her salvation, under God, to the faithful and loving efforts of Mrs. —. The latter says she frequently felt the necessity of this girl's immediate salvation so impressed upon her, as to make her manner of introducing the subject seem to herself quite abrupt and rude. Surely this should encourage us to be "instant in season, out of season;" for there can be no doubt that if we are ready to undertake such work, we shall always find it placed close to our hand by Him Who willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that all should turn to Him and live.

Stamford-Hill.

W. E. S.

BE IN EARNEST.

LIFE is brief; its days are fleeting,
As the bird on swiftest wing,
As the pearly dew of morning,
Or the rill from mountain spring;
Hastes the bird through skies of azure,
Dew exhales in morning's sun,
Down unto the grand old ocean,
Mountain streams unceasing run.

Be in earnest; it is glorious
On life's battle-field to stand,
With the Spirit's sword victorious
In our weary, willing hand.
Soon the fierce and fiery struggle
With the flesh and sin shall cease;
Following close the din of battle,
Dawns the day of rest and peace.

DOWN THE CLYDE.

BY THE REV. Jabez MARRAT.

THE Clyde at Glasgow, though spanned by stately bridges and flowing past wharfs to which fleets of merchant ships are moored, is far from being a beautiful river. Its waters are dark and turbid, and it has more the appearance of a vast canal than a natural stream. But its lower reaches and its majestic Frith present scenes of blending grandeur and loveliness not surpassed in the whole of Great Britain.

The following is a brief sketch of a voyage by a little group of friends, from the crowded Broomielaw to Ardria-haig in Argyleshire. Early in the morning we embarked on the "Iona," a steamer of noble proportions, and if not so costly in its fittings, quite as comfortable, as Cleopatra's famous galley. With towers and spires, huge warehouses and palatial buildings on either side of us, we steamed from the Broomielaw, and soon heard the countless hammer-strokes which resound from the great ship-building yards, where we saw vessels in every stage of preparation, from the ribbed skeleton to the completed hull. Our attention was also called to burns or rivulets still bearing poetic names, and known in song as flowing transparently over

*(The Kyles of Bute.)*

pebbles and white sand and gently awaying the stems of water lilies, but now polluted by various industrial operations, and pouring foulness into the Clyde. The country below Glasgow is pleasant to the eye, with its churches, mansions, lawns and copses. On one side of the river there is a comparatively level stretch of landscape; on the other side are the Kilpatrick hills, swelling upward in scarred yet defiant majesty. A village at their base is said to have been the birthplace of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland; and the same locality boasts the termination of the great Roman wall which extended from the Forth to the Clyde. We could not pass the spot without being reminded of the ages which have elapsed and the changes which have been wrought in the social,

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political and religious aspect of the world, since the time when the ancient Britons, compelled to labour by Roman captains and centurions, dug the foundations and laid the stones of the mighty rampart.

While we were thinking of days when the imperial eagle threw its terrible shadow over those slopes, we came to Dunglass, a rocky promontory crowned with the ruins of an old castle, and bearing a still more interesting object, the obelisk raised in honour of Henry Bell, the first promoter of steam navigation in Europe. His vessel, the "Comet," was fitted with an engine of three-horse power. Its progress on the water was so slow that sail-boats easily passed it, but the difficult throbbing of its engine and the heavy splash of its

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paddles were prophecies of a power that is now felt on all the navigable rivers, lakes and seas in the world. Still borne onward, we saw before us the steep brown rock of Dumbarton rising abruptly from a peninsula formed by the junction of the Leven with the Clyde; the former the theme of an ode, in which Smollett has shown that he had a genius capable of achievements far different from the coarse and profane novels which are a disgrace to our literature:—

"Pure stream, in whose translucent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave:
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread:—
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming mass thy waters make,
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine."

Looking on the old castle high on the Dumbarton Crag, we recalled events in Scottish history of which it was the scene,—the great patriot Wallace confined within its walls ere he was taken as a prisoner to London; the flag of Robert Bruce streaming proudly above its rugged masonry; Mary Stuart tripping gracefully down its rock-hewn stairs when about to embark for France, where she was schooled in the vices which eventually hurled her to ruin; the grim soldiers of Cromwell keeping guard on its ramparts. As we went on, having on one side Helensburgh and Loch Long, and on the other side Port Glasgow, Greenock and Gourock, we had more than sufficient to engage our eyes and our thoughts; here a glimpse of lovely scenery stretching far inland, and there a spot bright with an illustrious name or suggesting ancient song or romantic legend. But it was not until we reached Dunoon that we became acquainted with the true glories of the Clyde. The Frith widens into a lake-like expanse, and our ideal of romantic scenery was realised as we gazed on the hills riven into shapes of stern grandeur, yet with villages at their feet which seemed "places of nestling green for poets made," and on the picturesque declivities of Renfrew and the distant

coast of Ayr. There were also other objects in the panorama: looking over the bow of the vessel, we beheld the Cumbraes with their belt of waves, the pleasant isle of Bute, and beyond, the stupendous peaks and cliffs of Arran.

After a tossing more lively than agreeable, we swept into the Rothesay harbour, and went thence through the Kyles of Bute. The calm waters of the passage have a river-like appearance, the shore on both sides is indented with quiet coves and lovely bays, and we could scarcely tell which to admire most, the rugged steepes of Argyshire with their stirring memories of the MacCallum Mores, or the gentler and more Arcadian slopes of Bute. The island, having given the Stuart family to the Scottish throne, is not without historical associations, but its greatest charm is in the luxuriance of its dells and glades, and the rounded grace of its placid uplands. D. M. Moir justly apostrophized it as "beauty-breathing Bute;" and, having climbed one of its heights at sunrise, saw—

"How tranquilly serene,
Beneath, outspread that panoramic scene
Of continent and isle, and lake and sea,
And tower and town, hill, vale and spreading
tree,
And rock and ruin tinged with amethyst,
Half-seen, half-hidden by the lazy mist,
Volume on volume, which had vaguely wound
The far-off hills around,
And now roll'd downwards: till on high were
seen,
Begirt with sombre larch, their foreheads
green."

From the Kyles of Bute we struck into Loch Fyne, and went as far as Ardriahag, the inner terminus of the Crinan Canal. Loch Fyne runs between ranges of hills, which though in some parts incapable of producing a blade of grass or an ear of corn, are not neglected by nature, but are profusely decorated with arabesques of lichen and moss, and present combinations of colour worthy of being imitated on the painter's canvas. On our return it was our lot to see Loch Fyne in one of its stormy aspects. Black clouds hung over the mountains, winds shrieked, waves broke into foam; and

as we rounded Ardlamont point, the "Iona" reeled uneasily and was drenched with spray. At length we reached the Kyles of Bute, where peace and beauty again awaited us, and a few hours after we were in Glasgow, thankful that we had been permitted to see another leaf in that wonderful book of creation which bears in every line the tokens of our Heavenly Father's wisdom and goodness.

WASTE.

A DIALOGUE.

"THE same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods."

"Why, Edward, you have repeated that now several times!"

Edward T— roused himself: "I suppose it laid hold of my fancy, as I have been so recently taking stock and striking my year's balance."

"Then have any of your people been dishonest?"

"No! it was rather myself I was thinking of than them. I was looking at religious obligations from a business point of view—"

"Not as business only?"

"There is scarcely any way in which they should be regarded *only*; they so pervade the life that illustrations flash on us turn where we will. There are times when religion should be treated as a matter of solemn right and duty. Sometimes its claims may be pressed on our intellect or on our faith. Here, however, let us deal with it as a matter of business, of pure contract: in what way are we fulfilling our engagements?"

"Well, Edward, I should like to hear what you think; but I am not much of a business woman, my sympathies are not likely to be stirred, I am afraid."

"You say that, my dear, because you are attaching a mere counting-house idea to business; but think: '*had wasted his goods*.' Unless I am very much mistaken, my wife has often waxed eloquent over *waste*!"

"O! yes; I am sure it is too trying. But, Edward, is it possible that in any

way so inexcusable, *we* are wasting our Lord's goods?"

"I am afraid so; we are all stewards, and all of us have wasted, or alas! *are* wasting, the goods which belong to our Lord."

"Those things which are committed to us no doubt we do, to some extent; yet are you not straining a point? How can things consecrated be wasted? We strive to devote ourselves and all we have and are to God, how, then, can our powers or our lives be wasted?"

"Remember, we are talking now only of *waste*, not of fraud; though that is included in the parable. But even of Christians, it must be confessed that most have ignorantly wasted some; and of many, who never intended mal-appropriation, it may be said that, whilst trusting in Christ for salvation, they have, nevertheless, wasted nearly all the goods entrusted to their care."

"No doubt, it is often in ignorance or heedlessness. I am sure people seem to have very lax notions with regard to other people's property. And the less they have of their own, the less respect they have for another's."

"And, my dear, we have *nothing* of our own; all we have we hold in trust. This is our training-time to teach us to employ goods aright, and to acquire them for wise and independent use hereafter."

"That is to say, we shall be rewarded if we can give a good and true account?"

"More is meant than that; we are not fit to be trusted with the possession of some things, to which we now too lightly lay claim, till we have been trained in faithful service. If we waste now, the loss, it is true, will some day be our own, but it is not therefore a matter of lawful choice whether we employ the goods aright; they are our Lord's goods. Now, if we suffer from their loss in the future, it will be not only for our folly, but for our dishonesty."

"I suppose you are referring chiefly to such goods as time and money, as they are to be used here, if at all?"

"Not so much to those just now.

They strike one so evidently that they can scarcely be overlooked, though I might just say of time, that as it is the one of our Lord's goods which affords opportunity for the exercise of all others, it is valuable according to a suitable employment of it,—one in which, by wise arrangement, worship, work, relaxation and the other multifarious duties of life, are dealt with in a conscientious and prayerful spirit."

"And with regard to money; don't you think that mere giving, if it is not judicious and prayerful, may become mere wasting too?"

"Yes; we must not only give, but give aright; seeking guidance how to give and when, and above all, guarding the spirit in which it is done. For instance, if we give from ostentation or for peace, or for friendship *only*, we are wrong. Still more egregiously are we so, if we are offering an indirect bribe to pacify faithful ministers, or a direct quietus to a complaining conscience, or as a commutation for personal service and actual self-denial; then are the goods worse than wasted."

"What others were you about to name before these?"

"Many; first of all *health*. Some wear this out deliberately in slavery to earthly cares. Some risk and diminish it in following worldly pleasures, as far as they dare carry conformity to the world. Some only decline to strengthen, and therefore in the end weaken it by a constant course of easy self-indulgence;—all these are wasting the Lord's goods. Though each single act in their lives may keep just clear of open sin, yet they are steadily wasting the *power* of service. They think themselves Christians, but they are unfaithful stewards still."

"Edward, on the other hand, there is *suffering*. I have sometimes thought that if I bore it with tolerable resignation, it was all that could be demanded. I see now it is a blessing which may be utterly misused. I see that it is intended to discipline the spirit; to give occasion for patience, for consider-

ation towards others, for gratitude to our fellows, and clinging trust in God; indeed, it gives opportunities for the exercise of that special privilege, *glorifying God*."

"I had not thought of this, my dear, but you are certainly right. Then there is *influence*. We are often careless of this impalpable gift, which flows forth, blessing or cursing, we know not how. Too frequently I have felt that my religion was only a benefit to others where it was least needed, in the pew or in the vestry. A Christian should be in daily walk and conversation, at home, with friends, or amongst strangers, a living, unspoken sermon, an embodiment of the beauty of religion. Then we may lastly add, *grace*, that blessing above price bestowed on the believer, and the means of increase. Yet when the Bible has been read without thought, hymns in the sanctuary been listened to without being sung, and sermons heard to be criticised instead of being personally applied; when meetings are neglected which might have been attended, and when closet prayer has been shortened,—then, indeed, growth in grace is stopped, and for want of cultivation, the *grace* already given is *wasting* away, and there is danger that the fiat may go forth, 'Thou mayest be no longer steward.'"

A. E. BLEBY.

MARY'S RESOLUTION.

THE bells of the churches in the East of London were ringing out their chimes of welcome to God's house. The night was dark and stormy, and the chill December wind drifted the fast-falling snow-flakes into the faces of those who were passing on to the sanctuary, or who wended their way towards the flaring gin-palaces, so abundant in the neighbourhood of the Whitechapel-road.

Many among the hurrying crowd of foot-passengers were like that falling snow in all but its whiteness and purity. They were drifting hither and thither on the winds of care and sorrow, much

as the snow-flakes were tossed about by the blasts of that December night.

Mary S— was one of these waifs and strays of society, and she hurried along with the passing crowd, hardly knowing what to do with herself on that Sabbath evening. At last she drew near to a theatre, and finding that a religious service was to be conducted therein, was tempted from idle curiosity to go and hear what the preacher had to say.

The place was brilliantly lighted. The pit, boxes and gallery were filled, and the green-baize curtain over the stage was looped up at the back, so as to allow room for the chairs which had been placed for those gentlemen who were to conduct the service of the evening. Poor Mary looked around. Near her were many who, like herself, had fallen step by step into sin. She knew too well that, in spite of their painted cheeks and tawdry finery, they were at heart utterly weary and miserable, and she also knew that the sunken cheeks and brilliant, sparkling eyes of many among them foretold but too surely the approach of death.

Side by side with such as these, sat men whose manner proved them to be unaccustomed to Divine worship. The greater part of the congregation was composed of those who were indifferent to the claims of God, and careless as to the salvation of their souls.

Ere long the service commenced, and the hymn was sung:—

"Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare!"

All joined most heartily in the song of praise. They sang, not as though the hymn was heard for the first time, but with a readiness that proved they were alike familiar with the verses and the tune to which they were sung. Ere the singing had ended, eyes long unused to weeping grew dim with tears, and perchance some of those poor wanderers recalled to mind the old home in the country where, in the family circle, with loving parents and kind friends, they

had often sung those beautiful verses; and with a sigh of penitence these poor wanderers remembered once again their promises to meet those loving parents in heaven.

Poor Mary almost thanked God that her father and mother had been carried to their last resting-place; for she thought with a shudder of the anguish they must have felt could they have known that the fair girl whom they had so dearly loved had fallen step by step into sin, until now she earned her living by dancing (at a low public-house) for the amusement of drunken sailors.

Never had her wickedness seemed so great as it did on that evening whilst, with weeping eyes, she tried to sing,—

"I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls."

But she listened with reverence to the prayer, and sat thoughtful and attentive to the words of the minister who preached. His text was a well-known verse:—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." If this be true, thought this poor wanderer, there must be mercy and pardon even for me; my sins are as scarlet, but God, for Christ's sake, can make my wicked heart whiter than snow. Whilst these thoughts were passing through her mind, God's servant was telling "the story of the Cross:" of man's fall and recovery; of his helplessness and the wondrous strength of Him Who is "mighty to save;" of man's oft-repeated transgression and the Father's loving forbearance, and of Christ's blood, which still avails to make the foulest clean.

Mary listened with bated breath as the invitation was given, "Come, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," for Christ "will give you rest." Rest here; rest hereafter; rest for ever. And, melted into tenderness by the remembrance of the dying love of Christ, Mary, the outcast, the forsaken and

despised of man, she who had thought herself forgotten by God,—

“Came to Jesus as she was,
Wentried and worn and sad;
She found in Him her resting-place,
Just then, He made her glad.”

And Mary S— went home that night determined to die rather than sin against that Lord Who had bought her pardon with His precious blood.

But she knew that to become a true follower of Christ she must give up her sinful life and abandon those companions with whom she had so long associated. Still she did this without hesitancy; and when the owner of the low beer house came next morning to urge her to resume her occupation, she replied, “Sir, *I tell you once for all that, by God’s help, I will never sin again!*” And, refusing to listen to any more of the publican’s requests, from that day she tried to live for the service of God, and sought, each hour of life, to do His will.

E. BAILEY.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

TRY not to be cheated! Be on your guard. When we were little children we were ready to think that everything was what it seemed to be. Now we feel it needful to scrutinise everything carefully before we form an opinion. Then we thought the moon was bigger than any of the stars, and the earth something the shape of a penny-piece, and all the stars moving round the earth every twenty-four hours; now we have learned that all these notions were incorrect. Many things are not what they seem. We must feel our way cautiously.

But we are not only in danger of being deceived by natural appearances. Unhappily there are persons who are so selfish or so wicked that they endeavour to impose on our ignorance. When we were children we learned that some nuts had no kernel; and there are people who would sell “deaf nuts,” knowing them to be such, to a little lad who had no other coin than the halfpenny of which

he was thus defrauded. So we must be on our guard.

Possibly the man whom you may have the most reason to dread is one whom you have never yet met, and never will. We are not alluding here to Satan. He is a cunning adversary, and goeth “about seeking whom he may devour.” But he is not referred to just now. The man against whom you possibly have special cause to be on your guard, is daily met by many of your acquaintances; but it so happens that you never met him, and never will. If his heart have not been changed by God’s grace, you have cause for fear. When your neighbours meet him, which they do daily, he is wearing your clothes. They see his face frequently: you never did; except in the looking-glass. If he remain unconverted, be on your guard that he does not delude you, by leading you to believe what is not true because it seems to him to be pleasant. Thus we are exhorted by the Apostle James: “Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, *deceiving your own selves.*”

Beware of bad money.—How long would you work for a master who paid wages with spurious coin, and persisted in doing so? Possibly the first week, if the coin were a cunning imitation, you might not perceive the fraud, and the shopkeeper to whom you paid it might be equally deceived. Possibly the second week no discovery might be made, for you might take the supposed sovereign to the grocer the first week, and to the butcher the next. But it would not be pleasant for the grocer the following week to return the coin to you, and affirm that he had found a bad sovereign in his till two or three weeks before, and believed you must have paid it. It would be very awkward for the baker, another week, to nail the counterfeit to his counter, saying, “That shall go no further, and may serve as a warning to people who deal in bad money.” You would begin to feel, “This will not do. I am half-starving, and getting into debt, and I shall soon be in gaol. Many talk of striking for

more wages; I must strike for better sort of wages. 'Tis hard for a man to work all the week, and then be hungry and ashamed, and be likely to go to prison." Now we are not sure that any firm, recognised among the manufacturers, merchants or shipowners of the country, are in the habit of so treating those whom they employ. If it were so, and we had discovered their secret, we should certainly give a hint to our friends. But there is a large traffic going on which may be fairly represented by this payment of wages in bad money. If it would be of any service, we would insert at our own cost, were it our last half-crown, an advertisement in "The Times," "Wanted, Ten Thousand Working Men in Britain, to strike for better wages." There are myriads, each one of whom has reason to say to himself, "What with my work and my wages I am half-starved, thoroughly ashamed, and likely to be sent to a prison I shall never leave." Such people work hard in transgression, yet cannot forget that Almighty God has declared:—"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.)

Beware of worthless bread.—Perhaps all is not true that we hear and read concerning the doings of the bakers. We think that very many of them are both honest and kind-hearted, and put nothing into their bread that is unwholesome. Anyhow many people who are much alarmed on the subject find that generally what is placed on their table is pleasant and nutritious. But if we found that the bread sold at a certain shop did not serve the purpose of bread, but acted as a sort of slow poison, we should no longer deal there. We might be somewhat cautious in arriving at the conclusion; but, when we had arrived at it, we should take our custom elsewhere. We should not like to be pining away and see our children pine away. We want bread that will impart vigour, and not aggravate disease. Now our souls need strength and are liable to disease.

We want a satisfaction that will impart gladness in days of prosperity and consolation in days of adversity. Our gracious Lord has provided for us and for ours such blessedness. If we, amid our restless efforts, fail to attain this, and have reason to know that the soul is coming more and more under the power of fatal disease, there must be a sad blunder somehow. Now many know, when they give themselves time to think, that they are not really happy even when all is bright around them, and that they have no Divine comfort when trouble comes, and that there is a sad prospect of endless death. They have hoped much from the Sunday pleasure-excursion, and the merry dance, and the exciting liquor, and the jocund company; but their hopes have not been realised. There is a blunder somewhere. Almighty God thus expostulates with such:—"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

Beware of spurious medicine.—In critical cases, when a skilful and honest physician has done his best in preparing a prescription, he will sometimes say, "Now take this to a respectable chemist." Such are numerous. In most simple cases it would be moderately safe to enter the first druggist's shop you come to. But you would scarcely do so, when it was a matter of life and death, without due inquiry. Some drugs are very expensive even to the chemist himself. Quinine cannot be obtained by anybody as readily and cheaply as clay can in some localities be got for making bricks. Some drugs, again, are seldom used, and therefore may not be in stock; so there will be a temptation to substitute something else that will look and taste like the proper article. Then there are careless men behind the counters of druggists as elsewhere. So the physician says, when he knows that it is a critical case and that he has done his best, "Take this to a

respectable chemist." Now in seeking the restoration of our souls to health, we must bear in mind that it is a question of life and death. Too many people make no effort whatever concerning their soul's health. Others do bestir themselves on this subject, but proceed in a wrong direction. We must bear in mind that in this case no priestly absolution will avail; no reception of sacraments; no attention to external ceremonies; no dead orthodoxy; no zeal against needless ritualism. We must repair to the Good Physician, the Lord Jesus Christ, that He may forgive and sanctify us. "In Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision; but faith which worketh by love."

Beware of imitation-jewellery.—There are few people in our days so poor that they cannot possess, and wear if they choose to do so, a few trinkets that look somewhat like costly jewels. Thus the milk-maid may be almost as fine, in this respect, as the duchess; may perhaps enjoy quite as much; and certainly suffers less from anxiety respecting her jewel-box. But it would be distressing to have purchased imitation-jewellery for real. One who has been so deceived wonders that the gold, being "solid," should become so tarnished. But a little rubbing is used, and the owner tries to think the trinket as beautiful as ever. It is, however, soon tarnished again, and the rubbing does not improve it. Indeed it makes it worse. It is evident that the more friction is used the less gilding is left. Besides, the rough usage has shaken the materials, for the soldering was almost as alight as the gilding. All that remains to be done is to take care of the stone. That is not gilded dross. It must be re-set. But where is the precious stone? Possibly it has been supposed to be a topaz, or an agate or an emerald. It was not regarded as a diamond. But, where is it? What has become of it? Can it be that these fragments of glass and diminutive piece of coloured paper are all that remain?

So it is! The adornment of which the wearer was so proud has perished. Yet all honour and distinction which is not sustained by real excellence and the Divine favour is unsubstantial and transitory as imitation-jewellery. Let us seek the honour which cometh from God. When the wicked as tares are cast into a furnace of fire, "then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." (Matt. xiii. 43.)

Beware of forged title-deeds.—Sometimes a man who has been very industrious, skilful, economical and successful will, towards the close of life, dispose of all his investments in order to buy a nice little estate. He hears that some land, with a villa already erected thereon, and garden and orchard and perhaps farms attached thereto, is in the market. The man goes to survey it, and finds that it is really a snug property. So he agrees to purchase it. Then he must realise, in order to pay for it. This he proceeds to do as rapidly as possible. He has been regarded as a fortunate man and has invested a little in many places. But he must now part with all. He sells his few cottages and his railway-shares and his bank-stock, and even draws the little sum from the savings bank. But he is glad to part with all, for he will thus have plenty to buy the nice little estate. One day after he has thus paid for the property, a friend meets him, and says in a sympathising manner, "I am truly sorry for you." "Why?" "About that property." "You need not pity me; for the more I examine it, the better it proves to be." "Very likely it may be so, but it is not *yours*." "What do you mean? I have the title-deeds at home." "You may have a piece of parchment with writing on it and red seals and some signatures; but I'm sorry to tell you that the whole is a gross forgery." "Then," says the deceived man, "I'm undone, and it's too late in life to mend the matter." We must make sure that our hope of heaven

is a good hope. The more we think about the blessedness there enjoyed, the greater will be our desire to share it. But let us obtain God's pardoning and renewing grace; for until we have done so we have "neither part nor lot in the matter." Happy are those who, like the Apostle Peter, can truthfully say, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

We have reason to be thankful that, in reference to our eternal salvation, we need not be deceived. The Lord Jesus taught, "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." Bad as many people are, there are few who would starve their children to death or have them fatally stung by any poisonous reptile. Vile appetites, when gratified, make the transgressor cruel, yet even intemperance, impurity, or the greed of gold, does not frequently so make a man brutal and demonlike. Most parents are disposed to treat their own offspring kindly. Our Heavenly Father is perfect.

A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

A SHORT time ago a minister had been improving the death of a Christian gentleman who had left a widow and two sons. On returning to the home, after family prayer, the elder of the sons, addressing the minister, said, "Sir, I will tell you something that the Lord put into my mind that I think

will please you. The first morning after dear father's death, I thought, We have no one to advise with us now in reference to business, and I said to my brother, 'I have one thing to propose, if you are agreeable, and that is, every morning when we take the letters out of the bag, we will lay them upon the desk, and before we open them we will pray to God to direct us in all our business matters: I will pray this morning.'" The brother readily agreed to do so, and the practice is continued with a purpose not to give it up. It would be to the advantage of many to do likewise.

J. H. N.

THOUGHTS FOR THE AFFLICTED:

TENTING-TIME.

How apt we are to forget that this is only "tenting-time," and that rest is not permanent here, but elsewhere, *further on*. We drive our stakes and fasten our tent-cords, and then settle down as though we were quite contented and did not wish to move any further. "Master! it is good for us to be here." And if the Master sees it necessary to disturb us, and make us march on to something better, He sends a gust and overthrows our tent. Is not this a Scriptural view of calamity as experienced by the Christian?

Who, then, is wise? Is it he who by his persistency in pilgrimage needs no tribulations? But who shall say of himself, or of whom shall it be said by another, that he needs no affliction? That is true wisdom which while thankful for and encouraged by Christian sympathy in extremity, is most of all thankful to God for the proof which the visitation affords that He has not forgotten His servant in his folly, but has graciously stirred up his nest, and quickened his spiritual perception and moved his weary feet to prosecute the journey to the Land of Rest.

"THE SALT OF THE EARTH."

Who can compute the force of a righteous life? Men have little faith in such a force, we know, but it is a force, nevertheless. Men say that meekness is weakness, strict conscientiousness is childishness, and that the uprightness of faith exists only in theory; but do they speak the truth? They believe in energy, self-will, most of all in hard cash; but how little do they suspect the power which exists in the faith of a feeble child!

Rock-salt is tangible; men can see it, can feel it; they place faith in it because they can trace its beneficial effects; and so they do not doubt that rock-salt is a *power* in preserving any matters to which it may be applied. But when Jesus Christ spoke of "the salt of the earth," they either misapplied His words or they wondered; only a few disciples discovered His meaning, and those few in every age have been misunderstood by the rest of mankind. And "the salt of the earth" is a mystery still to the mass of men. They never look for it; they do not suspect its agency or its presence. And while God takes care of this salt, and pounds it and refines it and sometimes puts it through severe processes that it may not lose its savour, men are unconscious that it preserves the world.

Can we wonder that where tribulation will bring a man to consistency and harmony with His wise designs, He will apply it?

WAITING.

THE greatest joy of an active mind is to be doing, to be achieving. O! it is a balm for all the woes of life, to be able to look upon the beneficial results of one's own labour. I have heard a man say he would almost be willing to bear the gigantic trials of the Apostle Paul's life, if he might but do his work and achieve his success. On such a nature it is at this point that sickness

presses most painfully. To "be still" is in no way consistent with the natural will; except when weary with weakness there comes a desire for rest. And when flushed with the joy of work, even the natural craving for rest is sometimes met with a feeling of impatience. There rise the feelings of a young horse tightly reined in and fretted with restraint. The soul pants for another body, one with vigour to execute the will of the inner man, for there is such a liability to forget that in this world the outer and inner man are inseparably connected, and that the outer very materially affects the inner. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" was essential, because it helped to complete his character. And blessed is he who in sickness is conscious of its beneficial effects upon himself. But O! we are foolish, thoughtless, sensuous. The eye and the ear, the taste and the touch, are all keenly awake to the objects of the material world; but the objects of the spirit world, the truths which are recognised not by sense, but are only palpable to hope, faith and love in their highest applications, these are not realised.

But who that by tribulation has learned the path to wisdom, shall not be thankful for the discipline? Is not he one of those "that mourn" and "shall be comforted"?

E. M.

EVENING.

THE husband and the sire,
Light-hearted and elate,
Expects a cheery fire
Is blazing in his grate;
And so he seeks his humble cot,
Right well contented with his lot.

Light heart though heavy feet!
He quickens now his pace,
For thoughts of home are sweet,
That happiest earthly place!
The one dear spot which God has given
On earth, the type of home in heaven,

Nor do his thoughts deceive,
 For lo! an open door
 Is waiting, to receive
 The master home once more;
 His wife's kiss has met him there,
 Before he takes the fireside chair.

He greets his children three;
 With shouts of joy they come,
 To climb their father's knee,
 And kiss him welcome home;
 No man so proud, so fond as he,
 Of loving wife and children three.

The evening meal is spread
 All ready ere he comes;
 The thinly-butter'd bread,
 And cake besprent with plums:
 Their fare would make a rich man smile,
 But they are happy all the while.

The father says the grace,
 And soon the fragrant cup
 Refreshes him apace;
 'Tis love that fills it up!
 For love spreads o'er the circle there,
 And plucks the thorn from every care.

The husband and the wife,
 Together once again,
 Talk o'er the toils of life
 Which each must needs sustain;
 Each of the other takes a part,
 And robs the trouble of its smart.

The father tells of wrong
 Which he has had to bear;
 Of patience tempted long,
 And many a secret prayer
 Sent up to heaven amid the strife,
 That God would aid the fight for life.

The mother tells of care,
 Of headaches now and then;
 "Of things as hard to bear,
 As ever troubled men."
 Her husband says, "And harder too,"
 Although she thinks it is not true.

A happy secret theirs,
 They share each other's woes,
 And at their evening prayers
 The care and worry goes:

And naught is left but love and peace,
 By sharing which they still increase.

I would that every man
 Should learn the joy of life,
 And ever when he can,
 Consult his trusty wife;
 Whenever something must be done,
 Why, "two are better far than one

EBENEZER MANTING

LOSS OF LIFE AMONG FISHERMEN.

R. ESDAILE, in his "Contributions to Natural History," laments that so few of the fishermen on our Eastern Coasts* can swim. The fact is many of them were not bred up for the sea at all: they are simply landmen employed during a great part of the year in agriculture. The danger they are exposed to is largely increased by their going to sea in undecked boats which a single wave may swamp, when they are heavily laden. On the other hand, when a boat is decked, a few seas may break on board of it, but it will rise again, when the sea rolls past. A Northumbrian fisherman conversing with Dr. Esdaile, gave utterance to some very pungent remarks on this subject: "A Frenchman is precious pig-headed, but I suspect our own people have a touch of the same nature too, for they will stick to the open boats. They say the boats are lighter and more handy, if they have to take to the oars, when they have no deck; and no doubt they are right in that; for a deck must always weigh something, be it ever so light. But then Frenchmen shove along very well with their oars, and it is strange indeed, if an Englishman and a Scotchman cannot do as well as a Frenchman." Probably this article

* When we talk of the great loss of life on our Eastern Coast, we must not forget how large a proportion of our shipping it owns.

will be read by many sea-going persons: let us hope they will profit by the timely advice of Dr. Eedaile.

M.

STAR-DUST.

"FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS."—When Dr. Hutton was Bishop of Durham, (as we are told by his biographer,) as he was travelling over Cam, betwixt Wensleydale and Ingleton, he suddenly dismounted, and having delivered his horse to a servant, walked to

a particular place at some distance from the highway, where he knelted down, and continued for some time in prayer. On his return, one of his attendants took the liberty of inquiring what was his master's motive for so singular an act; in answer to which, the Bishop informed him, that when he was a poor boy, without shoes or stockings, traversing this cold and bleak mountain on a frosty day, he remembered that he had disturbed a red cow, then lying on that identical place, in order to warm his feet and legs on the spot.—*Whitaker's* "History of Richmondshire."

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLIN.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLIN was born at Faldingworth, in Lincolnshire, March 29th, 1798. His parents attended the services of the Established Church, and he attributed his first religious impressions to the ministry of Mr. Clarke, a clergyman at Navenby. He married young; and on the first day of his settled life at Walesby, he redeemed a promise he had made, like that of Jacob, and set up an altar in his house, at which "three times a day," for fifty-five years, God was honoured. Soon after his marriage, in a house then used for Wesleyan services, he was enabled to realise his personal interest in the Saviour; and he often said he could go to the very spot where—

"Fear gave place to filial love,
And peace o'erflow'd his heart."

From that day his attachment to Wesleyan-Methodism was hearty and unwavering, and found manifold expression. When, a year or two after his conversion, nearly all the members in the village left the Society for one of the branches of Methodism, William Chamberlin, declining to be led by numbers or authority, asked counsel of God, and God gave him an answer of peace. Young in years and grace, he was appointed the Leader of the little flock;

and he continued to discharge the duties of that office with fidelity and acceptance until within a few weeks of his death.

He established a Sabbath-school in the village, and was for several years its principal supporter. To his influence and effort the Society is chiefly indebted for its present holding of the school-room as a place of worship. In sustaining the cause of God he was liberal according to his means. He had always a warm and generous welcome for the preachers, and for many years his house was the only preachers' home in the village. When, at the time of the Reform agitation, our membership throughout the Circuit was reduced one-half, he answered the appeal to stop the supplies by giving up his pipe and contributing the six-pence a week thus saved to the support of Methodism. He was a sincere, humble and happy Christian; and many, as they recall the memory of his blameless life, will say of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" Always cheerful and thankful, he was especially so in his long and severe affliction. On the 28th of November, 1873, the day appointed for the Walesby Missionary meeting, the ministers found their host feeble and suffering from his first paralytic seizure. He testified, "I can say what Wesley did, 'the best of all is,

God is with me," and "the land is almost in sight."

In February, at his desire, one of the ministers of the Circuit gave him the Sacrament. Though he suffered much he was continually praising God. About this time he observed to a friend, "how kind the Lord is, and how gently He is taking me home." Two or three weeks later he said to his son-in-law, "When you preach again, preach from this, 'unto you which believe He is precious.'" For the last six weeks of his life he had only brief intervals of consciousness, and he employed them in repeating favourite passages of Scripture, and verses from our Hymn-Book, which it was his practice to read through once a year. He ceased to speak on Wednesday, the 29th

of April, and calmly "fell on sleep" in the early morning of the following Sabbath, May 3rd, 1874. His living testimony to the power and preciousness of Jesus is treasured in many hearts; and it is enough. Long before his death he had considered his latter end, and in great pain, believing that the hour had come, had sung:—

"If this be death, I soon shall be
From every sin and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see;—
All is well!"

Many mourners followed his remains to the sleeping-ground of his kindred in the quiet churchyard of Normanby-on-the-Wold. There his flesh also shall rest in hope; and we know that with him "all is well" for ever.

A. L.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR DECEMBER, 1874.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1874.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.
Nov.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
27	7 37	3 58	5 42m	4 39a	2 53m	3 40m	8 45a
Dec.							
7	7 51	3 52	5 59	3 58	2 48	3 10	8 10
17	8 1	3 52	6 40	6 47m	2 43	2 40	7 36
27	8 6	3 57	7 24	5 43	2 37	2 9	7 3

PHASES OF THE MOON.

9th, New Moon 0h. 6m. morn. | 23rd, Full Moon 4h. 56m. morn.
16th, First Quarter .. 0h. 24m. after. | 30th, Last Quarter.... 2h. 36m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

December 5th 1h. morn., Apogee; distance 252,104 miles.
" 20th midnight, Perigee; " 225,666 "
Mean distance for the month 238,885 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

1874. December 1st 90,362,120 miles.
1875. January 1st 90,142,730 "
Decrease of distance for the month 219,390 "

By the time this reaches many of our readers, the most remarkable astronomical phenomenon of the year will have been observed, it is hoped, at most of the stations which have been

selected for this purpose. There was considerable difficulty in the selection. Places could be easily obtained, and were easily accessible, whence the transit of Venus across the disc of the Sun, on

what is to us the morning of the 9th, could be seen from beginning to end. Any part of Australia, for instance, would suffice for this purpose. Indeed, at the beginning of the transit, the Sun will be on the meridian of the East coast of that continent, and at the end it will still have a considerable elevation. But the mere witnessing of the phenomenon is a secondary consideration. In years long gone by, it would have been regarded as a remarkable confirmation of theory; now its prediction involves no difficulty, and its occurrence excites no astonishment. What we require, in effect, are the apparent positions of the planet on the disc of the Sun, taken at the same moment in two places on the earth's surface as far apart as is consistent with accurate observation, and of which the geographical positions are well known. In former transits of Venus, to do this, with the needful accuracy, after the planet had fairly entered upon the Sun's disc, was practically impossible, and the only available observations were the precise times of ingress and egress, observed at suitable places widely separated: now the Sun can be made to paint his own image in an instant, and leave the dark spot to be carefully measured at leisure. Photography, then, plays an important part in the observations this year; and, it is hoped, will prove a valuable auxiliary in settling the delicate and important question of the Sun's distance.

Mercury attains its greatest western elongation on the morning of the 2nd, when its angular distance from the Sun is twenty degrees. As it rises nearly two hours before the Sun, it may be easily seen with the naked eye in the mornings, low in the south-east. On the morning of the 7th it will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon, then a thin crescent. On the morning of the 19th, one hour after midnight, it meets Venus below our horizon. On the 22nd, at noon,

it will be in the plane of the Earth's orbit going southward.

Venus will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 9th, at five o'clock in the morning. Seen from the Cape of Good Hope, the Sun rises at 4h. 44m. with the planet on his disc; the last contact occurs at 7h. 40m. At Melbourne, the first contact of the planet with the Sun takes place thirty-two minutes before noon, the last contact at four o'clock in the afternoon. This planet will be stationary on the morning of the 29th.

Mars will be near the Moon on the morning of the 4th; it will be occulted to many of the inhabitants of the southern hemisphere. On the afternoon of the same day an occultation of Jupiter may be witnessed in the south temperate Zone. It will be deeply interesting to watch the Moon on that morning, with these two fine objects quite close to her. The planets will continue to approach till the morning of the 16th, when their mutual distance will be only three minutes of arc. We strongly recommend this striking phenomenon to the notice of our readers: if they have access to a good telescope so much the better; but the naked-eye view will well repay the inconvenience of going out at an early hour. *Jupiter* will be again close to the Moon on the morning of the 1st of January.

Saturn is the evening star. The apparent size is slightly diminishing, but the proportions are pretty much the same.

Uranus and *Neptune* may be both seen in the evenings; the former rises at eight o'clock on the 15th, and the latter sets at three o'clock next morning.

The Sun enters Capricorn on the 21st at eleven o'clock in the evening; on the morning of the 31st it will be in Perigee, or nearest to the earth; when the distance, according to the mean value we have assumed, will be 90,142,440 miles.

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